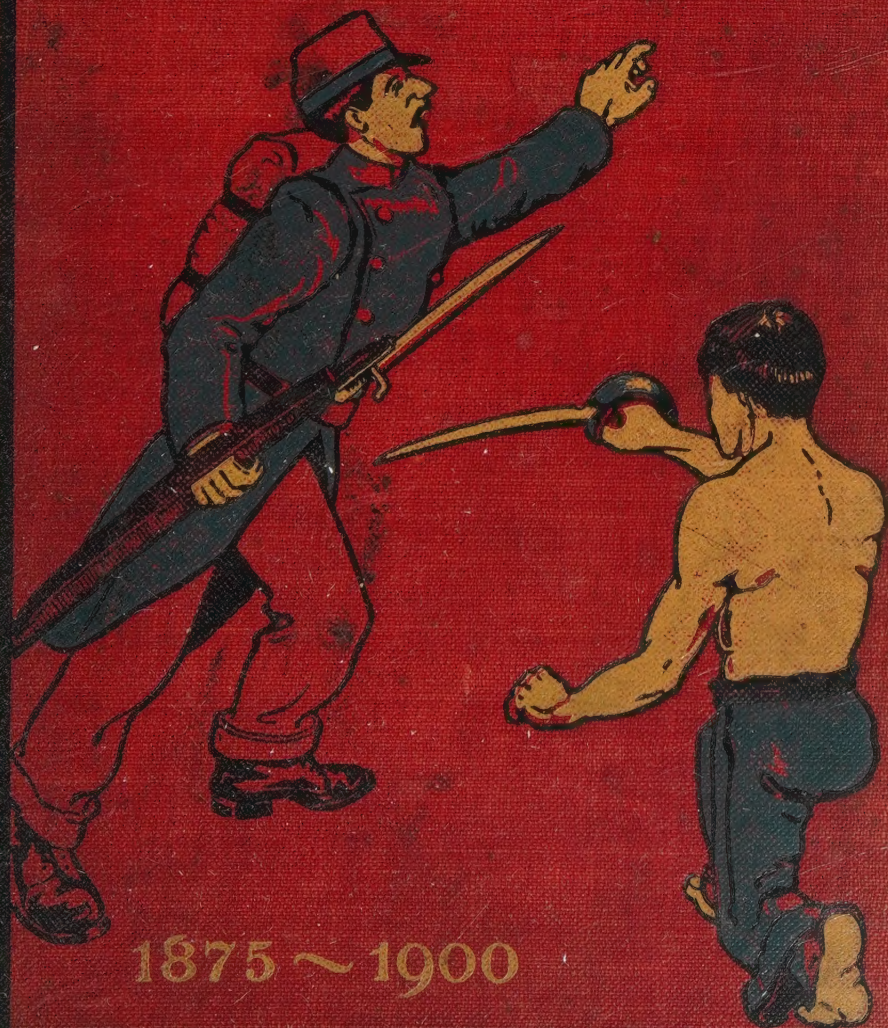


FAMOUS BATTLES *of the 19TH CENTURY*

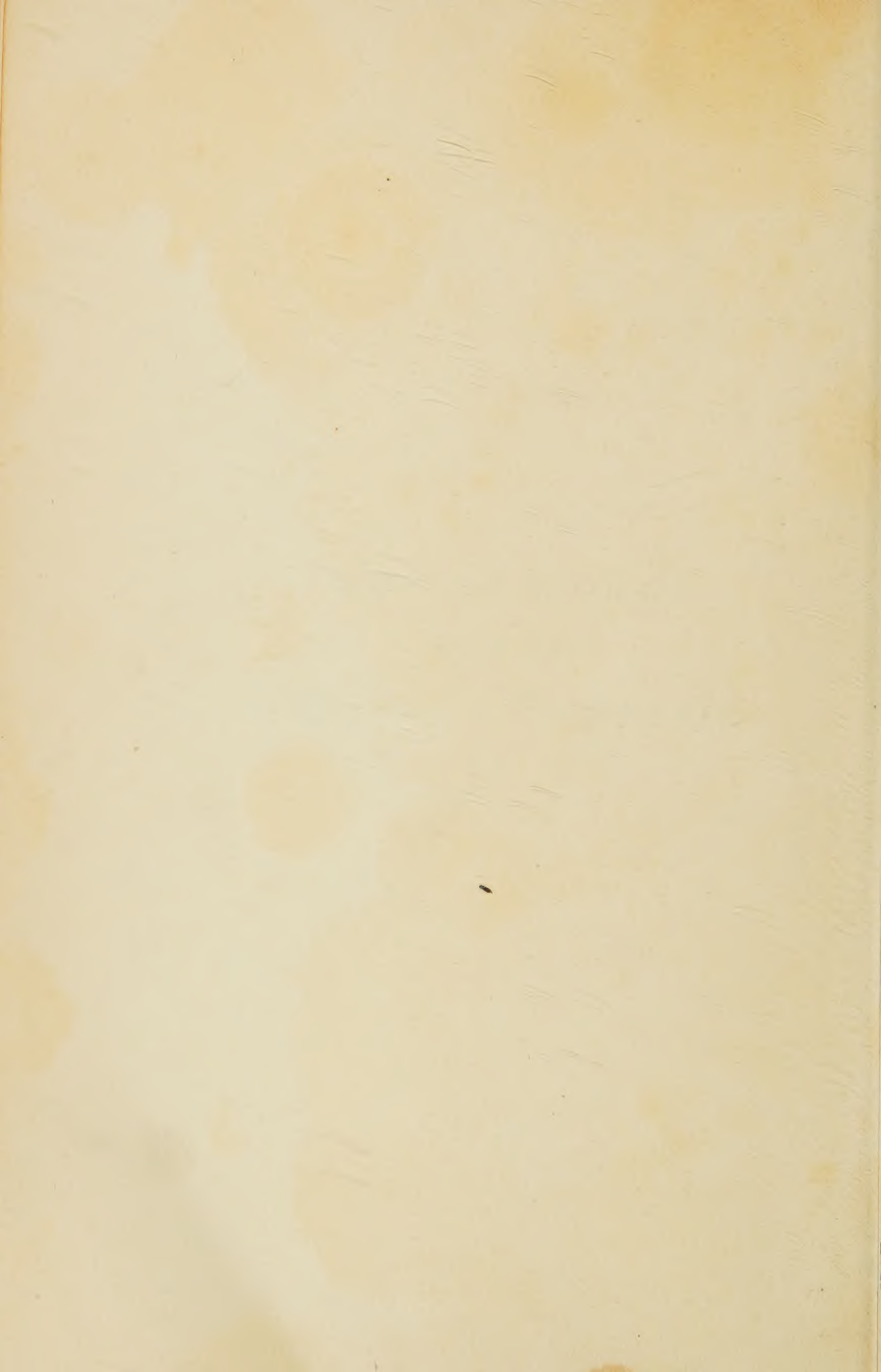


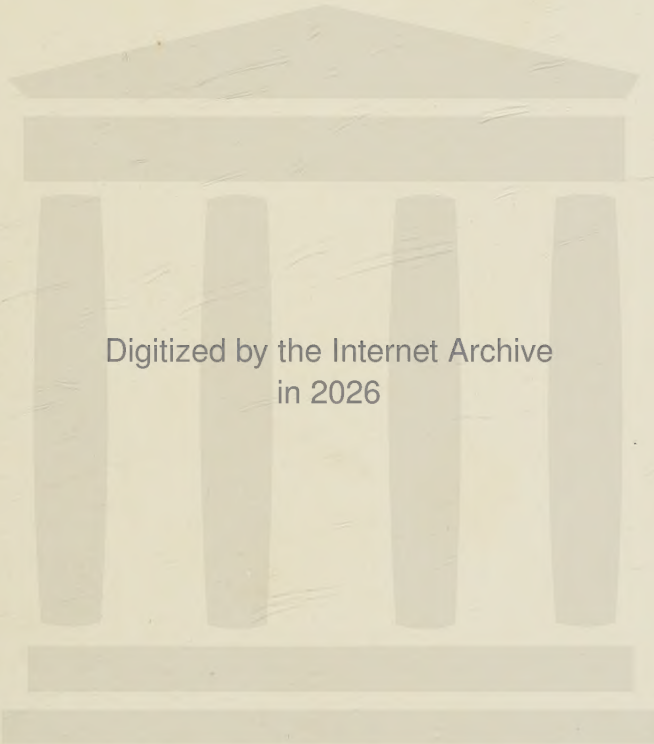
1875 ~ 1900

CHARLES WILSON

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CHARLES WILSON

FAMOUS BATTLES
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY





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COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT SAN JUAN

From the painting by Jean Delanaye in the Paris Salon

Frontispiece

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, GEORGE A. HENTY
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, AND OTHER
WELL-KNOWN WRITERS

EDITED BY

CHARLES WELSH

Author of "*A Bookseller of the Last Century*,"
"*The Little Wonder Shoes*,"
etc., etc.

1875-1900

WITH 10 ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE

THE Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century have changed the face of nearly every continent on the globe and have consolidated our own great nation. Therefore a knowledge of them, their causes and effects, is essential to a true understanding of world-history.

They have also called forth all that is patriotic, and noble, and courageous, and self-sacrificing in many of those who took part in them — in spite of the fact that war is a manifestation of the baser passion of human nature. True it is that “he who ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city,” and yet war with all its horrors calls for the exercise of all that self-restraint, and all that strength of character, and all that obedience to the call of duty, which we every one of us admire and which we all should emulate.

Moreover, the same courage and the same resourcefulness which has been evoked by the famous battles, in officer and common soldier alike, are needed always in life, and if read in the right spirit many lessons can be gained from these episodes in history-making which will be

Preface

valuable in the more peaceful vocations and avocations of life.

To present the famous battles of the nineteenth century in their relation to the study of history, — to present the higher developments of character which they have called forth, — and at the same time to show what war is, in reality, — and thus perhaps inculcate and foster the desire to avoid it, — are the main objects of these volumes. The stories they contain are offered as incentives to courage and patriotism, not to excite or develop the warlike spirit. There is not one of us who does not wish for the time when the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled

“In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”

But we cannot ignore the fact that a large part of the history of the past hundred years is the story of its battles, and we can only hope that the same will not have to be written of the century in which we are now living. Unhappily, however, the dawn of the century was shadowed by war clouds which have since grown denser and blacker.

The present volume brings our account of the Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century to an

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end, with the second war of the British against the Boers still in progress.

It covers a long period and its scenes are laid in every quarter of the globe. We chronicle the passing of the red man as a hostile enemy on our own continent, and the beginnings of the development of the United States as a World Power by the war against Spain and other events which occurred towards the close of the nineteenth century.

The stirring story of the Russo-Turkish War — and the attack on Kars, the Zulu War in which the young Prince Imperial of France lost his life, the thrilling and dramatic story of General Gordon, and the breaking of the power of the Mahdi in the Soudan, the comparatively easy victory of the Japs over the Chinese, and of the Turks over the Greeks, are varied enough in detail, though the grim theme is ever the same,

The great and commanding personalities which figure in most of the epoch-making events described in these volumes are well worth study, and one purpose of the work will be accomplished if it incites its readers to a more intimate knowledge in closer detail of the lives and character of some of the men whose acquaintance they have made in it.

For the most part the descriptions in this volume have been written by the veteran war cor-

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respondents, who contributed to the first three. But the campaigns of the Nineties are compiled by Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, from descriptions of eye-witnesses, such as newspaper correspondents, and officers and others who took part in the battles they describe.

CHARLES WELSH.

August, 1904.

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Famous Battles

of the

Nineteenth Century

I

The Red Man's Last Victory: The Fight of the Little Big Horn

By ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

FROM the day in 1609 when Samuel de Champlain and his hardy followers burst upon the Iroquois at Ticonderoga, and, armed with sticks that spoke with fire and spat out unseen death, he put these hitherto invincible warriors to flight, to the day when the United States was preparing to celebrate with unheard-of splendor the centennial of its independence, a ceaseless state of war existed between the children of the forest and prairie and the pale-faced usurpers. Every year had its tragedy, every mile its white gravestone in history. And as a fit ending to these centuries of conflict and bloodshed came the crimson tragedy of the blotting-out of Custer and his cavalrymen in the Bad

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Lands of the Yellowstone. Many notable tragedies, dramatic in execution as appalling in effect, marked the long years, but none struck home to the hearts of the American people with such searching directness and force as the finale to the Indian tragedy, in which Sitting Bull, chief of the Sioux, and General Custer, one of America's most dashing cavalry leaders, played the leading *roles*.

Surely never were such aborigines as the North American Indian! Surely never in the history of the world did the white man encounter so nearly his match as when he first plunged into the forests of the New World. A mere handful in numbers were these red men at the best, and yet it can hardly be said that they were ever subdued. In turn they met and fought the Spaniard, then in all his glory, the Frenchman, the Englishman — long and savage wars these — and when Spaniard, Frenchman, and Englishman as such disappeared and the American took their place, the Indian fought him more fiercely than ever. When one thinks of the white man's countless numbers and the weapons which his ingenuity and handicraft supplied, the marvel is that the Indian has not long since disappeared from the face of the earth. But given their numbers and weapons and all, it has been estimated that in the wars which the white man

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waged against the Indians they lost more than ten killed to the redskin's one. Yet notwithstanding the skill, the craftiness, the sensible recognition of existing facts, the clever stratagem and resistless ferocity which characterizes the Indian nature, the level-headed way in which he set about his wars, to kill and not be killed his motto: notwithstanding all this, the prophecy of the great orator Red Jacket has come true. He said, "When I am gone and my warnings are no longer heeded, the craft and avarice of the white man will prevail. My heart fails me when I think of my people so soon to be scattered and forgotten."

The feud which began on the Atlantic coast hundreds of years before, was destined to end in the far Northwest, away up in a corner of the United States then almost wholly unknown to the white man, an angle of territory bounded on the west by the Rockies, and on the north by what formerly was known as Rupert's Land — British territory. The immediate cause of the trouble which led up to the massacre of Custer and his battalion was one which had often before provoked active hostilities. It was the refusal of sundry bands of Indians to settle down on the reservations placed at the disposal of the Indians by the United States Government. The Indians resented the attempt to confine them to restricted

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districts. The red man of the prairie had been, from time immemorial, a notorious nomad. On his lean, shaggy, ungainly pony, his bow and quiver slung across his back, his buckskin breeches and shirt fringed with horsehair and painted in gaudy colors, his long, greasy black hair stuck full of the feathers of the turkey, hawk, and eagle, he had for centuries roamed the vast prairie at will: now fighting his hereditary foe, and again camping for weeks at a time on the trail of the mighty herds of buffalo in their wanderings over the boundless prairie.

For ages the chafings of restriction were unknown to him, until freedom had become almost as necessary to the savage of the plains as the air itself. This he enjoyed, until one day the advance guard of civilization, a grizzly trapper, dressed in leather, and carrying a flintlock under his arm, peered out of the bushes and saw in astonishment the great rolling prairie, the home of the buffalo and the Sioux. The hardy pioneer soon followed, restless, and ever pressing westward; and one day, the Sioux, sitting astride his barebacked pony, saw in amazement the long train of white-topped wagons — the prairie schooners — drawn by oxen, trailing westward through the tall grass, and realized that his ancient fastnesses had been invaded. Immediately there began massacres on the one hand and re-

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talion on the other. The Sioux, the Bedouins of the prairie, were gradually driven back and back.

During the winter of 1875-6 the authorities at Washington, after every peaceable means had been tried in vain, found it necessary to sanction the use of force to compel certain refractory bands of Indians to cease their wanderings and outrage, to place themselves under the control of the Indian officials, and to settle on the reservations set aside for their use. These recalcitrant savages were Sioux, than whom there were none more warlike and cruel, and in their raids they wandered over an area of something like 100,000 square miles in the then territories of Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming. There were a number of these bands of "Hostiles," each having a chief of its own; but as dissatisfaction spread among them, all gradually centered around two great chiefs, Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. Sitting Bull, at the time hostilities commenced, was with his band in the vicinity of the Little Missouri River in Dakota, and Crazy Horse and band were camped on the banks of the Powder River in Wyoming. The region was a wilderness: rugged, mountainous, and deeply scarred by rapid streams and small rivers, and, as has been told, totally unknown to the United States soldiers. As guides to this un-

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familiar region and to scout by the way, the command took with it Ree Indians under Bloody Knife Chief, and Crows, led by Chief Half-Yellow Face. These Indians did the scouting well, but the Rees took the earliest opportunity afforded them to slip away when fighting began.

The first move made against these Sioux was on March 1, 1876. General Sheridan, a distinguished leader in the Civil War, was given the direction of the campaign, with headquarters at Chicago. General Terry held the active command of the troops in the disaffected country. Subordinate to Terry were Generals Custer and Crook, at the head of mounted columns. Terry ordered these leaders to move out against the "Hostiles," specifying the route each was to take. Crook marched on March 1, and on March 17 encountered Crazy Horse and his braves, and the command was so severely handled in the engagement that Crook fell back to his base. Custer had been unable to make a simultaneous advance with Crook, owing to the weather being so bad that it was found impossible to venture into the region of heavy snows and swollen rivers.

The news of Crook's defeat spread like wild-fire among the Indian agencies. Couriers sped from the camps of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. To every Indian encampment in that part of the

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States one or more messengers came, and squatting on the hardened earth of some smoky tepee, to the listening braves told of the killing of the paleface and the triumph of the red, and before he had finished his tale, wigwams were struck and loaded to the patient ponies, the squaws strapped their papooses to their backs, and the warriors, with faces painted in ghastly and fantastical streaks, danced the war-dance, snatched up their rifles, and, mounting their ponies, set out to take part in reaping the harvest of scalps.

The defeat of Crook made a long war inevitable. General Sheridan reinforced the troops in the disaffected region, and remodeled his plan of campaign. The troops were formed into three columns instead of two; and as soon as the weather moderated, so as to admit of favorable progress, all set out to trap the Indians. The three columns were commanded respectively by Generals Terry, Crook, and Gibbon. Custer would have led in place of Terry, had it not been that just before the setting out of the expedition he fell from the good graces of President Grant. Indeed, so displeased was Grant with Custer, that he sent definite instructions that Custer was not to be allowed to accompany the expedition; and it was only after a personal appeal to Grant by Custer, and the intercession of Sheridan, that the famous cavalry leader was allowed to take

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his place at the head of his regiment and march away, never to return.

On May 17 the column marched from Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri River, and proceeding by easy stages crossed the Little Missouri River on May 31, and camped on the banks of the Powder, a tributary of the Yellowstone. The Seventh Cavalry was divided into two columns, commanded by Major Reno and Captain Benteen. As the Indian country had now been reached, on June 10, General Terry sent Major Reno with his command (six troops) to scout up the Powder, and General Custer, with the left wing of the Seventh, marched to the mouth of the Tongue and there awaited Reno's return. The major reached Custer's camp on the 19th, and reported plenty of Indian "signs" leading up the banks of the Rosebud. The whole command set out at once for that stream and pitched tents at its mouth on June 21, and made ready for immediate active operations. It was arranged that the Seventh United States Cavalry, commanded in person by General Custer, should set out on the trail Major Reno had discovered, overtake the Indians, corner them, and bring about a fight. This they did.

With truly Anglo-Saxon superiority the generals woefully under-estimated the fighting strength of the foe. General Custer, with his seven hun-

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dred cavalrymen, believed he would be able to cope with more savages than he was likely to have the good fortune to meet, and his brother generals were under the same impression. They found out their mistake when too late.

Sitting Bull, chief of a band of Uncpapa Sioux Indians, was at this time forty-two years old. A great, squatty, hulking, low-browed savage, of forbidding looks and enormous strength, and in height as near as might be to five feet eight inches. He had the reputation among his own followers, as well as the warriors of other bands, of being a Medicine-man of mark, a dealer in omens, a conjurer of demons, a weaver of magic, a foreteller of dire events, and a familiar of departed spirits. Outside of his magic he was known as a coward, but this defect they overlooked in the belief that his soothsayings fully compensated for the deficiency in his personal valor. Their faith in his incantations was unbounded. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, Sitting Bull divided his energies between getting as far from the scene of strife as his fat legs would carry him, and performing fanatical rites to the confounding of the white man. The actual leaders in the fight were Crazy Horse, Gall, and Crow King; and in a lesser degree, Low Dog, Big Road, Hump, Spotted Eagle, and Little Horse, all chiefs of bands and men of

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ability and unflinching personal courage. These superintended the movements of the "Hostiles," and by their personal feats of daring encouraged their followers, while Sitting Bull looked after the Fates.

At noon on June 22 Custer and his men set out for the wilderness. Warnings and omens do not seem to have been confined to the wigwam of the red man, for on the fatal march to the Little Big Horn there were many that foretold disaster to the expedition.

Captain Godfrey, who marched with the columns, in his written account of the calamitous affair, mentions many incidents which were taken to point to disaster. He tells, for instance, that on the evening of the first day of their march Custer sent for his officers.

After a "talk," Lieutenant Wallace said to Godfrey, as they walked away from the general's tent, "Godfrey, I believe General Custer is going to be killed." Asked his reasons for this belief, he simply answered: "I have never heard Custer speak in that way before."

A little later in the evening Captain Godfrey came upon a camp-fire, around which sat Bloody Knife, Half-Yellow-Face, and the interpreter Bouyer. The half-breed asked the captain if he had ever fought against the Sioux. Answered in the affirmative, the interpreter gazed into the

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fire for a few moments before saying emphatically, "I can tell you we are going to have a —— big fight."

Then again an ominous thing happened. The general's headquarters flag was blown down and fell to the rear, and in being replanted again fell to the rear.

These and many other eerie happenings seem to have sent a thrill of foreboding through the whole command as it went on its way to the unexplored valley of the Little Big Horn. In their tents, when night had fallen and the fires were out — for on this march no fire burned and nothing was done likely to attract the eye of any Indian who might happen to be roaming about in the vicinity — the men sat in the dark and told stories of scalpings and burnings at the stake. Even the red scouts caught the prevailing current of premonition and hastened to their Medicine-man to be anointed as a charm against the cruelty of the dreaded Sioux.

During the march up the Rosebud, Indian "signs" were met with at every turn. Camping-place after camping-place was found. The grass had been closely cropped by herds of ponies; the ashes of a hundred camp-fires lay gray on the bare ground. On June 24 the column passed a great camping-place, the gaunt frame of a huge sundance-lodge still standing,

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and against one of the posts the scalp of a white man fluttered in the wind.

Soon after this the Crow scouts, who had been working energetically, returned to the camp and reported to Custer that although they had come across no Sioux, still, from indications discovered, they felt sure that the command was in the neighborhood of an encampment. That night the column was divided into two, so as to raise as little dust as possible, and made a forced march; and on the morning of June 25, Custer, in a personal reconnoitre, discovered the foe of which he was in search. Although he found himself unable to locate the actual village, he saw great herds of ponies, saw the smoke curling up in the air of morning, and heard the barking of the dogs, denoting the presence of a village behind a hill that lay in front of him. It had been Custer's intention to remain quietly where his command rested until night fell, when he would advance his forces, and in the gray of morning sweep down upon the Sioux. But this plan miscarried. Word reached the leader that a Sioux Indian had discovered the presence of the United States troops and had galloped off to warn the tribe. Custer resolved to attack at once.

The command set out for Sitting Bull's village shortly before noon. It was divided into three

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battalions — Major Reno commanding the advance, General Custer following with the second, and Captain Benteen the third, the pack train being under the charge of Lieutenant Mathey.

The whole command marched down a valley for some distance and then separated, intending to strike the village at different points. Custer's battalion took to the right to cross the hills and ride down upon the encampment, and Major Reno branched off to the left and forded the Little Big Horn — a stream that gives the battle its name — at the mouth of a stream now called Benteen's Creek. As they were separating, Custer sent an order to Reno to "move forward at as rapid gait as he thought prudent, and charge the village afterwards, and the whole outfit would support him."

After separation the only word received from Custer was an order signed by the adjutant, and addressed to Captain Benteen, which read: "Benteen, come on. Big village. Be quick. Bring packs"; and a postscript, "Bring packs." About the time this message must have been despatched, those with Reno beheld the general and his men on top of a hill two miles or more away, looking down upon the village, and saw Custer take off his hat and wave it in the air, as if either beckoning the other battalions to his assistance or cheering his men.

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The battalion disappeared over the brow of the hill, and after that no word or sign ever came from Custer or anyone of his whole command. Not a man of the hundreds that followed the general in the charge lived to tell the tale. The battalion was simply wiped out of existence. In after years, some of the Indians who took part in the massacre, laying aside their inbred taciturnity, consented to show a few United States officers over the field and explain what had happened and how it had happened; but beyond these meagre reports, and the position in which the bodies of the soldiers were found after the Indians had finished with their rejoicings and the mutilations of the dead, nothing is known of Custer's last charge. But those acquainted with Custer and with Indian fighting are able to picture the scene.

When Custer reached the top of the hill, instead of a village of some eight hundred or one thousand warriors, he saw beneath him a veritable city of wigwams spread out in the valley. The smoke from the fires clouded the sky, great herds of ponies cropped the grass as far as the eye could see, thousands of painted Sioux, armed, and astride their shaggy ponies, galloped in circles, working themselves into a frenzy of fury to fight the white man. Medicine-men danced and yelled their incantations, and squaws busily

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struck the tents and hurried their papooses and swarms of dusky children out of harm's way. When this scene of angry life met his gaze, General Custer, old Indian fighter that he was, must have recognized that he was in for what seemed likely to be his last fight. But the mistake had been made. The time had passed for new plans of battle. He could not turn his back on the warriors to join his battalion with the others, for already the painted bucks were circling round him and firing into his ranks, and already, in all probability, he heard the crack of rifles to his left, telling him that the Indians were upon Reno. Hemmed in, retreat out of the question, and trusting that his other battalions would hurry to his support, he called to his men, and together they plunged into the shrieking, shouting, seething mass of painted and befeathered red men — and died.

Reno acted differently. Whether or no he carried caution to an unjustifiable length is a question that has been fiercely discussed, at least, some of the officers who were with him being his greatest denouncers. So bitter were the charges made against him that a Government inquiry was instituted, and, it is only right to say, it exonerated him from blame.

Reno's battalion struck the Indians shortly after crossing the Little Big Horn, and the Ree

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scouts at once made for the rear to be out of danger. When the Sioux Indians appeared in considerable force on his front, instead of charging the village as Custer had ordered, Reno dismounted his troops to fight on foot, and taking advantage of timber he remained stationary for some long time in almost absolute security. Later he ordered a retreat to the Bluffs, and while executing this order, and in the preceding skirmishes, Lieutenants McIntosh and Hodgson, Dr. De Wolf, and twenty-nine men and scouts were killed.

Soon after reaching the Bluffs Captain Benteen's battalion joined Reno, placing the latter in command of a larger force than Custer had with him; but notwithstanding this, no active measures were adopted, the two battalions standing nerveless and inactive, listening to heavy firing and much ominous noise in the direction of the village, where Custer was engaged in his death-struggle. True, an advance was made to a hill — the hill from which earlier in the day Custer had been seen to wave his hat. From the top of this elevation could be seen a great commotion in the valley, much riding and shouting and firing; but still Reno and his men were not near enough to the spot to make out what it was all about. The officers with field-glasses tried their best to find out where Custer and his

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battalion were, but, of course, this was impossible, for by this time every man, with Custer, had been slain.

Chief Gall afterwards said that the news of the two columns of troops advancing against the village struck consternation to the heart of the Indians, but when Reno was seen to dismount and remain stationary, they were glad, for it allowed the whole Indian force to be hurled against Custer. Him out of the way, they concentrated against Reno. When this latter movement took place Reno retreated again to the Bluffs, where close to the river he picked upon a strong position and successfully withstood a heavy fire all the afternoon. Darkness came down, and the troops spent an anxious night intrenching themselves, and wondering what had happened to their companions with Custer, but knowing nothing except that the general must have been defeated.

Lying under the stars, surrounded by the "Hostiles," they passed a night of restlessness and alarm. The sky was aglare with light from the bonfires; the silence of the night pierced by many strange cries of exultation and hate, by shots, and the monotonous beating of the tom-tom for the scalp-dance. At times a nervous man would spring from his bivouac on the earth

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to shout that he heard the march of approaching relief, and bugles rang out a welcome that was only answered by the echoes from the hills.

When morning dawned the Sioux opened fire, and the day which followed was one of fevered sorties and galling waiting. On the stronghold that day Reno's men lost eighteen killed and had fifty-two wounded, and they spent a second anxious night. But on the morning of June 27 General Terry raised the siege and rode into camp. Terry, in his journey, had come across more than a hundred dead, and that an awful tragedy had been enacted he knew. But he did not know the full extent of the slaughter. On the 28th the army marched to the battlefield of the Little Big Horn. Scattered on the slope of the hill they found 212 dead. General Custer, his brother — Captain T. W. Custer — Captains Keogh and Yates, Lieutenants Cook, Crittenden, Reily, Calhoun, Smith, and other officers of their men were found, each scalped and mutilated except Custer himself. He lay apparently as he had fallen, the Indians refraining from wreaking vengeance on the leader, who was well known to Sitting Bull and others of the chiefs. The bodies of Lieutenants Porter, Harrington, and Sturgis, and Dr. Lord, were never found.

The killed of the entire command was two

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hundred sixty-five, and the slaying of Custer and his men was the crimson spot of the first Centennial Year of the United States.

It is also rendered memorable as being the last great victory the red man achieved over the white.

II

The Storming of Kars

17-18 November, 1877

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

KARS has the reputation of being one of the strongest fortresses in the world. In the old Crimean days it stood a six months' siege: gallant Fenwick Williams, an English artillery officer, with a garrison of devoted Turks, made an heroic resistance in it against superior numbers, and yielded only to famine in the end. At the peace Kars reverted to Turkey, who spared no pains to restore its defences and make it as nearly as possible impregnable. It was surrounded with new fortifications, built for the most part on the ancient sites; they were constructed under the skilful direction of the first military engineers, and armed with powerful artillery. When, in 1877, Russia once more came to blows with her traditional foe, Kars became again the scene of furious conflict; its possession was hotly contested, but it was finally won by almost unexampled bravery in the teeth of a no less stubborn defence,

The early days of the winter of 1877 were at

The Storming of Kars

hand when the Russians closed down on Kars. The Turkish arms had but recently met with serious reverses in Armenia; Moukhtar Pacha, the Turkish generalissimo, had been badly beaten in a great battle, — that of Aladjh Dag, — and his army, which had hitherto covered Kars, was almost destroyed: only a wretched remnant of panic-stricken fugitives took refuge in the mountains about Erzeroum, where Moukhtar speedily followed to reorganize his shattered forces. Another general (Hussein Pacha) was left with a garrison of twenty-four thousand to defend Kars. It was hoped that the great fortress would long hold out. It was so strongly fortified, so well armed, so amply provisioned, that a protracted siege seemed inevitable. The Turks, moreover, were excellent soldiers, especially good and brave behind fortifications. At that very moment Plevna, an improvised fortress just south of the Danube, was still defying the most strenuous efforts of the Russians to take it. Kars had many superior advantages as a place of arms.

The Russians were, however, resolved to capture Kars, and soon, if they could. They wanted it badly. Its fall would make the Russian communications safe where at present they were insecure; from Kars they could best proceed against Erzeroum, and pave the way to

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complete mastery in Armenia. But to want a thing is not necessarily to get it, especially in war. Kars must be taken — granted; the point was how to do it.

Now, there is more than one way of reducing or getting possession of a fortress. It can be “invested” — surrounded on all sides, that is to say, cut off from outside relief or support, and starved into surrender; or it may be besieged in due form, with regular “approaches,” trenches and saps pushed up nearer and nearer, and with breaching batteries of heavy artillery, which after repeated bombardments open the road to assault; or, last of all, it may be carried by a *coup-de-main* — one great vigorous blow, delivered without delay or hesitation, which, if successful, settles the matter at once and out of hand. Which was it to be with Kars?

This was the problem which confronted the Russian generals, and which could only be solved after anxious consideration of all the *pros* and *cons*. Investment is a slow, often very tedious, game; in the present case it was both doubtful and dangerous, for the cold weather was at hand, and the winters are so severe in Armenia that the besieging troops must inevitably endure great hardships and privations. Nor was the process of investment certain to lead to capture. The garrison, after holding their as-

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sailants at bay for six months or more (and they had provisions for quite that time), after perpetually harassing them by sortie and counter attack, might beat them off in the end. The same objections applied to the regular siege: the Turks could meet the Russians with 300 guns, heavy artillery, admirably posted, and with a garrison sufficient to man the whole length of their defenses. The siege might become a long duel, in which the advantage would not necessarily be with the besiegers.

There remained only the boldest, the most hazardous, probably the most costly in human lives, but still the most profitable if successful — the method of immediate open assault. Kars might perhaps be carried by storm, if only the enterprise was undertaken on a proper scale, if the attack was planned with judgment and attempted in adequate strength. This was the course which the Russian generals adopted. They resolved to go in and win; to capture Kars, or at least to make a bold attempt at capture by sheer force and weight of arms.

To understand what follows, a brief description of the whole fortress, as it then stood, is indispensable.

Kars was rather a series of fortified works than a single fortress. The actual city was only defended by a citadel, perched high above it on

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a tall, straight rock, and by an ancient wall built by the Turks in the sixteenth century, and now half in ruins. The strength of the place was in its twelve detached forts, planted at points of vantage and surrounding it entirely. These forts may be classed in four groups, viz. — taking them according to the points of the compass — those to the northeast, southeast, west, and northwest of the town.

(1) To the northeast were Forts Arab and Karadagh, both on the high rocky ground known as the Karadagh, or Black Mountain, built on the bare rock, but faced with earth, which had been carried up by hand for the purpose. These forts had no ditches; the first was closed at the rear by a stone barrack, the second was to have been similarly defended, but the war broke out before the work was completed.

(2) To the southeast of the town the country was an open plain, and as such more easily accessible. So it was defended by two of the strongest forts, known respectively as Fort Hafiz and Fort Kanly: the first was a square redoubt, or fort closed on all sides, that nearest the town consisting of a casemated barrack of three stories; the second consisted really of two small redoubts, also square, supporting each other, also with a barrack at the end. There were, besides, Forts Souvari and Tchini, much simpler as

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fortifications, but adding to the strength of this side.

(3) To the westward, where the ground again rose and became mountainous (it was called the Shorak Mountain), there were three forts, known as Tekman, Tek Tepasse, and Laze Tepasse, all placed on commanding points, and well armed with batteries.

(4) And, lastly, on the Tchanak Mountain, to the northwest, there were three more forts — Forts Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli Pacha, the last-named being the strongest of the three.

It must be obvious that Kars, thus defended, was a hard nut for the Russians to crack. These twelve forts were nearly all well placed: they were at such distances from each other that they could afford mutual support in case of attack, and their rocky sites forbade all idea of undermining them. On the other hand, they were a source of weakness to the town, being so near it that its bombardment was possible by the enemy thus permitted to come within range. They were unprovided with magazines or storehouses; they were short of water, all of which had to be dragged up from the river; they had no ditches round them, and their fronts or sides were undefended by flanking fire, which, moreover, when damaged by the enemy's batteries, could not be quickly repaired for want of earth in the prevail-

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ing rockiness of the soil. But the crowning defect in the whole system of defence was that it was cut into two parts: one set of forts lay on the west side of the river, the other on the east, and the river itself, running in a deep gorge, completely separated them.

The actual condition of the defences of Kars, the numbers of the garrison, strength of artillery, the amount of ammunition and supplies, was fully revealed to the Russians by spies and deserters; any further knowledge required was obtained by careful reconnaissances. By these means the best line of attack was arrived at, and it was decided to make the first principal effort against the three forts upon the plain to the southeast of the town. The approach was easiest in this direction, and hereabouts the Turks kept all their depots and stores of provisions. At the same time, while the chief attack was in progress, demonstrations were to be made at other points, mainly to distract the enemy's attention; but these other movements were to be pushed forward and developed into real attacks if there was any promise of substantial advantage therefrom.

Hardly second in importance to the place was the time fixed for attack. If made during the day, it would undoubtedly entail enormous losses. The Turkish forts and trenches covered

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a wide extent of front; the fire they could bring to bear, both with cannon and small arms, would certainly be intense and deadly. It would begin at long range — for they had excellent weapons — and, so to speak, scorch up the ground of approach, which was altogether without cover or shelter for troops advancing in broad daylight. Worse than this, the precise movements of the attacking columns would be betrayed. Many of the Turkish forts stood on such high ground that they could see and search out everything in the plains below. So feints and false attacks would be useless, and the Turkish commander, having penetrated the real design, could concentrate in sufficient, perhaps in overwhelming, force to meet it at the points threatened.

A night attack was the inevitable conclusion. The storming must be made in the dark, and yet not in complete darkness; for that would certainly cause confusion, and probably entail disaster. There must be light enough to direct movements near at hand, and yet not so much light as to betray them from a distance.

This could only be attained when the moon was at the full; so, although a prompt attack was decided upon, the actual date was governed by the almanac, and the day, or rather night, fixed was the 15th of November. It was delayed two nights later by cloudy weather and a

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heavy snowstorm, which impeded the operations. Profound secrecy was observed on the part of the Russians, for a first element of success in the attack was that it should be a surprise. So well did they keep their own counsel, that even on the afternoon of the 17th, when the orders and instructions were actually drafted for the forward movement a few hours later, Russian officers in conversation with some of the war correspondents declared that nothing like an assault was contemplated. The Turks were themselves absolutely deceived. So little did they anticipate what was so near at hand, that they kept two-thirds of their whole strength on the western side of the river — that most remote from the point at which the attack was imminent. It must be said in excuse for them that in the former siege of Kars, under General Mouravieff, this side was that on which the great assault had been made.

The Russian commander-in-chief was the Grand Duke Michael, a brother of the Czar Alexander, but the real head of the army — the life and soul, the active leading spirit — was General Loris Melikoff, a soldier of high repute who had already earned distinction in this war. It was he, practically, who made the arrangements, and his orders were to the following effect:

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Five columns were to attack, two only to demonstrate: the two columns of demonstration were to appear to attack the most northern and the eastern forts. These movements were to be mere feints unless they made rapid and easy impression, in which case they were to be pressed home.

Each of the five attacking columns, except the second, was accompanied with guns; with each also marched detachments of engineers carrying scaling-ladders, dynamite cartridges to blow in gates and obstacles; gunners also accompanied the columns to spike or dismount guns. The Russian cavalry was distributed in three positions, to watch the various roads approaching Kars from the north, the west, and Erzeroum.

Half-past eight was the hour appointed for the assembly of the troops. It was a bright, clear, frosty night, the moon was at the full, the air bitterly cold, and very still. Nothing was heard as the skirmishers crept smartly and still silently forward; only a few shots were fired by the Turkish outposts, but as there was no reply silence again reigned. About nine P.M. the Russian guns, to draw off attention, began to salute the Tekman fort considerably to the westward of the line of real attack. Half an hour more, and secrecy or stratagem was no longer possible. The murder was out; Melikoff's men

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“rushed” Fort Souvari without firing a shot. Its garrison was altogether unsuspecting of the impending danger; the Russians were over the parapet, inside, bayoneting right and left, spiking and dismounting the guns, and after a very short fight in full possession of the place. Then this, the second column of the attack, streamed out to the rear of the fort, and hurried off to assist in the capture of Fort Tchini, the nearest to them, but upon the other side of the river.

This Fort Tchini was the point to be aimed at by General Komaroff with the first attacking column. His men had advanced at about nine P.M. on hearing the noise of battle at Fort Souvari, but met with very different fortune. He had to cross very difficult, rocky ground, and an interchange of shots aroused the camp that lay under Fort Tekman, up above his left, and brought down a host of Turks on this his left flank. Colonel Boutchkieff, who commanded the Russian attacking column, turned at once to his left, and, postponing the movement on Fort Tchini, went up against this enemy. He scaled the heights successfully, and driving back the Turks followed them close under the defences of Fort Tekman. His column was only of three battalions, but without hesitation he went in at this strong redoubt, hoping to carry it by audacity. But he was met with a murderous fire,

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musketry from three tiers of trenches, shrapnel shot, stones, and hand grenades. Colonel Boutchkieff was killed, his men were cruelly slaughtered, and the remnant fell back to the river, to be of no more use that night.

Fort Tchini was still untouched, and Komaroff drew up his reserves to form a fresh column of attack; he had one regiment only, backed by four-and-twenty guns, and this handful went forward gallantly to encounter a warm reception and eventually reap disaster. They were nearly destroyed by direct and cross fire from the neighboring forts of Tekman and Veli Pacha, but held their ground till long after midnight, then fell back defeated behind the river. Nor had Prince Melikoff, coming from the Fort Souvari, which he carried so easily, any better luck against Tchini. He had got to the rear of it, having crossed the river by fords and boats, and attacking it on that side had taken the Turks completely by surprise. But in leading on his men he was dangerously wounded, and they fell back — to wait, in the first place, for Komaroff, who never appeared, and then to recross the river. Their retreat was greatly facilitated, however, by the smaller attack made by Komaroff's reserve, which had failed, as has just been described.

So far, then, on this western side the Russians

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had made no sort of impression upon Kars. But these attacks on Tekman and Tchini, although unsuccessful, had been indirectly of the utmost service, for they occupied attention, and kept the Turkish troops employed, who would otherwise have reinforced the defenders of the southern and eastern forts at the point where, in fact, the fate of Kars was being decided all this time. It fell to the lot of the third, fourth, and fifth columns of assault to overcome resistance and capture the stronghold.

Count Grabbe was entrusted with the attack of the two redoubts known as Fort Kanly, and about ten P.M. his men got close up to them, much harassed by the ground and the enemy's fire. The right column approached the eastern, or smaller redoubt, and, climbing the parapet, effected a lodgment, although opposed by superior numbers. The left column, headed by Count Grabbe in person, swarmed around the western or main work, attacking it in front, flank, and rear. Grabbe was killed at the critical moment — shot dead by two bullets — and was succeeded by Colonel Belinsky, who later was also killed. After an hour's fierce engagement — so fierce that five hundred dead Turks were found in this part of the redoubt next day — the Russians effected an entrance, and drove the garrison back, but still fighting stubbornly,

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hand to hand, till they reached the stone barrack, which closed the rear of the fort. Here the Turks took refuge and rallied to such good purpose that Belinsky's men could get no farther. The barrack was protected with iron gates, and the Russians tried in vain to break them down; then they suffered such terrible losses that they were compelled to retire. It was at this time that their leader, Belinsky, met his death.

A cavalry charge made by Cossacks, sent on by Loris Melikoff, renewed the attack, and once more compelled the Turks to take refuge in the barrack. At the same time, General Loris Melikoff, finding that the assailants of Fort Kanly had lost two leaders in succession, sent a third — Colonel Bulmering — to take the chief command and renew the fight. Bulmering divided his forces into two portions, which were to turn both flanks of the fort. The left column he commanded in person, and made such good progress with it that he got to the very edge of the town. By one A.M. the whole of the fort was in the hands of the Russians, with the exception of the stone barrack, which still held out obstinately. Colonel Bulmering now summoned it to surrender, threatening first to batter it down with artillery, then to destroy it with dynamite. This last was an irresistible argument, to which the gallant Turk in command — Daoud Pacha — at last

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succumbed; but it was already four A.M. before he yielded, and by this time the intrepid garrison of the barrack had been reduced to barely three hundred men.

The capture of Fort Kanly was not, however, the first Russian success that night. It had been preceded by that of Fort Hafiz and Fort Karadagh. The fifth column of assault, under General Alkhazoff, had advanced in two portions about nine P.M. against the first-named, which was next to Fort Kanly, on its right. But the right attacking party found itself seriously incommoded by the fire from batteries at the foot of the Black Mountain or Karadagh, and it was resolved to get possession of these before attempting to storm Hafiz. The Russians advanced with such determination that they soon took the batteries and drove the Turkish artillerymen back pell-mell towards the fort of Karadagh, on the slopes above. This was one of the occasions indicated by the general orders for attack; any unexpected advantage was to be immediately followed up by a vigorous attempt to go further.

In this way Fort Karadagh fell; but only through the dauntless energy of the Russian onslaught. While some of the assailants climbed up on each other's shoulders, and so effected an entrance into the redoubt, others used dynamite

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to blow down the angle tower, and all with so much spirit that the Turks were driven back into the inner work, and from that right out of the fort, in great disorder. They withdrew upon Fort Arab, which was still intact, and from this point made several courageous attempts to retake Fort Karadagh, but altogether without success. The Russians had got it, and held it for good and all.

This was the unlooked-for prize of one-half of the fifth column. The other half, moving to the left, pursued the original purpose — that of assaulting Fort Hafiz. General Alkhazoff led this attack in person, and struck at both on the direct front and on the left flank of the fort. The Russians went up boldly, scaling the parapet and over into the redoubt, bayoneting all they met, and forcing back the garrison into the barrack, which, like that of Fort Kanly, closed the throat or entrance of the fort. But this barrack was in no condition to resist; it had been nearly ruined by the Russian bombardment, and it soon fell into the hands of the assailants. From Fort Hafiz, Alkhazoff's men pressed forward right under the walls of Kars itself.

By this time — two A.M. — the whole of the forts on the right bank of the river were in the hands of the Russians, for Fort Arab, north of Fort Karadagh, was captured soon after the

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Russian success at the latter had come to be known. The barrack at Fort Kanly alone held out, but this, as has been told, was actually doomed. Recapitulating, Fort Souvari had been carried early in the night; Fort Karadagh had been seized by sudden inspiration; Forts Hafiz and Kanly had fallen to direct attack.

But this victory did not extend beyond the right bank of the river. On the left, or western side, the Russians had made no decided impression. The forts on the mountainous heights above, known as Tchanak and Shorak, still held out: these were the Forts Tekman, Tek Tepasse, Laze Tepasse, Mouklis, Inglis, and Veli Pacha; and the Turkish troops which garrisoned them numbered some fifteen thousand men, still fresh and capable of fighting, although somewhat demoralized. Hussein Pacha, the Turkish commander, determined, therefore, to make a last bid for safety, if not to reverse fate, and massing these forces on the west, struck out for the mountains that ranged back towards Erzeroum. The daylight, which broke about five A.M., betrayed his movement, and the Russian general, Roop, who commanded all the troops on the left bank, set himself to intercept the Turkish march and prevent escape. His cavalry took the fugitives in flank, while his infantry faced and stopped

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them. The largest part of the Turks were caught, and laid down their arms, but some got through and hurried towards the mountains with the Cossacks in hot pursuit. Surrender was the order of the day, and nearly all the Turks were overtaken and made prisoners. Only a few of the principal officers, including Hussein Pacha, escaped, through the fleetness and endurance of the horses they rode.

Early that forenoon — the 18th November — the Russian double eagle floated from the citadel of Kars. The whole place, with all it contained, was in the possession of the assailants; those who had indirectly contributed to success on the left bank now entered the town, and joined their comrades from the right bank, upon whom the brunt of the business had fallen.

The result of this really audacious feat of arms was commensurate with the unflinching courage that had planned and carried it through. A fortified place of the first class had been carried in open assault, seventeen thousand prisoners were taken, three hundred and three guns (many of large calibre), twenty-five thousand stand of small arms, and a vast quantity of provisions and war material. But the cost had been heavy to both sides in this desperate struggle: twenty-five hundred Turks lay dead in and about the

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defences, forty-five hundred sick and wounded filled the hospitals; and the Russians lost in killed and wounded seventy-seven officers and twenty-one hundred ninety-six men.

III

Rorke's Drift

By C. STEIN

AT the end of 1878 there stood upon a rocky terrace on the Natal side of the Buffalo River two stone buildings with thatched roofs, which had formed a Swedish mission station, one of them having been used as a church and the other having been the dwelling of the missionary. These two humble edifices were destined to be, on the 22d January, 1879, the scene of the most brilliant feat of arms performed during the whole Zulu War — a defence by a small determined force against the attack of vastly superior numbers, an exploit whose luster, relieving a period of disaster, maintained the prestige of British arms, and whose success, there can be little doubt, rescued Natal from invasion when failure would have laid the colony open to the advance of a savage enemy. So perfect was the conduct of the officers and men concerned in the episode, and so well conceived and executed were the measures adopted, that even foreign military books quote the exploit as an example of the value of improvised fortifications when they are held by brave men.

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When war was declared by Sir Bartle Frere, the High Commissioner for South Africa, against Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the conduct of operations was placed in the hands of Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B., as Commander-in-Chief. It was determined to invade Zululand, and all the forces available for this purpose were moved to the frontier. They were divided into five columns, of which three were to advance into the enemy's country from different points, with the intention of finally concentrating at Ulundi, the Zulu capital, while the other two were in the first instance to guard the frontier against possible Zulu raids. The third column, under the command of Colonel Glyn, C.B., the center of the three columns of invasion, was to assemble near Rorke's Drift and cross the Buffalo River at that spot, within a mile of the old Swedish mission station.

The river at Rorke's Drift was, like most African streams, an impassable torrent after rain, but the flood quickly ran off, and a passage could then be effected by the "drift," or ford. There had also been established two ponts, or big, flat-bottomed ferry-boats, each of which could transport an African wagon or a company of infantry.

Colonel Glyn's column crossed the river on the 11th of January, 1879, and from that time

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was engaged in operations in Zululand. Its line of communications with Pietermaritzburg, the chief city of Natal, was through Rorke's Drift to Helpmakaar, and thence by Ladysmith and Estcourt, or by the shorter, though more difficult, route through Greytown. Rorke's Drift, as the actual starting point of invasion, was formed into a depot of stores and a hospital. The deserted mission-station buildings were utilized for this purpose, the old church being converted into a storehouse and the missionary's dwelling forming the hospital. As a garrison for the important post and to secure the passage across the river, Colonel Glyn left B Company of the second battalion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, under command of Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead. With him were also Major Spalding, who was in general charge of the line of communications, Lieutenant Chard, Royal Engineers, Surgeon Reynolds, Army Medical Department, and other officers. This garrison was encamped near the store and hospital.

For some days after the departure of the third column, which was also accompanied by Lord Chelmsford and the Headquarter Staff, the quiet routine of duty was pursued. Letters were passed to and from the front, necessary stores and supplies were sent on, and the men wounded in the first engagements were received

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into the hospital. Among these last was one of the enemy, who had been shot through the thigh at Sirayo's kraal, and who was treated and nursed with the same care and attention as the Englishmen against whom he had fought. On the 20th of January, however, a large portion of the second column, under Colonel Durnford, Royal Engineers, arrived at Rorke's Drift and encamped. Their stay was brief, for they were summoned to the fatal camp of Insandhlwana on the morning of the 22d, Colonel Durnford leaving a company of the Natal Native Contingent, under Captain Stephenson, to strengthen the little post. It became evident from various circumstances that Colonel Glyn's column was encountering a stronger resistance than had been anticipated, and that, as the enemy were in force within a few miles, they might make a rapid descent upon the weakly guarded line of communications. It was known that two companies of the first battalion of the Twenty-fourth were at Helpmakaar, ten miles distant, and Major Spalding resolved to go there at once in order to bring them up as a reinforcement to Lieutenant Bromhead's force. In his absence, Lieutenant Chard became senior officer at Rorke's Drift, and responsible for its well-being.

Although on the 22d of January there was thus a feeling of uneasiness at the river post,

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nothing had occurred till some hours after mid-day to cause any special alarm to its garrison. We may believe that a general plan of action had been considered if an attack should be made upon it, but in the meantime all the officers and men were engaged in their usual employments. Lieutenant Chard was at the ponts, and Lieutenant Bromhead was in his little camp hard by the store and hospital. Shortly after three P.M. two mounted men were seen galloping at headlong speed towards the ferry from Zululand. There is little difficulty in recognizing messengers of disaster, the men who ride with the avenger of blood close on their horses' track, and Chard, who met them, knew that something terrible had happened. His worst anticipations were more than realized when the two fugitives — Lieutenant Adendorff, of the Native Contingent, and a Natal volunteer — told their story: the camp at Insandhlwana had been attacked and taken by the enemy, of whom a large force was now advancing on Rorke's Drift.

The Natal volunteer hurried on to give the alarm at Helpmakaar; but one man was enough for this service, and Adendorff — gallant fellow! — said that he would remain at Rorke's Drift, where every additional European would be a valuable reinforcement, and cast in his lot with its defenders. Chard at once gave orders to the guard

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at the ponts to strike their tents, put all stores on the spot into the wagon, and withdraw to the main body of the post. Now occurred the first incident which testified to the spirit which animated the small force on the banks of the Buffalo. The ferryman—Daniells—and Sergeant Milne, of the Third Buffs (who was doing duty with the Twenty-fourth), proposed that they should be allowed to moor the two ponts in the middle of the river, and offered, with the ferry-guard of six men, to defend them against attack—a brave thought, indeed, but it was put aside. Chard was too good a soldier to divide his few men in any way. He saw at once that the commissariat stores and hospital would require every available rifle for their defence, and that the safety of every other place was comparatively a very minor consideration.

While he was giving his orders an urgent message came from Bromhead asking him to join him at once. To Bromhead also had come several mounted men fleeing from Insandhlwana, bearing the same dread intelligence which Adendorff had brought to the ferry, and the trained officer of engineers was required to concert and decide upon measures of defence. But when the engineer joined the infantry subaltern he found that the latter, aided by Assistant-Commissary Dunne, had already begun the neces-

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sary work, and that there was nothing to change, if much was still left to complete. The three officers held a hurried consultation, and prompt use was made of all ordinary expedients of war, while materials never before employed in fortification were pressed into service. The store and hospital were loop-holed and barricaded, the windows and doors blocked with mattresses; but it was necessary to connect the defence of the two buildings by a parapet. There were no stones at hand with which to build a wall, and if there had been, there was no time to make use of them; the hard, rocky soil could not be dug and formed into ditch and breastwork; but there was a great store of bags of mealies, or the grain of Indian corn, which had been collected as horse provender for the army. Assistant-Commissary Dunne suggested that these should be used in the fashion of sand-bags for the construction of the required parapet. Everybody labored with the energy of men who know that their safety depends on their exertions. Chard and Bromhead, Surgeon Reynolds and Dunne not merely directed, but engaged most energetically in the work of preparation. When the alarm was first given it was intended to remove the worst cases from the hospital to a place of safety, and two wagons were prepared for the purpose; but it was found that the attempt to move the patients

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at the slow pace of ox-teams when the Zulus were so close at hand would only result in offering them as easy victims to the murderous assegai. The two wagons were therefore used as part of the defences, and mealie bags were piled underneath and upon them, so that each formed a strong post of vantage.

The ferry-guard had joined the rest of the force at 3.30 P.M., and a few minutes later an officer of Durnford's Natal Native Horse, with a hundred of his men who had been heavily engaged at Insandhlwana, rode up and asked for orders. Chard directed him to watch for the approach of the enemy, sending out vedettes, and when he was pressed, to fall back and assist in the defence of the post. So far it seemed certain that when the threatened Zulu attack developed itself against the Rorke's Drift fortifications they would be found, though hurriedly devised and executed, to be adequately defended by the company of the Twenty-fourth, Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent, and about a hundred Basutos of the Natal Native Horse. But if the gallant English officers who had striven so hard and with so much military genius to make their position tenable looked forward to this amount of support, they were destined to grievous disappointment and mortification. At 4.15 P.M. the sound of firing was

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heard behind a hill towards the south, and told that the vedettes of the Native Horse were engaged with the enemy. Their officer returned, reporting that the Zulus were close at hand, and that his men would not obey orders. Chard and his comrades had the sore trial of seeing them all moving off towards Helpmakaar, leaving the garrison to its fate. Nor was this all. The evil example was only too soon followed. Captain Stephenson's company of the Native Contingent also felt their hearts fail, and, accompanied by their commander, also fled from the post of duty.

For the Native Horse there is some excuse to be made. They had been in the saddle since daybreak; they were the survivors of a terrible defeat and massacre; they had seen a large number of their comrades slain, and they were demoralized by the loss of their beloved commander, Colonel Durnford. If on this occasion their valor failed them, it is to be remembered that they had behaved nobly in the early part of the day, and that in later episodes of the war their gallantry and self-devotion were proverbial. But for the Native Contingent company nothing can be said. They were fresh, and as yet unscathed by war; they had the best example in the calm demeanor of their English comrades, and they had many causes of feud

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and quarrel with the enemy. But, as in all other occasions of the war where Natal Kaffirs were employed, they gave way in time of stress, and the greatest shame of the matter was that their colonial European officer now shared their misconduct.

The garrison at Rorke's Drift was now reduced to Bromhead's company of the Twenty-fourth — about eighty strong — and some men of other corps, the total number within the post being one hundred thirty-nine, of whom thirty-five were sick or wounded men in hospital. The original scheme of defence had provided for a much larger force, and Chard recognized that it would now be impossible long to occupy effectively the range of parapets and loopholes which had been prepared. There was nothing for it but to form an inner line of defence, to which the garrison might fall back when the outer line became untenable. He decided that, if necessary, the hospital must be abandoned, and that the defence must be restricted to the store and the space in front of it, including a well-built stone kraal or enclosure which abutted on it to the eastward. To carry out this plan he commenced an inner retrenchment, forming a parapet of biscuit-boxes across the larger enclosure. This was only about two boxes high when the expected flood of attack hurled its first waves

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against the frail solitary bulwark which stood between Natal and savage invasion.

About 4.30 P.M. five or six hundred of the enemy appeared, sweeping round the rocky hill to the south of the post, and advancing at the swift pace characteristic of the Zulu warriors against the south wall which connected the store and hospital. But they had to deal with stern men who were braced up for the encounter by feelings of duty, patriotism, and the long habit of regimental discipline and comradeship which makes each feel assured and confident that all are striving shoulder to shoulder, and that none will blench from his appointed place. From the parapet of mealie bags and from the hospital poured forth a heavy and well-sustained fire, which was crossed by a flanking discharge from the store. No man wasted a shot, and the aim was cool and deliberate.

Even Zulu valor and determination could not face the deadly leaden hail, and the onslaught weakened and broke within fifty yards of the British rifles. Some of the assailants swerved to their left, and passed round to the west of the hospital; some sought cover where they could, and occupied banks, ditches, bushes, and the cooking place of the garrison. But this first attack was only the effort of the enemy's advanced guard. Masses of warriors

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followed and flowed over the elevated southward ledge of rocks overlooking the buildings. Every cave and crevice was quickly filled, and from these sheltered and commanding positions they opened a heavy and continuous fire. It was fortunate that the spoil in rifles and ammunition taken at Insandhlwana was not yet available for use against the English, as at Kam-bula and later engagements, but the enemy's firearms were still the old muskets and rifles of which they had long been in possession. Even so, at the short range these were sufficiently effective, and, in the hands of better marksmen than Zulus usually are, might have inflicted crushing losses.

The first attack repulsed, a second desperate effort was made by the enemy against the north-west wall just below the hospital; but here again the defenders were ready to meet it, and again the assailing torrent broke and fell back. Such of the sick and wounded in the hospitals as were able to rouse themselves from their beds of pain had by this time seized rifle and bayonet and joined their comrades; but though every man was now mustered, the total number was all too small for the grim task before them. The misfortune of the extreme hurry in the preparations for defence was now painfully apparent. In strengthening any position for defensive occu-

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pation one of the first measures taken by a commander is to clear as large an open space as possible round the parapet or fortifications which he proposes to hold. All ditches and hollows should be filled up; all buildings, walls, and heaps of refuse should be pulled down and scattered; all trees, shrubs, and thick herbage should be cut and removed; so that no attack can be made under cover, no safe place may be found from which deliberate fire may be delivered, or any movement can be made by an enemy unseen, and therefore unanticipated. At Rorke's Drift, not only were the buildings and parapets overlooked and commanded to the southward by a rocky hill full of caves and lurking-places, but there was a garden to the north, a thick patch of bush which was close to the parapet, a square Kaffir house and large brick oven and cooking trenches, besides numerous banks, walls, and ditches, all of which offered a shelter to the enemy, which they were not slow to profit by. The post was encircled by a dense ring of the foe, and from every side came the whistle of their bullets.

Up till this time, though several men had been wounded, no one had been struck dead. Suddenly a whisper passed round among the Twenty-fourth, "Poor old King Cole is killed." Private Cole, who was known by this affectionate bar-

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rack-room nickname, was at the parapet when a bullet passed through his head, and he fell doing his duty — a noble end.

If the Zulu fire was telling, however, the steady marksmanship of the English officers and men was still more effective. Private Dunbar, of the Twenty-fourth, laid low a mounted chief who was conspicuous in directing the enemy, and immediately afterwards shot eight warriors in as many successive shots. Everywhere the officers were present with words of encouragement, exposing themselves fearlessly and showing that iron coolness and self-possession which rouses such confidence and emulation in soldiery on a day of battle. Assistant-Commissary Dunne — a man of great stature and physique, with a long, flowing beard — was continually going along the parapet, cheering the men and using the rifle with deadly effect. There was a rush of Zulus against the spot where he was, led by a huge man, whose leopard-skin kaross marked the chief. Dunne called out "Pot that fellow!" and himself aimed over the parapet at another, when his rifle dropped from his hand, and he spun round with suddenly pallid face, shot through the right shoulder. Surgeon Reynolds was by his side at once, and bound up the wound.

Unable any longer to use his rifle, he handed it to storekeeper Byrne, but continued unmoved



THERE WAS A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE

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to superintend the men near to him and to direct their fire. Byrne took his place at the parapet, and his bullets were not wasted. In a few minutes Corporal Scammell, Natal Native Contingent, who was next to him, was shot through the shoulder and back. He fell, and crawling to Chard, who was fighting side by side with the men, handed him the remainder of his cartridges. In his agony he asked for a drink of water. Byrne at once fetched it for him, and whilst handing it to the suffering soldier was himself shot through the head, and fell prone, a dead man.

While fighting was thus going on all round the post, a series of specially determined attacks was made against the northern side. Here the Zulus were able to collect under cover of the garden and patch of bush, and from that shelter were able to rush untouched close up to the parapet. Soon they were on one side of the barricade, while the defenders held the other, and across it there was a hand-to-hand struggle of the bayonet against the broad-bladed *bangwan*, the stabbing assegai. So close were the combatants that the Zulus seized the English bayonets, and in two instances even succeeded in wrenching them from the rifles, though in each case the breechloader took a stern vengeance. The muzzles of the opposing firearms were al-

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most touching each other, and the discharge of a musket blew the broad “dopper” hat from the head of Corporal Schiess, of the Natal Native Contingent. This man (a Swiss by birth), who had been a patient in hospital, leaped on to the parapet and bayoneted the man who fired, regained his place, and shot another; then, repeating his former exploit, again leaped on the top of the mealie bags and bayoneted a third. Early in the fight he had been struck by a bullet in the instep, but, though suffering acute pain, he left not his post, and was only maddened to perform deeds of heroic daring.

The struggle here was too severe and unequal to be long continued. Besides the ceaseless attacks of their enemy in front, the defenders of the parapet were exposed to the fire which took them in reverse from the high hill to the south. Five soldiers had been thus shot dead in a short space of time. At six P.M. the order was given to retire behind the retrenchment of biscuit-boxes. When the defence of the parapet was thus removed, the dark crowd of Zulus surged over the mealie bags to attack the hospital; but such a heavy fire was sent from the line of the retrenchment that nearly every man who leaped into the enclosure perished in the effort. Again and again they charged forward, shouting their

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war-cry "Usutu! Usutu!" and ever the death-dealing volleys smote them to the ground.

The story has now been told of the struggle during the first hour and a half about the store-house and large enclosure, till the moment came when it was no longer possible to hold the whole of the defences as they were at first organized, and Chard was constrained to withdraw behind the biscuit-box retrenchment which his foresight had provided. All this time the enemy had been making fierce and constantly reiterated attempts to force their way into the hospital, which was at the west end of the enclosure. Here Bromhead personally superintended the resistance, and here deeds of military prowess, cool presence of mind, and glorious self-devotion were performed to be proud of.

It has been said that the building had a thatched roof, and the Zulus not only strove to force an ingress, but used every expedient to set the thatch on fire, and thus to destroy the poor stronghold which so long mocked at their attempts to take it. While many of the patients whose ailments were comparatively slight had risen from their pallets and taken an active part in the defence, there were several poor fellows, utterly helpless, distributed among the different wards; and it is difficult to conceive a situation more trying than theirs must have

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been, listening to the demoniac yells of the savages, only separated from them by a thin wall, thirsting for their blood. At every window were one or two comrades, firing till the rifles were heated to scorching by the unceasing discharge.

Bullets splashed upon the walls, and the air reeked with dense, sulphurous smoke. The combatants may have been excited and carried away by the mad fury of battle; but to men depressed by disease, weakened and racked with pain, truly the minutes must have been long and terrible in their mental and physical suffering. Shortly after five o'clock the Zulus had been able so far to break down the entrance to the room at the extreme end of the hospital that they were able to charge at the opening; but Bromhead was there, and drove them back time after time with the bayonet. As long as the enclosure was held, they failed in every fierce attempt. Private Joseph Williams was firing from a small window hard by, and on the next morning fourteen warriors were found dead beneath it, besides others along his line of fire. When his ammunition was expended, he joined his brother, Private John Williams, and two of the patients who also had fired their last cartridge, and with them guarded the door with their bayonets. No longer able to keep their opponents at a distance, the four stood grimly resolute, waiting till the

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door was battered in and they stood face to face with the foe.

Then followed a death struggle. The English bayonet crossed the broad-bladed *bangwan*, the stalwart Warwickshire lads met the lithe and muscular tribesmen of Cetewayo, and the weapons glinted thirsty for blood. In the *mêlée* poor Joseph Williams was grappled with by two Zulus, his hands were seized, and, dragged out from among his comrades, he was killed before their eyes. But now it was known that the hospital must be abandoned, and as the usual path was occupied by the enemy, a way had to be made through the partition walls. John Williams and the two patients succeeded in making a passage with an axe into the adjoining room, where they were joined by Private Henry Hook. John Williams and Hook then took it in turn to guard the hole through which the little party had come, with the bayonet, and keep the foe at bay, while the others worked at cutting a further passage. In this retreat from room to room, another brave soldier, Private Jenkins, met the same fate as did Joseph Williams, and was dragged to his death by the pursuers. The others at last arrived at a window looking into the enclosure towards the storehouse, and, leaping from it, ran the gauntlet of the enemy's fire till they reached their comrades behind the bis-

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cuit-box retrenchment. To the devoted bravery and cool resource of Private John Williams and Hook, eight patients, who had been in the several wards which they had traversed, owed their lives. If it had not been for the assistance of these two gallant men, all the eight would have perished where they lay. These, however, were only some of the hairbreadth escapes from the hospital, and only some of the deeds of stubborn hardihood performed in it.

A few of the sick men were half carried, half led, by chivalrous comrades across the enclosure to the retrenchment, but many had to make their own way over the space now swept by the Zulu bullets, and that that space was clear was due to the steady fire maintained by Chard, which prevented the Zulus themselves from leaving the spots where they were under cover. Trooper Hunter, Natal Mounted Police, a very tall young man, who had been a patient, essayed the rush to safety, but he was hit and fell before he reached his goal. Corporal Mayer, Natal Native Contingent, who had been wounded in the knee by an assegai-thrust in one of the early engagements of the campaign, Bombardier Lewis, Royal Artillery, whose leg and thigh were swollen and disabled from a wagon accident, and Trooper Green, Natal Police, also a nearly helpless invalid, all got out of

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a little window looking into the enclosure. The window was at some distance from the ground, and each man fell in escaping from it. All had to crawl (for none of them could walk) through the enemy's fire, and all passed scatheless into the retrenchment except Green, who was struck on the thigh. In one of the wards facing the hill on the south side of the hospital, Privates William Jones and Robert Jones had been posted. There were seven patients in the ward, and these two men defended their post till six of the seven patients had been removed. The seventh was Sergeant Maxfield, who, delirious with fever, resisted all attempts to move him. Robert Jones, with rare courage and devotion, went back a second time to try to carry him out, but found the ward already full of Zulus, and the poor sergeant stabbed to death on his bed.

It has been mentioned that a wounded prisoner was being treated in the hospital. So much had he been impressed by the kindness which he had received, that he was anxious to assist in the defence. He said "he was not afraid of the Zulus, but he wanted a gun." His new-born goodwill was not, however, tested. When the ward in which he lay was forced, Private Hook, who was assisting the Englishmen in the next room, heard the Zulus talking to him. The next day his

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charred remains were found in the ashes of the building. That communication was kept up with the hospital at all, and that it was possible to effect the removal of so many patients, was due in great part to the conduct of Corporal Allen and Private Hitch. These two soldiers together, in defiance of danger, held a most exposed position, raked in reverse by the fire from the hill, till both were severely wounded. Their determined bravery had its result in the safety of their comrades. Even after they were incapacitated from further fighting, they never ceased, when their wounds had been dressed, to serve out ammunition from the reserve throughout the rest of the combat.

When the defence of the hospital was relaxed, it had been easy for the enemy to carry out their plan of setting fire to the thatched roof, and now the whole was in a blaze, the flames rising high and casting a lurid glare over the scene of conflict. The last men who effected their retreat from the building had as much to dread from the spreading conflagration as from the Zulu assegais. We have seen that, from the want of interior communication, it had been necessary for those who did escape to cut their way from room to room. Alas! to some of the patients, it had been impossible for the anxious leader and his stanch, willing followers to penetrate. De-

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feated by the flames and by the numbers of their opponents, Chard records in his official despatch, "With the most heartfelt sorrow, I regret we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate."

While in the hospital the last struggle was going on, Chard's unfailing resource had provided another element of strength to his now restricted line of defence, and had formed a place of comparative security for the reception of his wounded men. In the small yard by the storehouse were two large piles of mealie bags. These, with the assistance of two or three men and Dunne, who, severely wounded as he was, continued working with unabated energy and determination, he formed into an oblong and sufficiently high redoubt. In the hollow space in its center were laid the sick and wounded, while its crest gave a second line of fire, which swept much of the ground that could not be seen by the occupiers of the lower parapets. As the intrepid men were making this redoubt, their object was quickly detected by the enemy, who poured upon them a rain of bullets; but fortunately unhurt, they completed their work.

The night had fallen, and the light from the burning hospital was now of the greatest service to the defender, as it illumined every spot for hundreds of yards round, and gave

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every advantage to the trained riflemen of the Twenty-fourth. The Zulu losses had been tremendously heavy; but still they pressed their unrelenting attack. Rush after rush was made right up to the parapets so strenuously held, and their musketry fire never slackened. The outer wall of the stone kraal on the east of the store had to be abandoned, and finally the garrison was confined to the commissariat store, the enclosure just in front of it, the inner wall of the kraal, and the redoubt of mealie bags.

But the steadfastness of the defenders was never impaired. Still every man fired with the greatest coolness. Not a shot was wasted, and Rorke's Drift Station remained still proudly impregnable. At 10 P.M. the hospital fire had burnt itself out, and darkness settled over defence and attack. It was not till midnight, however, that the Zulus began to lose heart, and give to the garrison some breathing space and repose. Desultory firing still continued from the hill to the southward, and from the bush and garden in front; but there were no more attacks in force, and the stress of siege was practically over. The dark hours were full of anxiety, and even the stout hearts which had not quailed during the long period of trial that was past must have had some feeling of disquietude for the morrow, lest wearied, reduced in numbers, and with slender

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supply of water, they should be called upon to meet renewed efforts made by a reënforced foe.

The dawn came at last, and the eyes of all were gladdened by seeing the rear of the Zulu masses retiring round the shoulder of the hill from which their first attack had been made. The supreme tension of mind and body was over, and if the struggle had been long and stern the victory was for the time complete. How bitterly it had been fought out was shown by the piles of the enemy's dead lying around, and by the silence of familiar voices when the roll was called. There was yet no rest. The enemy might take heart and return, for, though many of their warriors had seen their last fight, their numbers were so overwhelming, and they must have known so well how close had been the pressure of their attack, that they might well think that, with renewed efforts, success was more than possible. Patrols were sent out to collect the arms left lying on the field. The defences were strengthened, and, mindful of the fate of the hospital, a working party was ordered to remove the thatch from the roof of the store. The men who were not employed otherwise were kept manning the parapets, and all were ready at once to snatch up their rifles and again to hold the post which they had guarded so long. A friendly Kaffir was sent to Helpmakaar, saying

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that they were still safe, and asking for assistance. About seven A.M. a mass of the enemy was seen on the hills to the southwest, and it seemed as if another onslaught was threatened. They were advancing slowly when the remains of the third column appeared in the distance, coming from Insandhlwana, and, as the English approached, the threatening mass retired, and finally disappeared.

Lord Chelmsford, Colonel Glyn, and that part of their force which, having been engaged elsewhere, had not been in the Insandhlwana camp when it was attacked and taken, had passed the night in sad and anxious bivouac among the dead bodies of their comrades and the *débris* of a most melancholy disaster. Full of disquietude about the fate of the post at Rorke's Drift, and the line of communications, they had pushed on with earliest dawn. Their advanced guard of mounted men strained eager eyes towards Rorke's Drift. The British flag still waved over the storehouse, and figures in red coats could be seen moving about the place. But smoke was rising where the hospital had stood, and, remembering that the victorious Zulus at Insandhlwana had clad themselves in the uniforms of the dead, there was a moment of dread uncertainty to the officer who was leading the way. But surely that was a faint British cheer rising from the

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post! A few hundred yards more of advance, and it was known that here at least no mistake had been made; here courage and determination had not been shown in vain; and that here something had been done to restore the confidence in British prowess which had just received so rude a shock elsewhere.

What a sight was the spot in the bright morning sunlight! There lay hundreds of Zulus either dead or gasping out the last remains of life; there was the grim and gray old warrior lying side by side with the young man who had come "to wash his assegai"; there a convulsive movement of arm or leg, the rolling of a slowly glazing eye, or the heaving of a bullet-pierced chest showed that life was not quite extinct; and there were the defenders, wan, battle-stained, and weary, but with the proud light of triumph in their glance, standing by the fortifications which they had so stoutly held — fortifications so small, so frail, that it seemed marvelous how they had been made to serve their purpose. The skeleton of the hospital still was there, but its roof and woodwork had fallen in, and in the still smoking pile men were searching for the remains of lost comrades. And there, in the corner of the enclosure, reverently covered and guarded, were the bodies of the dead who had given their lives for England and sealed

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their devotion to duty with their blood. Well might Lord Chelmsford congratulate the defenders of Rorke's Drift on the brilliant stand that they had made, and well might the colony of Natal look upon them as saviours from cruel invasion.

In telling the story of the events of the 22d, it has been said that Major Spalding left Rorke's Drift to seek reinforcements at Helpmakaar. There he found two companies of the Twenty-fourth, under Major Upcher, and with them he at once commenced to march to the river post. On their way they met several fugitives who asserted that the place had fallen, and when they arrived within three miles of their destination, a large body of Zulus was found barring the way, while the flames of the burning hospital could be seen rising from the river valley. It was only too probable that if they went on they would merely sacrifice to no purpose the only regular troops remaining between the frontier and Pietermaritzburg. Helpmakaar was the principal store depot for the center column, full of ammunition and supplies, and it seemed best that its safety should, at any rate, be provided for as far as possible. The two companies were therefore ordered to return, and preparations for the defence of the stores were commenced.

According to the closest estimate, the number

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of Zulus who attacked Rorke's Drift was about four thousand, composed of Cetewayo's Undi and Udkloko regiments, and about four hundred dead bodies were buried near the post after the attack. The wounded were all carried away from the field. The loss of the garrison was fifteen killed and twelve wounded, of whom two died almost immediately.

IV

Maiwand and Candahar. The Second Afghan War

August — September, 1880

By ARCHIBALD FORBES

IN the early days of August, 1880, it seemed that the long, bitter struggle was at last on the eve of being ended. Sir Frederick Roberts was the master of the region around Cabul. Sir Donald Stewart, having marched up from Candahar and fought on the way the brilliant battle of Ahmed Kehl, was now at Cabul in chief command. Mr. Griffin had announced the recognition by the Viceroy of India and the Government of the Queen Empress, of Abdurrahman Khan as Ameer of Cabul. The date of the evacuation of Cabul by the British troops had been approximately fixed, and it seemed all but certain that before the end of the month both Stewart and Roberts should have re-entered British India with their brave but war-worn regiments. But those arrangements were suddenly and ominously dislocated by the tidings which reached the British headquarters at Sherpur by telegraph, intimating the utter defeat



SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND

Maiwand and Candahar

at Maiwand of the force commanded by General Burrows in the region between the Helmund and Candahar.

In the early spring of 1880 Sir Donald Stewart had quitted Candahar with the Bengal division of his force, leaving there the Bombay division, to the command of which General Primrose acceded, General Phayre assuming charge of the communications. It was known that Ayoub Khan was making hostile operations at Herat. Shere Ali Khan, who had been Governor of Candahar during Sir Donald Stewart's residence there, had been nominated hereditary ruler of the province, with the title of "Wali," when it was determined to separate Candahar from Northeastern Afghanistan. On June 21 the Wali, who had some days earlier crossed the Helmund and occupied Girishk with his troops, reported that Ayoub was actually on the march towards the Candahar frontier, and asked for the support of a British brigade to enable him to cope with the hostile advance. There was warrant for the belief that the Wali's troops were disaffected, and that he was in no condition to meet Ayoub's army with any likelihood of success.

After Stewart's departure the strength of the British forces at Candahar was dangerously low, amounting to but forty-seven hundred of all

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ranks; but it was of great importance to arrest Ayoub's offensive movement, and a brigade consisting of a troop of horse artillery, six companies of the Sixty-sixth Regiment, two Bombay native infantry regiments, and five hundred native troopers — in all about twenty-three hundred strong, under the command of Brigadier Burrows — reached the left bank of the Helmund on July 11. On the 13th the Wali's infantry, two thousand strong, mutinied *en masse*, and marched away up the right bank of the river, taking with them a battery of smooth-bore guns which was a present to Shere Ali Khan from the British Government. His cavalry did not behave quite so badly, but in effect his army no longer existed, and Burrows's brigade was the only force in the field to resist the advance of Ayoub Khan, whose regular troops were reported to number four thousand cavalry and from four thousand to five thousand infantry, exclusive of the two thousand deserters from the Wali, with thirty guns and an irregular force of uncertain strength.

Burrows promptly recaptured from Wali's infantry the battery they were carrying off, and punished them severely in their retreat. The mutineers had removed or destroyed the supplies which the Wali had accumulated for the use of the British brigade, and Burrows therefore

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could no longer remain in the vicinity of Girishk. It was determined to fall back upon Khushk-i-Nakhud, a position distant thirty miles from Girishk and forty-five from Candahar — a point where several roads from the Helmund converged, and where supplies were plentiful. At and about Khushk-i-Nakhud the brigade remained from the 16th until the morning of the 27th of July.

While waiting and watching there, a despatch from army headquarters at Simla was communicated to General Burrows from Candahar, authorizing him to attack Ayoub if he considered himself strong enough to beat him, and informing him that it was regarded of the greatest political importance that the force from Herat should be dispersed and prevented from moving in the direction of Ghuzni. Spies brought in news that Ayoub had reached Girishk and was distributing his force along the right bank of the Helmund between that place and Hyderabad. Cavalry patrols failed to find the enemy until the 21st, when a detachment was encountered in the village of Sangbur on the northern road about midway between the Helmund and Khushk-i-Nakhud. Next day that village was found more strongly occupied, and on the 23d a reconnaissance in force came upon a body of Ayoub's horsemen in the plain below

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the Garmao hills about midway between Sangbur and Maiwand.

Those discoveries should have afforded tolerably clear indications of Ayoub's intention to turn Burrows's position by moving along the northern road to Maiwand and thence pressing through the Maiwand Pass, until at Singiri Ayoub's army should have interposed itself between the British brigade and Candahar. Why, in the face of the information at his disposal and of the precautions enjoined on him to hinder Ayoub from slipping by him towards Ghuzni through Maiwand and up the Khakrez valley, General Burrows should have remained so long at Khushk-i-Nakhud, is not intelligible. He was stirred at length on the afternoon of the 26th by the report that two thousand of Ayoub's cavalry and a large body of his Ghazis were in possession of Garmao and Maiwand, and were to be promptly followed by Ayoub himself with the main body of his army, his reported intention being to push on through the Maiwand Pass and reach the Urgandab valley in rear of the British brigade. Later in the day Colonel St. John, the political officer, reported to General Burrows the intelligence which had reached him that the whole of Ayoub's army was at Sangbur, but credence was not given to this important information.

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It was on the morning of the 27th that at length the tardy resolution was taken to march upon Maiwand. The expectation was indulged that the brigade would arrive at that place before the enemy should have occupied it in force; and that this point made good, there might occur an opportunity to drive out of Garmao the body of Ayoub's cavalry in possession there. There was a further reason why Maiwand should be promptly occupied: the brigade had been obtaining its supplies from that village and there was still a quantity of grain in its vicinity, to lose which would be unfortunate. The brigade, now twenty-six hundred strong, struck camp on the morning of the 27th.

The march to Maiwand was twelve miles long, and an earlier start than 6.30 A.M. would have been judicious. The soldiers marched smartly, but halts from time to time were necessary to allow the baggage to come up: the hostile state of the country did not admit of anything being left behind, and the column was encumbered by a great quantity of stores and baggage. At Karezah, eight miles from Khushk-i-Nakhud and four miles south-west of Maiwand, information was brought in that the whole of Ayoub's army was close by on the left front of the brigade and marching towards Maiwand. Burrows's spies had pre-

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viously proved themselves so untrustworthy that little heed was taken of this report, but a little later a cavalry reconnaissance found large bodies of horsemen moving in the direction indicated, and inclining away towards Garmao as the brigade advanced. A thick haze made it impossible to discern what force, if any, was being covered by the hostile cavalry. About 10 A.M. the advance guard occupied the village of Mahmudabad, about three miles southwest of Maiwand. West of Mahmudabad and close to the village was a broad and deep ravine running north and south. Beyond this ravine was a wide expanse of level and partially cultivated plain, across which, almost entirely concealed by the haze, Ayoub's army was marching eastward towards Maiwand village, which covers the western entrance to the pass of the same name. If General Burrows's eye could have penetrated that haze, probably he would have considered it prudent to take up a defensive position, for which Mahmudabad presented not a few advantages. But he remained firm in the conviction that the enemy's guns were not yet up, notwithstanding the reports of spies to the contrary; he believed that a favorable opportunity presented itself for taking the initiative, and he determined to attack with all practicable speed.

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Lieutenant Maclaine, of the Horse Artillery, a gallant young officer who was soon to meet a melancholy fate, precipitated events in a somewhat reckless fashion. With the two guns he commanded he dashed across the ravine, galloped athwart the plain, and came into action against a body of Afghan cavalry which had just come into view. Brigadier Nuttall, commanding the cavalry and horse artillery, failing to recall the impetuous Maclaine, sent forward in support of him the four remaining guns of the battery. Those approached to within eight hundred yards of the two advanced pieces, and Maclaine was directed to fall back upon the battery pending the arrival of the brigade, which General Burrows was now sending forward.

It crossed the ravine near Mahmudabad, advanced over the plain about a mile in a north-westerly direction, and then formed up. There ensued several changes in the preliminary dispositions. When the engagement became warm, about noon, the formation was as follows: The Sixty-sixth was on the right, its right flank thrown back to check an attempt made to turn it by a rush of Ghazis springing out of the ravine in the British front; on the left of the Sixty-sixth were four companies of Jacob's Rifles (Thirtieth Native Infantry) and a company of sappers; the center was occupied by the horse artillery and

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smooth-bore guns, of which latter, however, two had been moved to the right flank; on the left of the guns were the First Grenadiers, and on the extreme left two companies of Jacob's Rifles formed *en potence*. The cavalry was in rear, engaged in half-hearted efforts to prevent the Afghans from taking the British infantry in reverse. The position of the British brigade was radically faulty, and indeed invited disaster. Both flanks were *en l'air* in face of an enemy of greatly superior strength; almost from the first every rifle was in the fighting line, and the sole reserve consisted of the two cavalry corps. The baggage had followed the brigade across the ravine, and was halted about a thousand yards in rear of the right, inadequately guarded by detachments of cavalry.

For half an hour no reply was made by the enemy to the British shell-fire, and it is possible that an energetic offensive movement might at this time have resulted in success. But presently battery after battery was brought into action by the Afghans, until half an hour after noon the fire of thirty guns was concentrated on the brigade. Under cover of this artillery-fire the Ghazis from the ravine in front charged forward to within five hundred yards of the Sixty-sixth, but the rifle-fire of the British regiment drove them back with heavy slaughter, and they

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recoiled as far as the ravine, whence they maintained a desultory fire. The enemy's artillery-fire was well sustained and effective: the infantry found some protection from it in lying down, but the artillery and cavalry remained exposed and suffered severely. An artillery duel was carried on for two hours, greatly to the disadvantage of the brigade, which had but twelve guns in action against thirty well-served Afghan pieces.

The prostrate infantry had escaped serious punishment, but by 2 P.M. the cavalry had lost fourteen per cent. of the men in the front line and one hundred and forty-nine horses; the Afghan cavalry had turned both of the British flanks, and the brigade was all but surrounded, whilst a separate attack was being made on the baggage. Heat and want of water were telling heavily upon the Sepoys, who were further demoralized by the Afghan artillery-fire.

A little later the smooth-bore guns had to be withdrawn because of the expenditure of their ammunition. This was the signal for the general advance of the Afghans. Their guns were pushed forward with great boldness; their cavalry streamed round the British left; in the right rear were masses of mounted and dismounted irregulars who had seized the villagers on the British line of retreat. Swarms of Ghazis soon

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showed themselves, threatening the center and left; those in front of the Sixty-sixth were still held in check by the steady volleys fired by that regiment. At sight of the fanatic Ghazis and cowed by the heavy artillery fire and the loss of their officers, the two companies of Jacob's Rifles on the left flank suddenly fell into confusion, and broke into the ranks of the Grenadiers.

That regiment had behaved well, but now it caught the infection of demoralization; the whole left collapsed, and the Sepoys in utter panic, surrounded by and intermingled with the Ghazis, rolled in a great wave upon the right. The artillerymen and sappers made a gallant stand, fighting the Ghazis hand-to-hand with hand-spikes and rammers, while the guns poured canister into the advancing Afghan masses. Slade reluctantly limbered up and took his four horse-guns out of action; Maclaine remained in action until the Ghazis were at the muzzles of his two guns, which fell into the enemy's hands. The torrent of mingled Sepoys and Ghazis broke in upon the Sixty-sixth, and overwhelmed that gallant and devoted regiment. The slaughter of the Sepoys was appalling: so utterly cowed were they that they scarcely attempted to defend themselves, and allowed themselves without resistance to be dragged out of the ranks and slaughtered. A cavalry charge was ordered in

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the direction of the captured guns, but it failed, and the troopers retired in disorder. The infantry, assailed by hordes of fierce and triumphant fanatics, staggered away to the right, the Sixty-sixth alone maintaining any show of formation until the ravine was crossed, when the broken remnants of the Sepoy regiments took to flight towards the east, and the general's efforts to rally them proved wholly unavailing.

The Sixty-sixth, with some of the sappers and Grenadiers, made a gallant rally round its colors in an enclosure near the village of Khig. There Colonel Galbraith and several of his officers were killed, and the little body of brave men, becoming out-flanked, continued its retreat, making stand after stand until most were slain. The Afghans pursued for about four miles, but were checked by a detachment of rallied cavalry, and then desisted. The fugitive force, forming with wounded and baggage a straggling column upwards of six miles long, crossed the waterless desert sixteen miles wide to Haur-i-Madat, which was reached about midnight and where water was found. From Asu Khan, where cultivation began, to Kokoran, near Candahar, the retreat was harassed by armed villagers, and the troops had to fight more or less all the way. Officers and men were killed, Lieutenant Mac-laine was taken prisoner, and five of the smooth-

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bore guns had to be abandoned because of the exhaustion of the teams. About midday of the twenty-eighth the shattered remains of the brigade reached Candahar. When the casualties were ascertained, it became evident how disastrous to the British arms had been the combat of Maiwand. Out of a total of twenty-four hundred and seventy-six engaged, no fewer than nine hundred and sixty-four were killed. The wounded numbered one hundred and sixty-seven; three hundred and thirty-one followers and two hundred and one horses were killed, and seven followers and sixty-eight horses were wounded. Since Chillianwallah the British arms in Asia had not suffered loss so severe.

The spirit of the Candahar force suffered materially from the Maiwand disaster, and it was held that there was no alternative but to accept a siege within the fortified city. The cantonments were abandoned; the whole force was withdrawn into Candahar, and was detailed for duty on the city walls. The effective garrison on the night of the 28th numbered forty-three hundred and sixty, including the survivors of the Maiwand misfortune. So alert were the Afghans that a cavalry reconnaissance made on the morning of the 29th found the cantonments plundered and partly burned and the vicinity of Candahar swarming with armed men. The

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whole Afghan population, amounting to about twelve thousand persons, was compelled to leave the city, and then the work of placing it in a state of defence was energetically undertaken. Buildings and enclosures affording cover too close to the enceinte were razed, communication along the walls was opened up, and gun-platforms were constructed in the more commanding positions. The weak places as well as the gates were faced with abattis, the defects were made good with sandbags, and wire entanglements and other obstacles were laid down outside the walls. The covering parties were in daily collision with the enemy, and occasional sharp skirmishes occurred.

On August 8 Ayoub opened fire on the citadel from Piquet hill, an elevation northwestward of the city, and a few days later he brought guns into action from the villages of Deh Khoja and Deh Khati on the east and south. This fire had little effect, and the return fire gave good results. It was not easy to invest the city, since on the west and north there was no cover for the besiegers; but in Deh Khoja on the east there was ample protection for batteries, and the ground on the southwest was very favorable. Deh Khoja was inconveniently near the Cabul gate of the city, and it was always full of men. So menacing was the attitude of the Afghans that a sortie was

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resorted to against the village, which was conducted with resolution but resulted in utter failure. The attempt was made on the morning of the 16th. The cavalry went out to hinder reinforcements from entering the village to the eastward. An infantry force, eight hundred strong, commanded by that gallant soldier Brigadier-General Brooke, moved out later covered by a heavy artillery-fire from the city walls. The village was reached, but was so full of enemies in occupation of the fortress-like houses that it was found untenable. In the course of the retirement General Brooke and Captain Cruickshank were killed. The casualties were very heavy: one hundred and six were killed, and one hundred and seventeen were wounded.

The tidings of the Maiwand disaster reached Cabul on the 29th of July by telegram from Simla. The intention of the military authorities had already been intimated that the Cabul force should evacuate Afghanistan in two separate bodies and by two distinct routes. Sir Donald Stewart was to march one party by the Khyber route; the other, under Sir Frederick Roberts, was to retire by the Kuram valley, which Watson's division had been garrisoning since Roberts had crossed the Shaturgardan in September, 1879. But the Maiwand news in-

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terfered with those dispositions. Stewart and Roberts concurred in the necessity of retrieving the Maiwand disaster by the despatch of a division from Cabul.

Roberts promptly offered to command that division, and as promptly the offer was accepted by Stewart. By arrangement with the latter, Roberts telegraphed to Simla urging that a force should be despatched from Cabul to Candahar without delay; and recognizing that the authorities might hesitate to send on this errand troops already under orders to return to India, he took it on himself to guarantee that none of the soldiers would demur provided he should be authorized to give the assurance that after the work in the field was over they would not be detained in garrison at Candahar. The Viceroy's sanction came on August 3. The constitution and equipment of the force were entrusted to the two generals; and in reply to questions his Excellency was informed that Roberts would march on the 8th instant, and expected to reach Candahar on the 2d of September. Sir Donald Stewart chivalrously gave his junior full freedom to select the troops to accompany him, and placed at his disposal the entire resources of the army in transport and equipment.

It cannot truly be said that it was the

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élite of the Cabul field force which constituted the column led by Roberts on his famous march to Candahar. Of the native infantry regiments of his own original force which he had mustered eleven months previously in the Kuram valley, only two followed him to Candahar. The second mountain-battery adhered to him staunchly. Of his original white troops the Ninth Lancers, as ever, were ready for the march. His senior European infantry regiment, the Sixty-seventh, would fain have gone, but the good old corps was weak from casualties and sickness, and the gallant Knowles denied himself in the interests of his men. Roberts's two Highland regiments had done an infinity of marching and fighting; but both had received strong drafts, were in fine condition, and were not to be hindered from following the chief whom they swore by as one man.

Sir Frederick Roberts had already represented that it would be impolite to require the native regiments to remain absent from India and their homes for a longer period than two years. In the case of many of the regiments that term was closely approached, and the men after prolonged absence and arduous toil needed rest, and were longing to rejoin their families. It was not with eager desire that the honor of marching to Candahar was claimed. The enthusiasm which

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carried Roberts's force with exceptional rapidity to Candahar was an aftergrowth evolved by the enterprise itself, and came as a response to the unfailing spirit which animated the leader himself. Colonel Chapman, R.A., who had served in the same capacity with Sir Donald Stewart, was now Roberts's chief-of-staff. The marching-out strength of the column was about ten thousand men, of whom twenty-eight hundred and thirty-five were Europeans. Speed was an object, and since the column might have to traverse rough ground, no wheeled artillery or transport accompanied it: the guns were carried on mules, the baggage was severely cut down, the supplies were reduced to a minimum, and the transport animals, numbering eighty-five hundred and ninety, consisted of mules, ponies, and donkeys. It was known that the country could supply flour, sheep, and forage.

The time named for the departure of the marching column from Sherpur was kept to the day, thanks to assiduous organization. On August 8 the brigades moved out a short distance into camp, and on the following morning the long march began in earnest. The distance from Cabul to Candahar is about three hundred and twenty miles, and the march naturally divided itself into three parts: — From Cabul to Ghuzni, ninety-eight miles; from Ghuzni to Khelat-i-

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Ghilzai, one hundred and thirty-four miles; and from Khelat-i-Ghilzai to Candahar, eighty-eight miles. Ghuzni was reached on the seventh day, the daily average being fourteen miles — excellent work for troops unseasoned to long, continuous travel, tramping steadily in a temperature of from 84° to 92° in the shade. When possible the force moved on a broad front, the brigades and regiments leading in rotation, and halts were made at specified intervals. The “rouse” sounded at 2.45 A.M., and the march began at four; the troops were generally in camp by 2 P.M., and the baggage was ordinarily reported all up by five; but the rear-guard had both hard work and long hours. Nowhere was there any indication of opposition; not a single load of baggage was left behind, comparatively few men fell out footsore, and the troops were steadily increasing in endurance and capacity for rapid and continuous marching.

At Ghuzni there was no rest-day, and the steadfast, dogged march was resumed on the morning of the 16th. The strain of this day’s long tramp of twenty miles to Yarghatta was severe, but the men rallied gamely, and the general, by dint of care and expedient, was able to keep up the high pressure. The method of marching employed individual intelligence and called on all for exertion in overcoming the

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difficulties of the march, in bearing its extraordinary toil, and in aiding the accomplishment of the paramount object. On the 20th, a distance of twenty-one miles was covered — the longest day's march made. The effort was distressing owing to the heat and lack of shade, but it was enforced by the absence of water. There was no relaxation in the rate of marching, and Khelat-i-Ghilzai was reached on the eighth day from Ghuzni, showing a daily average of nearly seventeen miles.

The 24th was a halt-day at Khelat-i-Ghilzai, where Sir Frederick Roberts received a letter from General Primrose in Candahar describing the unfortunate sortie on the Deh Khoja village and giving details of his situation. It was resolved to evacuate Khelat-i-Ghilzai and carry forward its garrison with the column, which on the 25th resumed its march on Candahar. On his arrival at Tirandaz on the following day, the general found a letter from Candahar informing him that at the news of the approach of the Cabul force Ayoub Khan had withdrawn from his investment of Candahar, and had shifted his camp to the village of Mazra in the Urgandab valley, nearly due north of Candahar. On the morning of the 27th, General Hugh Gough was sent forward with two cavalry regiments a distance of thirty-four miles to Robat,

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the main column moving on to Khel Akhund, half-way to the earlier-named place. Gough was accompanied by Captain Straton, the principal signalling officer of the force, who was successful in communicating with Candahar; and the same afternoon Colonel St. John, Major Leach, and Major Adam rode out to Robat, bringing the information that Ayoub Khan was engaged in strengthening his position in the Urgandab valley, and apparently had the intention of risking the issue of a battle. On the 28th the whole force was concentrated at Robat; and as it was desirable that the troops should reach Candahar fresh and ready for prompt action, the general wisely decided to make the 29th a rest-day and to divide the nineteen miles from Robat to Candahar into two short marches.

The long forced march from Cabul may be regarded as having ended at Robat. The distance between those two extremities, three hundred and three miles, had been covered in twenty days. It is customary in a long march to allow two rest-days in each week, but Roberts had granted his force but a single rest-day in the twenty days of its strenuous marching. Including this rest-day, the average daily march was a fraction over fifteen miles. As a feat of marching by a regular force of ten thousand men encumbered with baggage, transport, and fol-

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lowers, this achievement is unique, and could have been accomplished only by thorough organization and steady, vigorous energy. Sir Frederick Roberts was so fortunate as to encounter no opposition that might delay or hinder his progress. For this immunity he was indebted mainly to the stern lessons given to the tribesmen by Sir Donald Stewart at Ahmed-Kehl and Urzoo while that resolute soldier was marching from Candahar to Cabul, and in a measure also to the good offices of the new Ameer.

But it must be pointed out that he had no assurance of exemption from hostile efforts to block his path, and that he marched ever ready to fight. It will long be remembered how, after Roberts had started on the long, swift march, the suspense regarding its issue grew and swelled until the strain became intense. The safety of the garrison of Candahar was in grave hazard; the British prestige, impaired by the disaster of Maiwand, was trembling in the balance. The days passed, and there came no news of Roberts and of the ten thousand men with whom the wise, daring little chief had cut loose from any base and struck for his goal through a region of ill-repute for fanaticism and bitter hostility. Not a few pessimists held him to be marching on his ruin. But Rob-

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erts marched light; he lived on what the country supplied; he gave the tribesmen no time to concentrate against him; and so, two days in advance of the time he had set himself, he reached Candahar at the head of a force in full freshness of vigor and burning with ardor for immediate battle under their trusted leader.

On the morning of August 31 the force reached Candahar. Sir Frederick Roberts, who had been suffering from fever for some days, was able to leave his dhooly and mount his horse in time to meet General Primrose and his officers to the eastward of Deh Khoja. The troops halted and breakfasted outside the Shikarpur gate while the general entered the city and paid a visit to the Wali, Shere Ali Khan. On his arrival he assumed command of the troops in Southern Afghanistan; and he remained resting in the city while the Cabul force was marching to its selected camping-ground near the destroyed cantonments to the northwest of Candahar. A few shots were fired, but the ground was taken up without opposition. Baker's brigade was on the right, in rear of Piquet hill; in the center was Macpherson's brigade, covered to its front by Karez hill; and on the left among orchards and enclosures was Macgregor's brigade, in rear of which was the cavalry.

Although Ayoub Khan had broken off his

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beleaguerment of Candahar, he had withdrawn from that fortified city but a short distance, and the position which he had taken up was one of considerable strength. The Urgandab valley is separated on the northwest from the Candahar plain by a long, precipitous spur trending southwest from the mountainous mass forming the eastern boundary of the valley farther north. Where the spur quits the main range due north of the city, the Murcha pass affords communication between Candahar and the Urgandab valley. The spur, its summit serrated by alternate heights and depressions, is again crossed lower down by an easy pass known as the Baba Wali Kotal. It is continued beyond this saddle for about a mile, still maintaining its southwesterly trend, never losing its precipitous character, and steeply escarped on its eastern face; and it finally ends in the plain after a steep descent of several hundred feet. The section of it from the Baba Wali Kotal to its southwestern termination is known as the Pir Paimal hill, from a village of that name in the valley near its extremity.

Ayoub Khan had made his camp near the village of Mazra, behind the curtain formed by the spur just described, and about a mile higher up in the valley than the point at which the spur is crossed by the road over the Baba Wali Kotal. He was thus, with that point artificially strength-

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ened and defended by artillery, well protected against a direct attack from the direction of Candahar, and was exposed only to the risk of a turning movement round the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill. Such a movement might be made the reverse of easy. A force advancing to attempt it must do so exposed to fire from the commanding summit of the Pir Paimal; around the base of that rugged elevation there were several plain-villages and an expanse of enclosed orchards and gardens which, strongly held, were capable of stubborn defence. In the valley behind the Pir Paimal hill there was the lofty detached Kharoti hill, the fire from which would meet in the teeth a force essaying the turning movement; and the interval between the two hills, through which was the access to the Mazra camps, was obstructed by deep irrigation channels, the banks of which afforded cover for defensive fire and could be swept by a cross-fire from the hills on either flank.

Sir Frederick Roberts had perceived at a glance that a direct attack on Ayoub's position by the Baba Wali Kotal must involve very heavy loss, and he resolved on the alternative of turning the Afghan position. A reconnaissance was made on the afternoon of the 31st by General Gough, accompanied by Colonel Chapman. They penetrated to within a short distance of

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the village of Pir Paimal, where it was ascertained that the enemy were strongly entrenched and where several guns were unmasked. A great deal of valuable information was obtained before the enemy began to interfere with Gough's leisurely withdrawal. The escorting cavalry suffered little, but the Sikh infantry covering the retirement of the reconnaissance were hard pressed by great masses of Afghan regulars and irregulars.

So boldly did the enemy come on that the third and part of the first brigade had to come into action, and the firing did not cease until the evening. The enemy were clearly in the belief that the reconnaissance was an advance in force which they had been able to check, and indeed drive in; and they were opportunely audacious in the misapprehension that they had gained a success. The information brought in decided the general to attack on the following morning; and having matured his dispositions, he explained them personally to his commanding officers in the early morning of September 1. They were extremely lucid, and the plan of attack was perfectly simple. The Baba Wali Kotal was to be plied with a brisk cannonade and threatened by demonstrations both of cavalry and of infantry, while the first and second brigades, with the third in reserve, were to turn

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the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill, force the enemy's right in the interval between that hill and the Kharoti eminence opposite, take in reverse the Baba Wali Kotal, and pressing on up the Urgandab valley, carry Ayoub's principal camp at Mazra. The Bombay cavalry brigade was to watch the roads over the Murcha and Baba Wali Kotal, supported by infantry and artillery belonging to General Primrose's command, part of which was also detailed for the protection of the city, and to hold the ground from which the Cabul brigades were to advance. General Gough was to take the cavalry of the Cabul column across the Urgandab, so as to reach by a wide circuit the anticipated line of the Afghan retreat.

Soon after 9 A.M. on the 1st September the forty-pounder on the right of Piquet hill began a vigorous cannonade of the Baba Wali Kotal, which was sturdily replied to by the three field-guns which the enemy had in battery on that elevation. It had been early apparent that Ayoub's army was in great heart, and, seemingly meditating an offensive operation, had moved out so far into the plain as to occupy the villages of Mulla Sahibdad opposite the British right and of Gundigan on the left front of the British left. Both villages were right in the fair-way of Roberts's intended line of advance;

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they, the adjacent enclosures, and the interval between the villages were strongly held; and manifestly the first thing to be done was to force the enemy back from those advanced positions. Two batteries opened a heavy shell-fire on the Sahibdad village, under cover of which Macpherson advanced his brigade against it, the Second Goorkhas and Ninety-second Highlanders in his first line. Simultaneously Baker moved out to the assault of Gundigan, clearing the gardens and orchards between him and that village, and keeping touch as he advanced with the first brigade.

The shell-fire compelled the Afghan occupants of Sahibdad to lie close, and it was not until they were near the village that Macpherson's two leading regiments encountered much opposition. It was carried at the bayonet-point after a very stubborn resistance; the place was swarming with Ghazis who threw their lives away recklessly, and continued to fire on the British soldiers from houses and cellars after the streets had been cleared. The Ninety-second lost several men, but the Afghans were severely punished — it was reported that two hundred were killed in this village alone. While a detachment remained to clear out the village, the brigade, under a heavy fire from the slopes and crest of the Pir Paimal hill, moved on in the direction of

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that hill's southwestern extremity, the progress of the troops impeded by obstacles in the shape of dry water-cuts, orchards, and walled enclosures, every yard of which was infested by enemies and had to be made good by steady fighting.

While Macpherson was advancing on Sahibdad, Baker's brigade had been pushing on through complicated lanes and walled enclosures towards the village of Gundigan. The opposition here was also very resolute. The Afghans held their ground behind loopholed walls which had to be carried by storm, and they did not hesitate to take the offensive by making vigorous counter-rushes. Baker's two leading regiments were the Seventy-second and the Second Sikhs. The left wing of the former, supported by the Fifth Goorkhas, the old and tried comrades of the Seventy-second, assailed and took the village. Its right wing fought its way through the orchards between it and Sahibdad, in the course of which work it came under a severe enfilading fire from a loopholed wall which the Sikhs on the right were attempting to turn.

Captain Frome and several men had been struck down, and the hot fire had staggered the Highlanders, when their chief, Colonel Brownlow, came up on foot. That gallant soldier gave the word for a rush, and immediately fell mortally wounded. After much hard fight-

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ing Baker's brigade got forward into more open country, but was then exposed to the fire of an Afghan battery near the extremity of the Pir Paimal spur, and to the attacks of great bodies of Ghazis, which were stoutly withstood by the Sikhs and driven off by a bayonet attack delivered by the Highlanders.

The two leading brigades had accomplished the first portion of their arduous day's work. They were now in alignment with each other; and the task before them was to accomplish the turning movement round the steep extremity of the Pir Paimal ridge. Macpherson's brigade, hugging the face of the steep elevation, brought up the left shoulder, and having effected the turning movement, swept up the valley and carried the village of Pir Paimal by a series of rushes. Here, however, Major White (now Commander-in-Chief in India), commanding the advance of the Gordons, found himself confronted by great masses of the enemy, who appeared determined to make a resolute stand about their guns in position southwest of the Baba Wali Kotal.

Reinforcements were observed hurrying up from Ayoub's standing camp at Mazra, and the Afghan guns on the Kotal had been reversed so that their fire should enfilade the British advance. Discerning that in such cir-

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cumstances prompt action was imperative, Macpherson determined to storm the position without waiting for reinforcements. The Ninety-second under Major White led the way, covered by the fire of a field-battery and supported by the Fifth Goorkhas and the Twenty-third Pioneers. Springing from out a watercourse at the challenge of their leader, the Highlanders rushed across the open front. The Afghans, sheltered by high banks, fired steadily and well; their riflemen from the Pir Paimal slopes poured in a sharp cross-fire; their guns were well served.

But the Scottish soldiers were not to be denied. Their losses were severe, but they took the Afghan guns at the point of the bayonet, and, valiantly supported by the Goorkhas and Pioneers, shattered and dispersed the mass of Afghans, reckoned to have numbered some eight thousand men. No chance was given the enemy to rally. They were headed off from the Pir Paimal slopes by Macpherson. Baker hustled them out of cover in the watercourses in the basin on the left; and while one stream of fugitives poured away across the river, another was rolled backward into and through Ayoub's camp at Mazra.

While Macpherson had effected his turning movement close under the ridge, Baker's troops on the left had to make a wider sweep before bringing up the left shoulder and wheeling into

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the hollow between the Pir Paimal and the Kharoti hill. They swept out of their path what opposition they encountered, and moved up the center of the hollow, where their commander halted them until Macpherson's brigade on the right, having accomplished its more active work, should come up and restore the alignment.

Baker had sent Colonel Money with a half-battalion away to the left to take possession of the Kharoti hill, where he found and captured three Afghan guns. Pressing on towards the northern edge of the hill, Money, to his surprise, found himself in full view of Ayoub's camp, and in rear of which a line of cavalry was drawn up. Money was not strong enough to attack single-handed, and he therefore sent to General Baker for reinforcements, which, however, could not be spared him, and the gallant Money had perforce to remain looking on while the advance of Macpherson and Baker caused the evacuation of Ayoub's camp and the flight of his cavalry and infantry towards the Urgandab. But the discovery and capture of five more Afghan cannon near Baba Wali village afforded him some consolation for the enforced inaction.

Considerable numbers of Ayoub's troops had earlier pushed through the Baba Wali pass, and had moved down towards the right front of General Burrows's Bombay brigade in position about

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Piquet hill. Having assured himself that Burrows was able to hold his own, Sir Frederick Roberts ordered Macgregor to move the third brigade forwards towards Pir Paimal village, whither he himself rode. On his arrival there he found that the first and second brigades were already quite a mile in advance. The battle really had already been won; but there being no open view to the front, General Ross, who commanded the whole infantry division, had no means of discerning this result; and, anticipating the likelihood that Ayoub's camp at Mazra would have to be taken by storm, he had halted the brigades to replenish ammunition.

This delay gave opportunity for the entire evacuation of the Afghan camp, which when reached without any further opposition and entered at 1 P.M. was found to be deserted. The tents had been left standing. "All the rude equipage of a half-barbarous army had been hurriedly abandoned—the meat in the cooking-pots, the bread half-kneaded in the earthen vessels, the bazaar with its *ghee* pots, dried fruits, flour, and corn." Ayoub's great *marquee* had been precipitately abandoned, and the fine carpets covering its floor had been left. But in the hurry of their flight the Afghans had found opportunity to illustrate their barbarism by the murder of their pris-

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oner, Lieutenant Maclaine, whose body was found near Ayoub's tent with the throat cut. To this bloody deed Ayoub does not seem to have been privy. The Sepoys who were prisoners with Maclaine testified that Ayoub fled about eleven o'clock, leaving the prisoners in charge of the guard with no instructions beyond a verbal order that they were not to be killed. It was more than an hour later when the guard ordered the unfortunate young officer out of his tent and took his life.

The victory was complete, and Ayoub's army was in full rout. Unfortunately, no cavalry was in hand for a pursuit from the Mazra camp. The scheme for intercepting the fugitive Afghans by sending the cavalry brigade on a wide movement across the Urgandab to strike the line of their probable retreat towards the Khakrez valley may have been ingenious in conception, but in practice did not have the desired effect. Ayoub Khan, however, had been decisively defeated. He had lost the whole of his artillery, numbering thirty-two pieces, his camp, an immense quantity of ammunition, about one thousand men killed; his army was dispersed, and he himself was a fugitive with a mere handful along with him of the army of twelve thousand men which he had commanded in the morning.

The battle of 1st September having brought

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the Afghan war to a close, Sir Frederick Roberts quitted Candahar on the 9th, and marched to Quetta with part of his division. On 15th October at Sibi he resigned his command, and, taking sick leave to England, sailed from Bombay on the 30th. His year of hard and successful service in Afghanistan greatly enhanced his reputation as a prompt, skilful, and enterprising soldier. His subsequent career is familiar to all.

V

The Boer War of 1881

By ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE Boers of the Transvaal are descended from the settlers brought to the Cape by the Dutch East India Company in the seventeenth century. In 1814 the colony was finally ceded to Great Britain by the King of the Netherlands. The Boers had been intolerant of the stern rule of the masters of their own nationality, and they chafed not less under the milder dominion of the later English government. The truth was, and still is, that the Boers from the first have disliked all government, especially when it clashed with their ideas regarding their rights over the natives. A disturbance which occurred in 1815 led to the "great trek," as the emigration of the Boers from Cape Colony was called — a movement which resulted in their settlement in the Transvaal and in the territory now known as the Orange Free State.

Up to 1852 the British government theoretically extended up to the twenty-fifth degree of latitude. But no attempt was made to enforce this claim, and in the end even the

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shadow of suzerainty was renounced when, on the 17th of January, 1852, the Sand River Convention was entered into between the British Government and the delegates of the Transvaal Boers, by which Great Britain formally renounced all rights over the country north of the Vaal river. Originally there were four republics in the Transvaal, but in 1860 they were united into one under the title of the "South African Republic."

The South African Republic did not prosper. From the first it was impecunious, and within a decade after its establishment it was practically insolvent. The discovery, in 1867, of diamonds and of gold brought into the country a rush of strangers, whose energy and enterprise might have altered the condition of the Transvaal but for the lethargy and obstinate isolation of the Boer population. Burgers, the last president before the annexation, was a man of vigor and talent, but the stolid and ignorant Boers declined to be welded by him into a nation. In a war upon which they entered with Sekukuni, a powerful native chief, their poltroonery was flagrant. The fighting was done for them by the warlike native tribe of Amaswazis, who were so disgusted with the cowardice of their white allies that they left them in dudgeon. When the Boers had to do their own work their hearts

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failed them, and they fled ignominiously. Burgers, with tears, strove to rally them, but in vain, and he begged them to shoot him rather than disgrace him. But they shrugged their shoulders, and more than two-thirds of them “trekked” home, leaving him hemmed in and powerless.

The republic was encircled by native enemies all round the Transvaal borders, all waiting for the impending onslaught by Cetewayo, the Zulu king, the master of a formidable army which lay on the frontier ready to strike, and restrained from immediate hostilities against the Boers — who had provoked him by many encroachments — only by his fear of the English and the personal influence of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Native Secretary of Natal. On the north-east the Amaswazis brooded in sullen discontent; northward, within and beyond the frontier, anarchy raged; and in the west the Bekhuanas were waiting for their opportunity. Financially the republic was hopelessly insolvent.

The Boers set their faces against taxation. It is a notorious fact that when Shepstone annexed the Transvaal there was found in the public treasury only twelve shillings and sixpence, part of which was base coin. Clearly a crisis was impending which threatened to involve South Africa in great peril. The annexation was no

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sudden act. The Blue-books contain remonstrance on remonstrance addressed by British officials to the Transvaal authorities. At length Lord Carnarvon's forbearance was exhausted. Shepstone was sent for to England, and received a commission of date 5th October, 1876, directing him, should the emergency render such a course necessary, to annex the Transvaal to her Majesty's dominions. Shepstone, escorted by twenty-five mounted policemen and a few officials, reached Pretoria in February, 1877. It was an open secret that he was empowered to annex the country if he deemed it advisable, but he expressed his readiness to refrain from that step if certain reforms were carried out. The Boers would have no reforms, and on April 12, 1877, Shepstone issued a proclamation formally annexing the Transvaal to Great Britain. For some time the Boers remained sullenly quiet. A few of them rendered good and loyal service with Sir Evelyn Wood during the Zulu war, but the main body stood aloof. Sir Owen Lanyon succeeded Shepstone as Administrator of the Transvaal, and from the first was unpopular with the Boers. At the close of the Zulu war Sir Garnet Wolseley, who held the position of High Commissioner for Southeastern Africa, came up into the Transvaal with a considerable strength of regular and irregular troops. During

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his stay no actual *émeute* occurred, but there were ominous demonstrations, which would probably have come to a head but for the presence of the troops. The Boer discontent was enhanced by the positive intimation from the Colonial Secretary that "under no circumstances whatever would the Transvaal independence be restored to the Boers," and by Sir Garnet's less prosaic but equally resolute utterance, that "so long as the sun shone and the Vaal river flowed to the sea the Transvaal would remain British territory." He finally left the Transvaal in March, 1880, and the troops in that territory were gradually reduced until in November of the same year they consisted of but thirteen companies of infantry, two troops of mounted infantry, and four guns, distributed in detachments in some half-dozen garrisons scattered over the country.

Throughout the land there was a deceptive peace, which lulled Lanyon into a sense of security, and to some extent deceived Wolseley. The Boers were playing the waiting game. Mr. Gladstone became Premier in March, 1880. Taking it for granted that he would act on the lines of his speeches when in Opposition, the Boer leaders called on him to rescind the annexation. The answer of the Government came in the curt telegram: "Under no circumstances

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can the Queen's authority in the Transvaal be relinquished." There was consternation among the Boers; the British inhabitants, trusting implicitly in an assurance so specific, rejoiced greatly and bought land without hesitation. In the matter of taxation the Boers had always presented a passive resistance against the British rule, but Lanyon's officials considered that they might now crush this resistance by active measures. A Boer named Bezuidenhout was levied on, and in default of payment a seizure was made. Bezuidenhout and his friends forcibly recovered the article seized, and an attempt to arrest him was thwarted by a gathering of Boers. At a mass meeting on the 13th of December, 1880, it was decided that the South African Republic should be restored; it was resolved to fight for independence, and a triumvirate consisting of Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius was appointed to administer the Government. On the 16th the republic was proclaimed at Heidelberg, which became the headquarters of the new Government. A large body of Boers took possession of that place, another went to Potchefstrom, and a third "commando" was detailed to another service presently to be described.

Lanyon was powerless to interfere, and he and the English in Pretoria had to await events, pending the expected arrival of the detachment

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of the Ninety-fourth Regiment which had been ordered up from Lydenburg, whence it was known to have moved on December 5. This ill-fated body was destined never to reach Pretoria. On the march Colonel Anstruther had frequent warnings of danger, to which he paid insufficient heed; there prevailed in the force the rooted belief that the Boers did not intend serious mischief. It was scarcely to be expected that the men who had pusillanimously recoiled from before Sekukuni's spear-armed natives would venture to assail a body of British regular infantry. But long before the end of this miserable war the valor and constancy of the Boers, not less than their moderation and humanity, had come to be acknowledged and admired. In this, their first conflict with the "red soldiers," their unerring marksmanship was the chief surprise.

The scouting duties of Colonel Anstruther's detachment were performed with carelessness; else, whatever might have been its fate, it would not have been taken by surprise. About noon on December 20th the little column, marching at ease, was approaching Bronkhorst Spruit. The ground traversed by the road was sparsely wooded, sloping down from either side. Military precautions were neglected, and the convoy stretched to an interminable length. The band

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at the head of the column abruptly stopped playing when about one hundred fifty armed mounted Boers suddenly became visible in skirmishing formation on a rise on the left of the road at a distance of a few hundred yards. Colonel Anstruther immediately galloped back, and ordered the leading wagon to halt and the others to close up. A Boer advanced midway with a flag of truce, and was met by Colonel Anstruther, to whom he handed a letter written in English. Its terms were at once quaint and peremptory. "We don't know," it ran, "whether we are in a state of war or not, consequently we can't allow any movements of troops from your side, and wish you to stop where you are. We not being at war with the Queen nor with the people of England, but are only recovering the independence of our country, we do not wish to take to arms, and therefore inform you that any movements of troops from your side will be taken by us as a declaration of war."

The messenger was to take back an answer, which had to be given within five minutes. Anstruther read the letter and tersely replied: "I go to Pretoria; do as you like." The messenger departed, and the colonel, hurrying back towards his men, ordered them to skirmish. But it was too late. The Boers had closed in upon the rear and flanks of the column and

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opened fire at point-blank range. Their fire was deadly — every shot told; that of the troops was scattered and ineffective. In ten minutes, out of a total of two hundred fifty-nine, there had been killed or wounded one hundred fifty-five officers and men. Colonel Anstruther, himself riddled with bullets, then ordered the “Cease fire,” and intimated the surrender of the remains of his force. The Boers then closed in, ordered all arms to be laid down, and formed a cordon round the scene of the slaughter.

When the fighting was over, Boers and soldiers became very friendly. The Boer commander, Joubert, came forward and shook hands with Colonel Anstruther, expressing regret that he should be among the wounded. A hospital camp was pitched close by, and leave was given for the retention of the wagons containing baggage, provisions, and hospital equipment, tents for the wounded, and some uninjured men as hospital nurses; the remaining unwounded prisoners with the rest of the wagons were removed to Heidelberg. Two men were permitted to carry the tidings of the disaster to Pretoria, whence without hindrance surgeons, hospital orderlies, and ambulances were sent out to Bronkhorst Spruit. The Boers showed themselves most obliging, and were extremely solicitous for the comfort of the wounded in

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camp, bringing in milk, butter, eggs, bread, and fruit gratuitously. The statements regarding the Boer losses in the short fight were curiously conflicting. The Boers affirmed that they amounted only to two killed and five wounded.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley went home he had been succeeded, in July, as High Commissioner for Southeastern Africa, by Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Sir George Pomeroy Colley, an officer of high character. Tidings of the outbreak in the Transvaal reached him at Pieter Maritzburg on the 19th of December, and were in possession of the Colonial Office in London on the following day. Reinforcements from India were promptly ordered to Natal, and further instalments of troops were sent out from England as early as possible. Considering the weakness of the forces at Colley's immediate disposition, he would have been wise to wait until he had been reinforced; but he had a great contempt for the Boers, and was eager to distinguish himself before he should be superseded by officers of higher rank. He was warned by Colonel Bellairs (in military command of the Transvaal) that there were "from six thousand to seven thousand rebels in the field, who, under good leadership, would exhibit courage, discipline, and organization." Colley hurried up

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towards the Transvaal frontier the few companies of infantry which he had in Natal.

The arrival of some drafts was very opportune — a naval brigade was landed and sent up, as also a squadron of dragoons and mounted infantry under the command of Major Brownlow, and the Natal Mounted Police. Colley had early intimated his intention to enter the Transvaal about the 20th of January, 1881, with a column consisting of eight companies of infantry, four guns, and a mounted squadron — a miserably inadequate force. So far from accomplishing this, he was able only to quit Newcastle (a border town of Natal) on January 24, with about sixty officers and twelve hundred men. This little force was styled the “relief column,” as it was intended to raise the siege of the Transvaal towns in which were scanty British garrisons beleaguered by the Boers. Apart from Pretoria, the besieged capital of the Transvaal, there were six of those places — Potchefstrom, Rustenburg, Marabastadt, Lydenburg, Standerton, and Wakkerstrom, all of which held out gallantly until the restoration of peace.

Before advancing from Newcastle, Colley sent an ultimatum to the Boers, ordering them, as insurgents, to disperse. They replied, declaring that all they wanted was the rescinding of the annexation and the restoration of the

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South African Republic under the Protectorate of the Queen. On the 26th the British force entrenched itself on an elevated position at Mount Prospect, about twenty miles north of Newcastle, in the mountainous region forming the northern projection of Natal. The camp was about a mile right of the road from Newcastle to Standerton, which crossed the ridge known as Lang's Nek — about three and a half miles further northward. In the vicinity of Lang's Nek a considerable number of Boers were seen. On the morning of the 28th, Colley moved out with a strength, all told, of about eleven hundred and sixty men.

The pass over Lang's Nek crosses the ridge about the center of a rough semi-circle, on the west of which is the Majuba mountain; on the east is a long spur surmounted by a rocky crest. In front of the proper left of this spur, several hundred yards to the front, is an isolated conical hill. The ground in the bottom of the enclosed basin is low, with a gradual rise towards the face of the spur, something in the nature of a glacis. About nine o'clock the British force, having moved up along a ridge out of shot, formed into position on a rise in the bottom, with the mounted squadron and the Fifty-eighth on the right, the guns in the center, and the Sixtieth

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and naval brigade on the left, the whole facing toward the spur.

The action was begun by shelling parts of the enemy's position, and by pushing forward a company of the Sixtieth and the Naval Brigade, with their rockets, which took some effect on the Boer reserves in rear of the Nek. At ten o'clock the Fifty-eighth advanced to the attack of the spur, covered on its right by artillery fire and by Brownlow's squadron. The leading troop of mounted men swept with fine dash up the isolated hill, and then charged. The hill-top was held by a Boer piquet of considerable strength. Brownlow shot the Boer leader with his revolver, but his horse was shot under him; Lieutenant Lermite and Sergeant-Major Lunny were killed; the supporting troop was checked — the leading troop, fatigued and broken by the charge, and with its leaders all down, could make no head, and the whole squadron gave way. It was no proper ground for cavalry, and the horsemen should have acted as mounted infantry. Meantime, the Fifty-eighth had begun climbing the steep ascent through the long entangling grass, which retarded the men's progress. The Boer piquet from the hill, having repulsed Brownlow's squadron, moved down and opened fire on the now exposed right flank and rear of the Fifty-eighth, while the Boers on the spur

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gathered on its brow and maintained a deadly fire from behind cover. Anxious to get to close quarters out of this purgatory, Colonel Deane gave the order to charge. The officers led nobly, and the men struggled on through the hail of fire. Colonel Deane's horse was shot, but he dashed forward on foot until riddled with bullets ten yards in front of the foremost man. Major Poole and Lieutenants Inman and Elwes were killed in supporting Colonel Deane; Major Hingeston, and all the mounted officers of the Fifty-eighth, were shot down or dismounted.

The stubborn soldiers of that gallant regiment — youngsters as they were, most of them — continued to hold their ground unflinchingly for some time, notwithstanding the bitter fire. Lieutenant Baillie, carrying the regimental color, was mortally wounded, and when his comrade Hill went to his assistance, the brave young officer said with his last breath, "Never mind me; save the color!" Hill, who had been carrying the Queen's color, took the other also; when he went down, Sergeant Budstock took both colors, and carried them until the general retirement, which soon had to occur. "The Fifty-eighth," wrote Colley, "having fallen back leisurely without haste or confusion, re-formed at the foot of the slope, and marched back into position in as good order, and with as



THE MEN STRUGGLED ON THROUGH THE HAIL OF FIRE

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erect and soldierly a bearing, as when it marched out."

Spite of much British bravery, the combat of Lang's Nek was an unquestionable and severe defeat. But many noble deeds were performed. Lieutenant Hill (already named) brought wounded man after man out of action, and worthily earned the V.C. Trooper Doogen saved the life of Major Brownlow; Private Godfrey and Bandboy Martin remained with Major Hingeston and Captain Lovegrove when those officers lay wounded, enduring heavy fire in doing so. The great brunt of the losses fell on the Fifty-eighth. The casualties altogether amounted to one hundred and ninety-eight, of which one hundred and seventy-three belonged to that regiment, which had to bury seventy-five officers and men out of a total strength of four hundred and ninety-four. Lang's Nek caused the Boers exceptionally heavy loss. Their total casualties from beginning to end of the war were but one hundred and one, of which Lang's Nek accounted for forty-one — fourteen killed and twenty-seven wounded. The Boers behaved with humanity. The moment that the "Cease fire" sounded they gave permission to the English surgeons to attend the wounded lying in front of the Boer position, fetched water to them, and assisted in binding up their wounds.

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The folly of the forward position prematurely taken up by General Colley with an inadequate force was made apparent by the result of the battle of Lang's Nek. The comparative handful of men in the Mount Prospect camp could no longer be regarded by any stretch of imagination as a "relief column." That repulse had taught the Boers their ability to arrest the further advance of the British force, and enabled them to turn their attention to the interception of its line of communication. The Boers, in effect, were masters of the situation. Their patrols penetrated nearly to Ladysmith, and threatened Newcastle from the Drakensberg and Utrecht districts.

Convoys were cut off, captured, and destroyed; the mail service was arrested, and except for the telegraph service, which remained uninterfered with, the Mount Prospect camp was all but entirely isolated. An escort of mounted infantry, sent out on February 7 to attempt to reach Newcastle with mails, was driven back to the camp by the fire of the Boers. Colley then determined to make a more formidable effort next day to open up communications with Newcastle, and to clear the Boers from the road. On the morning of the 8th he left camp with five companies of the Sixtieth Rifles under Colonel Ashburnham, two field and two mountain guns

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under Captain Greer, R.A., and a small detachment of mounted men under Major Brownlow. About five miles south of the Mount Prospect position the Newcastle road is crossed by the Ingogo river, which runs from west to east through a valley. The ground north of the river is broken and rugged; from the south bank there is a gentle rise to the foot of a flat-topped ridge strewn with rocks and boulders, and irregularly cut by rocky depressions.

The general, leaving the two mountain guns and a company of infantry on a commanding crest north of the river, crossed it with the main body, which he formed on the plain beyond, and then moved it forward to the foot of the ridge bounding the valley to the southward. As the troops were ascending the rise to the ridge the Boers showed themselves in considerable strength, and they at once galloped forward to dispute the ridge, and to take advantage of the cover afforded by the intersecting valleys. Greer brought his two guns into action, but the Boers had already taken cover, from which they directed a heavy and active fire on the guns and skirmishers. Greer was killed early, and the command of the guns devolved on Lieutenant Parsons. The engagement became heavy and general about noon, when the companies of the Sixtieth were pushed forward against the enemy,

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whose fire from behind cover was very deadly. The guns had to be freely exposed, and were in action with case-shot at a range of less than five hundred yards. The gunners suffered very heavily, and a company of the Sixtieth, which most gallantly advanced to cover the guns, and met the Boer fire at close range, had many casualties from the steady and accurate fire of enemies enjoying almost perfect cover. So severe was the fire of the Boers that the guns had soon to be withdrawn from their exposed position, and during the rest of the affair fired only occasionally. It was apparent that they were being gradually reinforced, and the general sent orders to camp for three companies of the Fifty-eighth to move out and occupy the ridges north of the river, and for a part, if practicable, to cross the Ingogo in support of the troops already deeply engaged and reduced by severe losses.

About three o'clock there was a comparative lull, although the Boers maintained a very accurate fire, anyone on the British side being almost certainly struck if at all exposing himself. Later in the afternoon the Boers received considerable reinforcements, and Lieutenant Parsons, wounded as he was, reopened with his guns for a short time; but darkness presently set in, and the Boers gradually withdrew to their camp. It was Colley's conviction that the enemy

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intended renewing the engagement next morning in overwhelming strength, and he acted wisely in deciding to withdraw to camp under cover of darkness. It was a gruesome night. Torrents of rain were falling, and the darkness was intense, except when the lightning flashes broke the blackness of the cold and dismal night. The ambulances sent out during the fight had not been able to reach the actual scene of action, since the Boers had threatened to fire on them if they advanced while the engagement was going on. They were not now available in the darkness; and the wounded, whom in many instances it had been impossible to remove from the advanced positions, had to be searched for. Those who were found were collected and sheltered for the night as well as possible with waterproof sheets, blankets, great-coats, etc.; but many lay as they had fallen throughout the long, inclement night. The guns were horsed, although insufficiently, by collecting all the available animals, and by withdrawing the team from the ammunition wagon, which had to be abandoned. When all arrangements had been completed, the force moved off in silence, formed in hollow square, the guns in the center, the infantry in skirmishing order on the four sides. The river, swollen by the rain, was deep and rapid; and some of the first men trying to cross

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were swept down, but found foothold on a sand-bank. The main body crossed in detachments with locked arms. The camp was reached about 4 A.M., on the 9th. The soldiers had dragged the guns up the hill, the horses being unable to pull them up the steep and slippery road. The Fifty-eighth companies spent the night on the northern ridges, and were not withdrawn until the following day.

The casualties had been heavy. Among the slain were Captain MacGregor, R.E., General Colley's assistant secretary; Captain Greer, R.A.; Lieutenants Garrett and O'Connell; and Mr. Stuart, a Natal resident magistrate. A most promising officer, Lieutenant Wilkinson of the Sixtieth, was drowned while crossing the Ingogo, when returning to the field with assistance for the wounded, after having distinguished himself throughout the engagement by his coolness and gallantry. The total loss of this unfortunate day amounted to one hundred and thirty-nine officers and men. According to the statement of the Boers, the Ingogo fight cost them eight killed and six wounded. The Boers returned to the scene of action on the morning of the 9th, expecting to renew the engagement. They took away two gun limbers and the ammunition wagon abandoned over night by Colley's people, and then fell back behind Newcastle to join their

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main force, reported as threatening to prevent the advance of the reinforcements recently arrived from India. Their disappearance gave opportunity to succor the wounded and bury the dead without molestation, and opened the road from Mount Prospect to Newcastle, to the hospital, to which latter place were promptly sent the wounded from the British camp. The communications in rear of Mount Prospect remained open from this time forward.

Sir George Colley had sustained a second reverse, proportionately more bloody than had been the first. By this time, one would imagine it might have begun to dawn on the home authorities that Colley, to say the least, was not a successful commander. His experience of actual warfare was but slender: he had served only in the China war of 1860 and in the Ashantee campaign. He was comparatively new to South Africa, and was quite unfamiliar with the Boer nature. Yet the authorities had assigned to him as second in command an officer senior to him in army rank, who had fought with distinction through the Crimean and Indian Mutiny wars, and in the Ashantee and Zululand campaigns, in high and successful commands. Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., was the only officer in the latter campaign under whom Boers served and died — served with a

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loyal devotion, died gallantly under his eye. He knew the strange, simple, yet stubborn nature of the Boers; he was ready to fight with them, and equally ready to argue them out of a folly. Wood and Colley were old and fast friends; Wood was quite content to serve under his junior, and had hurried out to India with a number of "special service" officers. He reached Durban on February 12, four days after the Ingogo reverse, Sir G. Colley's account of which was in London on the 10th, and, notwithstanding the unwarrantable optimism of its tone, must have been read between the lines in Pall Mall. Then would have been the time to avert further futile waste of brave soldiers by instructing by telegraph Colley and Wood to exchange their relative positions. The arrangement would have been perfectly regular, and Colley was the sort of man who would loyally have accepted the secondary position.

Picking up on his rapid journey the Indian column from its camp on the Biggarsberg, Wood and it (consisting of the Fifteenth Hussars, the second battalion Sixtieth Rifles, and the Ninety-second Highlanders) reached Newcastle on the 17th. Colley met him there, and it was resolved between the two officers that no further advance should be attempted until more reinforcements, now on the way up, should arrive.

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They parted on the 21st, Colley moving the Indian column up to Mount Prospect without molestation; Wood returning to Pieter Maritzburg to press on the advance of further reinforcements.

Sir George Colley's motive in making the fatal advance on the Majuba mountain-top, whatever it might have been, died with him. His assurance had been given to Wood that no further advance should be attempted pending the arrival of further reinforcements. He had engaged with the Boer Vice-President in negotiations which promised favorable results. A reconnoissance in force to the summit of the mountain could give no more information than a mere patrol could easily ascertain — the position of the Boer laagers and an approximate estimate of the force occupying them. A Boer piquet occasionally held the hill-top during the day, and Colley resolved to occupy it by making a night march. At ten o'clock on the night of February 26 he left the Mount Prospect camp with a force of twenty-two officers and six hundred and twenty-seven men — a smaller force than he had employed at Lang's Nek. At the start its composition and order were as follows: Two companies Fifty-eighth, the Naval Brigade, three companies Ninety-second, followed by some details; two companies of the second

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Sixtieth moved out later to the piquet post close to the foot of Inquela hill, with instructions to occupy its summit with some detachments. Further on, upon the narrow Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba, Captain Robertson's company of the Ninety-second was dropped as a link, with orders to entrench itself. The Nek traversed, the troops, guided by friendly Kaffirs, had now to undertake in single file the actual climb up the steep and rugged side of the Majuba, whose top is sixty-two hundred feet above sea-level and more than two thousand feet above the positions of the Boer laagers. From time to time during the tedious and toilsome ascent, a halt was made to enable the men — heavy-laden with rations and extra cartridges — to regain their breath. As the troops neared the summit the obstacles increased. The steep, grassy slopes were succeeded by great boulders and deep dongas, varied by sharp crags and treacherous loose stones, over and up which the wearied and burdened men had to drag themselves. Near the top the ascent had to be accomplished on hands and knees. Between four and five in the morning of the 27th the force, much exhausted after the heavy toil, and now only about four hundred strong, gained the summit.

Like most of the mountains of South Africa, the Majuba is crowned by no peak. Its top is a

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plateau of saucer-like shape, dipping towards the center, across which is a rocky reef about breast-high. The circumference of the plateau is about twelve hundred yards. When the summit was reached it was still dark, and the troops having got mixed during the scramble up, and being weary, lay down where they stood until dawn. With daylight they were extended round the edge of the plateau, with a small reserve in the central hollow. No instructions were given to entrench, and, indeed, the troops had no tools for such a purpose; but the men of their own accord attempted to obtain some cover by throwing up defences of turf and stones. Here and there the soldiers showed on the sky line, and a few shots were fired, which for the moment caused great consternation in the Boer camps in the lower ground northwest of the Majuba.

Seeing that the mountain was in British occupation, the expectation was natural that an attack would presently be made on their positions on the Nek, in which case they would find themselves between two fires. Their first idea, it seems, was of flight. The oxen were inspanned, and hurried preparations were made for retreat. But when it became evident that the troops on the summit were in no great strength and had neither cannon nor rockets,

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and that their Nek position was unmolested, the courage of the Boers revived. Smijt, the fighting general, made a short, stirring speech, and at his summons a number of the younger men began to climb the mountain side under cover of the stones and scrub. Joubert, the commanding general, detailed a force of the older men in support of the storming party — picked shots who remained below watching the edge of the plateau, and firing at every soldier who exposed himself. As the morning passed Boer detachments attacked and hemmed in the British position on the north, the east, and the southwest.

The defenders were not in sufficient strength to hold the whole of the edge of the plateau, and detachments had to be moved hither and thither to meet and attempt to thwart the advances of the Boers. Slowly and steadily the hostile skirmishers clambered upwards from cover to cover, while the supports below protected their movement with a steady and accurate fire. During the hours from dawn to noon the British had not suffered very heavily, notwithstanding the Boer marksmanship. The first officer to fall was Commander Romilly, of the Naval Brigade, while reconnoitring with General Colley. But the long strain of the Boers' close shooting began to tell on the *morale* of the British soldiers, and when the Boers at length reached the crest and

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opened a deadly fire at short range the officers had to exert themselves to the utmost in the effort to avert disaster. The reserves stationed in the central dip of the plateau, out of reach until then of the enemy's fire, were ordered up in support of the fighting line. Their want of promptitude in obeying this order did not augur well, and soon after reaching the front they wavered, and then gave way. The officers did temporarily succeed in rallying them, but the "bolt" had a bad effect. To use the expression of an eye-witness, "a funk became established."

It was struggled against very gallantly by the officers, who, sword and revolver in hand, encouraged the soldiers by word and by action. A number of men, unable to confront the deadly fire of the Boers, had huddled for cover behind the rocky reef crossing the plateau, and no entreaty or upbraiding on the part of their officers would induce them to face the enemy. What then happened one does not care to tell in detail. Everything connected with this disastrous enterprise went to naught, as if there had been a curse on it. Whatever may have been the object intended, the force employed was absurdly inadequate. Instead of being homogeneous, it consisted of separate detachments with no link or bond of union — a disposition which notoriously has led to more panics than any other

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cause that the annals of regimental history can furnish. Fragments of proud and distinguished regiments fresh from victory in another continent shared in the panic of the Majuba, seasoned warriors behaving no better than mere recruits. To the calm-pulsed philosopher a panic is an academic enigma. No man who has seen it — much less shared in it — can ever forget the infectious madness of panic-stricken soldiers.

In the sad ending, with a cry of fright and despair the remnants of the hapless force turned and fled, regardless of the efforts of the officers to stem the rearward rush. Sir George Colley lay dead, shot through the head just before the final flight. A surgeon and two hospital attendants caring for the wounded at the bandaging place in the dip of the plateau were shot down, probably inadvertently. The elder Boers promptly stopped the firing in that direction.

But there was no cessation of the fire directed on the fugitives. On them the bullets rained accurately and persistently. The Boers, now disdaining cover, stood boldly on the edge of the plateau, and, firing down upon the scared troops, picked off the men as if shooting game. The slaughter would have been yet heavier but for the entrenchment which had been made by the company of the Ninety-second, left over night on the Nek between the Inquela and the Majuba.

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Captain Robertson was joined at dawn from camp by a company of the Sixtieth, under Captain Thurlow. Later there arrived at the entrenchment on the Nek a troop of the Fifteenth Hussars, under the command of Captain Sullivan. After midday the sound of the firing on the Majuba rapidly increased, and men were seen running down the hill towards the laager, one of whom brought in the tidings that the Boers had captured the position, that most of the troops were killed or prisoners, and that the general was dead with a bullet through his head.

Wounded men presently came pouring in, and were attended by Surgeon-Major Cornish. The laager was manned by the two companies, and outposts were thrown out, which were soon driven in by large bodies of mounted Boers, under whose fire men fell fast. Robertson despatched the rifle company down the ravine towards the camp, and a little later followed with the company of the Ninety-second under a murderous fire from the Boers, who had reached and occupied the entrenchment. The Highlanders lost heavily in the retreat, and Surgeon-Major Cornish was killed. The surviving fugitives from Majuba and from the laager finally reached camp under cover of the artillery fire from it, which ultimately stopped the pursuit. With the consent of the Boer leaders a tem-

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porary hospital was established at a farmhouse near the foot of the mountain, and throughout the cold and wet night the medical staff never ceased to search for and bring in the wounded. Sir George Colley's body was brought into camp on March 1, and buried there with full military honors. The other dead of the Majuba fight rest in a cemetery on the plateau of the mountain summit — victims of a strange and almost incredible folly.

Sir Evelyn Wood reached Newcastle on March 4, and assumed command. On the 6th he met the Boer leaders, when an armistice to last for eight days was agreed upon. The British garrisons in the Transvaal were revictualled for twelve days, pending the raising of their siege on the consummation of peace; and Sir Evelyn Wood acknowledged the right of the Transvaal people to complete self-government subject to the suzerainty of the Queen. Terms of peace were signed on March 23, 1881; and the next day General Sir Frederick Roberts, who had been sent out with large reinforcements to succeed Sir George Colley, reached Cape Town, but learning of peace being signed, immediately sailed home.

The total number of Transvaal Boers capable of carrying arms was under eight thousand at the beginning of hostilities. The total British force

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in South Africa, or on the way thither, at the close of hostilities consisted of thirteen infantry regiments, five cavalry regiments, twenty-two guns, three naval brigades — in all, not far short of twenty thousand men. This total was exclusive of the British garrisons besieged in the Transvaal during the war. The Boer casualties throughout the war, as already mentioned, amounted to forty-three killed and fifty-eight wounded. The British casualties were over eight hundred killed and wounded. At Majuba the Boers had one man killed and five men wounded.

VI

The Bombardment of Alexandria

By MAX PEMBERTON

TO step from the boat of a yacht to the quay at Alexandria is to step from the West to the fringe of the East. All about you are porters, guides, beggars, loafers, thieves, cut-throats, and impostors. Bales of cotton, barrels, hampers, trollies, lumber the wharves. The din and babble are beyond description. A hundred rogues strive and push if thereby they may touch the hem of your garment and claim *backsheesh*. Pass through the Customs, and so out to the native quarters and to the bazaar, and the scene is scarce to be described. Men of every Eastern nation seem here to congregate. Turks curse Greeks; Greeks, in their turn, curse Jews and Copts, Hindoos, Nubians, and Albanians. The blaze of color is dazzling, yet ever picturesque. Dirks are sheathed in gorgeous girdles; the butts of pistols protrude upon richly embroidered vests and amazing tunics. Black men and white men, brown men and yellow men, some with



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jackets, some with long, flowing robes, some almost naked, urge you to the deal or throw themselves upon your pity. Donkey boys hasten to show you how well they understand your tongue, in the polite and well-meant invitation to "have a —— donkey, sir." Often you step aside to avoid the lurch of the camel; your eyes follow the stately swing of the Arab from the desert as he paces some narrow alley, with head bent and his long gun in his hand. Priests abound — Greek priests, Coptic priests, Roman priests. No nation seems unrepresented in this medley of sound and strange colors; of narrow, crooked, unpaved lanes and gorgeous modern enterprises.

If this be a description rather of the Alexandria of the past than of the Alexandria of to-day, it is better suited to my purposes. Any endeavor to make clear the sequence of events which led up to the bombardment and subsequent sack of the city must include some attempt to describe that curious coupling of West to East which has been a feature of the place since Mehemet Ali sought to restore its greatness, and to rear up a new fabric upon the ashes of decay which the Turk had left. In the year 1882 you found many races in the seat of the Ptolemies; but a broad line of demarcation between the two forces was clearly laid down. While Copts and Greeks and Hindoos and Arabs swarmed in the

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bazaars, and a first impression was one of many peoples and many creeds, a rough division was easy to make. Christian and Mohammedan — between these lay the Egyptian question, so far as this city was concerned with it.

Side by side the strongholds of the two powers stood — one, the dirty, unpaved streets, the booths and kennels and bazaars; the other, the great square of Mehemet Ali, with the cafés and commercial buildings, the *Palais de Justice*, the churches, the theater, and the houses of the merchants. Everything which tends to promote racial hatred and national instability was here to be discerned, when in the earlier months of the year 1882 the dangerous problem became ripe for partial solution. A national party strove for so-called freedom; a Christian party strove for more stable guarantees. Arabs hated Greeks and Copts; Christians warred against the Arab in turn, and went in fear of him. Year by year the beacons of revolution were plied, until, in the last moments of Arabi's power, the flicker of a crisis was sufficient to light them; and these beacons being kindled, gave the signal for the Egyptian campaign of 1882.

I am not concerned with the defence of Arabi Pasha, nor with the discussion of those large claims made on his behalf at the beginning of the Egyptian war. It is sufficient for me to re-

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member that he was War-Minister to the Khedive in the earlier months of the year 1882, and that he was the spokesman of all those turbulent elements of Mohammedan dominion which threatened at one time to make him the most successful dictator of the latter half of the century. Patriot possibly he was; but that pure patriotism was not the ultimate goal of his ambitions all the events of that strange year made manifest. No doubt, the antipathy to European influences, and general hatred of the European colony in Egypt, helped Arabi largely in his demand, in the year 1881, for a general increase of the army, and for a more popular and purely Egyptian ministry. But once he found the Khedive pliant in his hands, the step from agitation to action was a short one. Early in the next year we find the weak Prince Tewfik nominated by the Powers, and Arabi setting up practically as the dictator of the Egyptian peoples. His cry that the foreigner should be driven out of the country brought thousands to his banner. That he had the sympathy of his countrymen there can be no question. That it was impossible for Britain as a Power to submit to his authority, and to the government by arms which he sought to set up, was equally apparent. Thus in June of the year 1882 the English were fighting for the Khedive against his own Minis-

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ter of War, and engaged in an undertaking which could end only in their final expulsion from the country or their temporary occupation of it.

The first sparks of war were to be observed in Alexandria in the June of the last-named year. A sudden rioting and massacre of Christians — principally Greeks — added to an insult to the British Consul, sowed the seeds of that which was to mature so quickly. For many weeks the Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, lay off the harbors of the city as a visible token of British determination to uphold the Khedive against Arabi, and of the intention to protect the Christian population. Hundreds of the latter meanwhile fled from Alexandria — some to Greece, the majority to Italy. It became dangerous for a European to venture abroad alone even in the earlier hours of day. Robberies were frequent, and assassinations common.

Arabi himself waxed bolder every day. He boasted that he could, with the forces at his command, hold the city against the fleets of all Europe. He busied himself with the training of engineers; he began at the last to strengthen the forts and to throw up new earthworks. It was an anxious moment for "Jack" when, on the night of July 6, 1882, the searchlight was turned upon

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the fortifications near the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and two hundred of Arabi's sappers were seen busy with pick and shovel. The result was the immediate demand for the cessation of all works upon the forts, and, finally, for the temporary surrender of them. Arabi, seeking discreetly to temporize, neglected to furnish the necessary guarantees — met this practically with a point-blank refusal. The reply was the issue of an ultimatum on the morning of July 10. Either the forts were to be surrendered, or the city was to be bombarded. Arabi chose bombardment, and the ships were cleared for action.

This was the situation in the town; let us see what was the position in the harbors before it. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour was then in command of eight battleships and of eleven gun-boats; the latter principally of the smallest class. Nearly all these ships would be regarded as more or less obsolete to-day, though the flagship *Invincible* carried four eighty-ton guns and boasted a speed of 12.6 knots an hour. Of the others, the *Inflexible* was the largest, this being the biggest ship in the engagement, and one which carried, like the flagship, four eighty-ton guns. With her were the *Sultan*, the *Superb*, the *Alexandra*, the *Téméraire*, the *Penelope*, and the *Monarch*. The latter ships, built in the years 1867 and 1868 respectively, were then

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comparatively old; but the *Superb*, the *Inflexible*, the *Téméraire*, and the *Alexandra* represented the then most recent naval phase. That was the day of a belief in big guns. Europe had watched the building of sixty-eight, eighty, and even one hundred-ton guns, and had asked expectantly, "What of the results?" The revolt of Arabi promised the British that which they had speculated upon, and discussed, and weighed up for forty years — the spectacle of their fleet in action. When at last the crisis came — when the ultimatum went forth, and French, American, and Italian warships steamed from the harbors of Alexandria, while refugees fled from the city as from a pestilence — the excitement waxed strong. As for the British Jack Tars, they were sick with hope. For weeks they had been saying, "To-morrow, to-morrow is the day!" For weeks they had borne with disappointment and postponement as they lay under the shadow of the great forts, and waited for the booming of the signal gun. But now, surely, the hour was at hand. Small wonder if they doubted that such a good thing could ever be.

For the fuller understanding of the engagement of the famous July 11, let us take our stand upon the flagship *Invincible*, anchored outside the harbor of the city. There are two harbors before us—an inner harbor and

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a large outer basin defended by the break-water. To the southeast there stands up the great Marabout fort, forming the southern point of the bay, whereon the city is built. To the northeast is the Pharos fort, boasting more than a hundred guns of all calibers, and conspicuous for its massive tower. Roughly speaking, you may regard the shape of the shore of the Alexandria of to-day as that of a pair of horns sticking out into the sea with the Pharos Light as the north tip and the Ras-el-Tin Palace and lighthouse as the southern tip. Southward of this palace, and in the curve of the southern bay, lie the famous Mex forts, and from these to Fort Marabout the whole of the shore bristles with guns. It was against these guns that the British thirsted to try their luck, when on the night of July 10 they turned in like excited children, and almost prayed that the morrow would find them listening to the music of the great artillery.

The *Condor* was the first ship to be about on the following morning, but long before six o'clock the whole fleet was moving and active. At that hour the men were already stripped to their flannel jerseys, the great guns were charged, the decks were cleared for action. The admiral's plan was now known to all. He had determined upon three attacks — the *Invincible*, the *Mon-*

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arch, and the *Penelope* to begin work from the harbor; the *Inflexible* to attack the Mex forts; the *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra* to operate from outside the harbor, and to center their fire first upon the forts by the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and then, steaming to the northeast, to demolish Fort Ada and the Pharos. As for the puny gunboats, they were to lie behind the war-ships, and to act as occasion required. That they were permitted soon to depart from this inglorious position the whole record makes manifest.

Six o'clock in the morning, and the men were at the stations. Forbiddingly and majestically, the dark hulls of the eight ironclads stood up above the sunlit water. Scores of merchantmen, which had showed their heels to the harbors directly bombardment was threatened, now lay securely at anchor, eager to be spectators of so glorious a sight. On shore no unusual signs of activity were at first apparent. There was no ostensible signal of truce. Lieutenant Smith, who had been sent to report upon the truth of the story that Arabi's men were busy with armaments near the Slaughter-house, returned to tell of active work and of sappers busy.

Throughout the fleet, excitement was at its zenith. Jack had stripped himself for the fray with the zest that a schoolboy strips for football.

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Wound up by long weeks of expectation, he scarce dared to believe that the cup was at his lips, even though the muzzles of the eighty-tonners showed grimly above his decks, and any moment might bring the thunders of discharge. For nearly an hour he stood at his post. Half-past six came, and still the guns were silent; a quarter to seven was marked, and no note of command was heard. Ten minutes later, and in a measure unexpectedly, the *Alexandra* fired a shell at the Pharos, and the bombardment had begun. The smoke of this shot had scarce floated away on the breeze when the flagship hoisted the signal "All vessels engage batteries."

Such a signal was like the bell of a prompter rung to raise the curtain upon a stage play. In a moment the quiet and the expectancy had given place to the thunder of cannon and the heat of battle. An American officer who witnessed the action from a warship in the offing declared that a hurricane of sound seemed to rush up over the sea. Instantly, clouds of smoke and leaping fire began to veil the forts. Crashing reports, the sharper noise of smaller guns, even the singing of bullets, made the music of the morning. While the heavy guns were fired at long intervals, while there were pauses when you might have said that the fleet was resting, the rolling reports from the shore

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were never still. Fort Marabout, with its two eighteen-ton guns and its host of smaller weapons, emitted a continuing cloud of fire; the guns by Ras-el-Tin — two of them of twelve tons — pounded bravely at the *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra*. The heavy weapons of the Pharos, joined anon to those by the Ras-el-Tin, belched smoke and flame unceasingly. The British attack was concentrated upon Fort Marabout, the Mex forts, and the fortifications near the palace. At this time the value of fore and aft guns upon the big ships was illustrated humorously. The mighty *Inflexible*, standing off the outer harbor, thundered away with her fore guns at Ras-el-Tin, while from her stern she pounded Marabout. If the shooting of some of the ships was not particularly good, that of others was admirable. Every shot from the *Invincible* either burst in the forts or struck the parapets heavily. Clouds of dust and earth, heavy lumps of stone rolling seawards, spoke eloquently of the accuracy of her gunners. A midddy, named Hardy, tucked up in her maintop, helped with signals whose value was beyond praise. Never did a marker at Wimbledon follow the path of a bullet with keener eyes than those with which Midshipman Hardy watched the flight of the great shells. Though a hail of shot fell all about him, and the smoke was so

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heavy over the decks that the gunners were like men walking in the dark, the accuracy of the lad's judgment was unfailing. Even the admiral thanked him; and as hit after hit was recorded, the whole crew fell to cheering with voices that were heard by every sailor in the fleet. "It was Eton and Harrow over again," said an observer. And that was true.

If this plucky lad deserves a line of special eulogy, we must not forget that others were at the same time displaying courage worthy of the highest traditions of Jack in action. The story of the *Condor* has been written many times. It will bear writing again and yet again wheresoever the record of the British navy is laid down. I have said that this gallant little ship, whose only armament was two small sixty-four pounders and one seven-inch Woolwich rifled gun, had been the first to be moving on that memorable day. She was also the first of the gunboats to get into action. Though the instructions of the admiral were that the gad-flies should be more or less spectators, acting as the occasion required, it was not many minutes before Lord Charles Beresford determined that the occasion required him to try his three small guns upon the massive fortifications of Marabout.

The idea, bold to the last point of courage,

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was not lacking method. It was Lord Charles's notion that the Gatling might tickle up the gunners of Marabout, and send so many of them to an honorable grave that the bigger guns would find no servants. With this in his head, he took a liberal view of the general instructions, and bringing the *Condor* to within twelve hundred yards of the fort — the shoal prevented him from getting nearer — he began his merry attack. Never did a crew follow a daring skipper more resolutely. The men of the *Condor* had been near to shedding tears of rage in the early morning when an order from the flagship compelled them to go to the assistance of the *Téméraire*, which had floundered upon the shore. They had thought that they must do the work of a mere tug, and miss such glorious fun as was to be had in the neighborhood of Arabi's guns. From that degradation Lord Charles saved them swiftly. The rattle of the Gatling, the crack of his larger weapons, seemed at first like the music of a mere farce. His shot, said observers, would be as a hail of peas to the gunners in the great fort. That the gunners took the same view was proved by their action. They continued to concentrate all their fire upon the three warships which were troubling them. As for that toy-boat which menaced

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them, they regarded it as a fine stimulant to laughter.

It is not recorded how soon these laughter-loving gentlemen changed their opinion. Certain is it that three of their guns were disabled, and that many of them must have paid the penalty of their humor when at last they awoke to the situation, and concentrated all their fire upon the wasp whose sting they had felt so sharply. Shell after shell then hissed over the plucky little ship. One struck her heavily, but not in a vital line. Shot seemed to rain near her decks, and still she stuck to her work, while other gunboats came to her assistance, and the *Bittern*, the *Beacon*, the *Decoy*, and the *Cygnets* were all barking merrily. Soon the fire from Marabout began to slacken. The telling shooting from the *Invincible*, whose huge shells went home every time, coupled to the merry attack of the gunboats, finished the work. The admiral signalled, "Well done, *Condor*." Cheer after cheer rang over the waters. The *Inflexible* took up the cry. The fleet declared that a deed of surpassing bravery had been done that day.

The hour of action is not the fitting hour to meditate upon individual deeds, and the attention of Jack was soon called from the *Condor* to new scenes. It was plain to him that the hours of "Horrible Pasha" were numbered in Alexan-

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dria. Marabout was done with; the guns of the Mex Forts were so far silenced at one o'clock that a force was despatched to land and, if possible, finish the business speedily. So great was the impatience of its members to get ashore, that Major Tullock sprang from the launch and swam to the outworks. But the Egyptian soldiers made no reply: a fact for which no one has accounted satisfactorily to this day. While our men expected every moment to hear the hiss of their bullets, or to see them sweeping to the charge, not a sound was raised nor a uniform discerned. Dexterously and quickly the two ten-inch guns were burst and the others spiked. A shot from the *Invincible* had already destroyed the powder magazine, and half-past two had not come when Mex was done with.

From that hour until half-past four, when the career of "Horrible Pasha" in Alexandria was practically closed, the account of the bombardment is chiefly an account of the silencing of Fort Ada and of the Pharos. To the *Inflexible* was given the greater part of the latter task, and right well did she acquit herself. The shells from her eighty-ton guns thundered upon the doomed town like a visitation from the heavens. Earth and mortar and *débris* rose in blinding clouds. The neighboring buildings suffered heavily; even the English Consulate was threat-

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ened. Anon, a terrific explosion spoke of the wrecking of her powder magazine. Two hundred men, an authority computed, were killed by that single discharge. The *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra*, helping the end, rained great shot upon the rapidly succumbing forts. When two bells in the first dog-watch was struck, the voice of Arabi was no longer to be heard. The admiral caused the "Cease fire" to be signalled. The bombardment of Alexandria was a victorious fact.

We can well imagine in what spirits Jack turned into his bunk that night. To say that he was excited is to use a commonplace where a commonplace will not suffice. Few in that fleet had seen a shot fired in earnest from a great battleship. Few had been permitted to witness a beaten and cowed city in the first hours of its destruction. When Jack turned in, flames were still to be seen in the European quarters of the town. Like beacons of the defeated, they flared up at many points, kindled as much by the looters, whom Arabi had left as his legacy, as by the shells which the British guns had dropped. While they burned, and after the question, "What of to-morrow?" Jack fell to discussing to-day. Already it was whispered that the fleet had lost only ten men. Two were killed upon the *Sultan*, which had been hit no less than

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twenty-three times. The *Alexandra*, which had fourteen shells in her, had lost one man. The *Superb* and the *Inflexible* each mourned one brave fellow. Of wounded there were twenty-seven: the unfortunate *Sultan* nursing seven of these, the *Invincible* six, the *Alexandra* three, the *Inflexible* two, the *Superb* one. To the list of dead, unhappily, there was added subsequently the name of Lieutenant Jackson, who was struck and mortally wounded by the same shell which killed the carpenter of the *Inflexible*.

But, viewed in any light, the loss was amazingly small. Granted that the gunners of Arabi were unworthy of the officers who led them so gallantly, none the less did it seem miraculous that the ships should face the fire of some hundreds of guns for ten hours, and that three of them should not have a dead man to show. The little *Condor* had no casualty of any sort. The crews of the other gunboats were without a scratch. Jack told his mates this, and his jubilation was unbounded. Nor could he forget that rewards were ripe for plucking. The name of Lord Charles was upon many tongues. Midshipman Hardy was a hero of the night. Major Tullock's plucky swim through the surf before Fort Marabout, the daring of his comrades when spiking the guns, were things to tell and tell again. It was good to hear that Gunner Hard-

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ing, of the *Alexandra*, had picked up a live shell from his main deck and soused it in water with the coolness of a man rinsing a rag. None knew at that time that Arabi had withdrawn his forces and retired upon Rosetta. "The morning gun will be a signal for resumption," said Jack. In which hope he lay down at last upon a night to be forever memorable among the nights which he would live.

On the morning of the 12th an early observation made it clear that the survivors of Arabi's force had not been altogether idle during the night. Fort Moncrieff, whose two barbette guns, mounted on the Moncrieff system, had offered such a stubborn and lasting resistance to the fire of the *Alexandra*, the *Superb*, and the *Sultan*, obviously had been repaired. Elsewhere, however, there was no sign either of activity or of truce; and when this was plain, the *Inflexible* and *Téméraire* opened fire again, their first three shots practically laying low all that Arabi's men had done in the night. With these shots the whole work of the morning ended. A white flag, displayed upon Ras-el-Tin, caused the admiral to signal the "Cease firing" almost with the echo of the first gun. For the rest of the day the men lay idle, while in Alexandria herself awful scenes of massacre and of pillage were being prepared for. Nearly the last act of

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Arabi had been to let loose his so-called Bedouins — in reality cut-throats and robbers of the finest brand. When night fell on the 12th, these men were already busy. How many Christians they slaughtered in the streets, what was the sum total of their pillage, will never be known. All that could be surmised was the story of the leaping flames which rose up in clouds of lurid fire from every quarter of the city. Alexandria was burning — destroyed by those who had boasted of their desire to become a nation and to save their country.

Throughout the night the nameless horrors were at their zenith. The tremendous holocaust lighted the devils at their work of murder and of pillage. How many defenceless men cried for mercy and were not answered, how many were stabbed or ripped open and shot, history will never tell us. We can only imagine the scene so full of terror and of dread. No sack of modern times is to be named with this sack of the city of the Ptolemies. During two days the riot, the incendiarism, and the murder were unchecked. Lack of instruction held the admiral's hand. For forty-eight hours he felt it impossible to send help to the hunted Christians, whose brothers' blood was running red in the alleys and in the squares. When, at last, a landing was effected, and an heroic attempt was

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made to grapple with the situation, Alexandria was no more. Empty, rocking shells marked the spot where houses had been; smouldering heaps of cinders stood for churches and for *cafés*.

In the European quarter there was hardly a building which had not some scar to show. The French Consulate was a heap of ruins. In the Rue Chérif Pasha, only the Anglo-Egyptian bank stood up. So great a space had been cleared by fire around the statue of Mehemet Ali that those most familiar with the center could not tell where they were. Ras-el-Tin had been looted with a fine appreciation of finish. In the Rosetta Road the very pavements were littered with the broken clock-cases, the remnants of jewel-boxes, the splinters of the plunder and the loot. An early examination of the forts — one of the first tasks of the men — spoke of a success for British guns beyond any which had been looked for. Jack heard with wonder that every engineer or gunner in the service of Arabi had been killed. The famed Pharos fort was a heap of ruins woful to see. The great tower had become a crumbling mass of ruins; of the hundred weapons of all sizes not one had escaped. Two great twelve-ton guns had been so shelled that they stood straight up on end, their muzzles pointing to the sky. The gunners of the *Invincible* had received orders to respect a tomb

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rising up in the center of Marabout. When the English entered the fort they found the sarcophagus absolutely unharmed, though shell had fallen all around it and the environing district was appalling. In Fort Ada there was the customary cat yawning and prowling as though inexpressibly bored by the whole thing.

VII

Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir

By CHARLES LOWE

ARABI PASHA and his rebellious ambition were the cause of the British campaign in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—a word which simply means “the large village.” Arabi was of low origin, but had risen by his ability and force of character to be a very popular colonel in the Egyptian army of the Sultan of Turkey’s Viceroy, or Khedive, Tewfik. He was an ardent advocate of the policy of “Egypt for the Egyptians”; but in the championship of this policy he forgot that, amongst other countries, England had immense interests at stake in Egypt, not only as the holder of about four millions sterling of Suez Canal stock, but also as the mistress of India, to which the Canal formed a commercial and military route.

His defeat at Alexandria, far from breaking the power and pride of Arabi, had the effect only of deepening his hatred of the English, and he retired into the interior with the view of organizing further opposition. He had thrown down the gauntlet, and England could not refuse to pick it up. As the fleet could not sail up the

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Nile to Cairo, it was necessary to equip and send out an army which should land in Egypt, seek out Arabi wherever he was to be found, and make an end, once and forever, of him and his rebellious force. This army was entrusted to the command of Sir Garnet (afterwards Viscount) Wolseley, who had already distinguished himself in so many of "little wars" that he was facetiously termed by the British "our only General."

Before leaving England he laid his hand, with remarkable foresight, upon the map, and, pointing to Tel-el-Kebir, said that he would engage and beat the army of Arabi there, about the 13th of September; and he kept his word to the very letter.

To accomplish this task, England at once began to bring together in Egypt an army — or Army Corps — of about forty thousand men. Some came from the garrisons in the Mediterranean — Malta, Cyprus, and Gibraltar — others were brought from India, and the remainder sent out straight from England.

Being gathered, as it was, from so many different sources, this huge force could not, of course, all land at once; but the marvel was that its component parts reached the trysting-ground in Egypt so soon as they did, and it was admitted on all hands that no other nation in the

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whole world could have performed such a difficult transport operation so swiftly and so well.

Ismailia, on the Canal, midway between Port Said and Suez, had been aimed at by Sir Garnet from the beginning; and here, in truth, on the 20th of August — only a short eighteen days after he had left England by the sea route — the British army began to disembark on the burning sands of Egypt.

Among these burning sands water was more precious than gold and silver to the British soldier; but the only source of its supply was the Fresh-water Canal running through the arid desert from the Nile to Ismailia alongside of a railway line, and it therefore behooved the English commander to secure the water in this canal from being cut off by the enemy. But to do this it was necessary above all things to push forward an advance force about twenty miles into the very heart of the desert as far as a place called Kassassin, where there was a lock, and accordingly this was done with the utmost courage and promptitude.

At Mahuta the Egyptians had made an attempt to bar this advance, but their opposition was swept away like chaff, and soon thereafter General Graham reached Kassassin Lock with his vanguard, entrenching himself in that position with strict orders to hold it against all comers.

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Well aware of the importance of this position for the British, the Egyptians made several attempts to drive them out of it and back to Ismailia before reinforcements could reach them; but each time they recoiled from the enterprise with the bitter conviction that British bullets and sabers were things on which no one could reasonably hope to whet his teeth and thrive. Two main actions were fought at Kassassin — though these formed the mere prelude, so to speak, to the grand spectacular drama that was presently to be enacted at Tel-el-Kebir.

The chief of these preliminary actions, fought on the 28th of August, will always be memorable for the grand cavalry charge which closed it. Early in the morning General Graham had become aware that the Egyptians were making preparations to attack him from a circle of sand-hills which formed a kind of amphitheater around Kassassin. Graham's force was by no means a large one, but it was impossible for the Egyptians to make out how strong it really was, and it is always half the battle to be able to conceal your plans and numbers from the enemy. A few days previously Arabi had sent out his second-in-command, Mahmoud Fehmi Pasha, a great engineer and reader of military signs, to discover the strength and dispositions of Graham, but by a curious accident he fell into the

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hands of the English and never returned to his own side. To this capture Arabi himself afterwards attributed the sole blame of his not having been able to oust the audacious English from their advanced post at Kassassin — and the incident will show how very important it must always be in warfare to seize and detain spies.

Graham's force at Kassassin was not a large one (under two thousand). Drury Lowe's Cavalry Brigade was stationed some miles to the rear at Mehsameh, and Graham heliographed to them to come and help him on his right flank in the impending battle. Come they did with right good will, for they were all burning for a fight, but only to hear that the Egyptians, after using their guns for some time, had apparently retired again behind their sand-hills; so back they went to Mehsameh and off-saddled again.

The heat was terrific, and water from the canal had to be poured on the heads of the English artillerymen to enable them to stick to their guns. Sunstrokes were numerous, but the men bore all their sufferings with a fortitude truly heroic. The scorching heat was probably the reason why the Egyptians had drawn off from their first attack on Kassassin, but towards the cool of the evening they again began to push forward from their sand-hills and threaten the British position. The left of this position was well

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protected, but the right less so; and, indeed, General Graham expressly made such a disposition of his force on the latter flank as might tempt the enemy down from his sand-hills so as to essay a turning movement, when they would be caught in the trap which he was preparing for them.

To this end, about 5.20 P.M., he despatched his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Pirie, Fourth Dragoon Guards, with a message to Drury Lowe, in the rear, at Mehsameh, or wherever he should be found, "to take the cavalry round by our right, under cover of the hill, and attack the left flank of the enemy's skirmishers."

But when Lieutenant Pirie did at last reach Lowe, after a long and fatiguing ride through the arid desert sand — in the course of which his horse fell under him from sheer exhaustion and he had to borrow another mount from a gun-team — he delivered his message in this altered form, that "General Graham *was only just able to hold his own*, and wished General Drury Lowe to attack the left of the enemy's infantry skirmishers." The famous cavalry charge at Balaclava had been due to a similar mistake in the delivery of a verbal order, though at Kassassin, as it turned out, the repetition of this mistake did not result in disaster, but in victory. So far was Graham from not being able to hold his

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own that, about two hours after despatching Lieutenant Pirie for the cavalry, he had ordered a counter-attack and a general advance of his line, which had meanwhile been reinforced by a fresh battery, for his other guns had been obliged to retire out of action, owing to want of ammunition, it having been found impossible to drag the battery carts through the deep and yielding sand.

It was while Graham was engaged in this general advance that at last Drury Lowe arrived upon the scene with his cavalry. The sun had now set, but a bright moon was shining, and the flashes from the Horse Artillery and infantry afforded some guide for the movement of the British horsemen, which was directed towards the evening star — the only landmarks in the nocturnal desert. Suddenly the cavalry came in sight of the extreme left of the Egyptians, and was at once exposed to a heavy fire. “Shells screamed and shrapnel bullets tore up the road on either side.” Rushing to the front, the guns of the Horse Artillery attached to the Cavalry Brigade unlimbered and belched out several rounds of shell on the Egyptian masses. Then the front of these British guns was rapidly cleared and Drury Lowe gave the Household Cavalry the order to charge.

Led on by Colonel Ewart, away with a wild

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cheer went the three ponderous squadrons of clanking giants straight at the Egyptian battalions, which in a few more moments had been trampled and sabered into positive annihilation. "Now we have them!" Sir Baker Russell had cried out to the men; "trot — gallop — charge!" Sir Baker's own horse was shot under him, but he caught another, and was soon again in the thick of the fray. Many were the feats of personal adventure in connection with this glorious charge. Some of the troopers were killed, some lost themselves in the darkness and were taken prisoners, happy to escape the barbarous mutilations that were perpetrated by the Egyptians on the British dead and wounded.

The cavalry charge at Kassassin was a splendid feat of arms, but it somehow or other became the subject of as curious a myth as that which gathered round the sinking of the *Vengeur* on the "glorious 1st of June." At Balaclava the Light Brigade had ridden down upon the Russian guns, and nothing would content the chroniclers of Kassassin but the performance of a similar act of glory. The illustrated papers of the day which had artists in Egypt gave stirring pictures of the Life Guardsmen dashing through the smoke of the Egyptian batteries, slashing and thrusting at the gunners as they crouched for shelter beneath their pieces. But this was

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pure imagination. If commanded to do so the Life Guards would have charged into the very "mouth of hell," not to speak of Egyptian guns. But what they were ordered to "go for" was the Egyptian infantry, which was considerably in front of its guns, and these had limbered up and retired from action, rendering it impossible for the victorious troopers to see and capture them in the darkness. But the day had been won all the same.

A few days later, on the 9th of September, another attack of the Egyptians on Kassassin was beaten off in the most brilliant manner, the Thirteenth Bengal Lancers, in their picturesque turbans, especially distinguishing themselves; and there were many who thought that Sir Garnet Wolseley ought to have rushed the not far-distant entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir there and then. But though this might certainly have been done, there were certain weighty reasons of military policy against the step. For a commander must not be too much of a Hotspur, but think of ulterior aims as well as of present opportunities. It is the man who can bide his time that will ultimately win.

Foiled in their repeated attempts to bar the British advance, Arabi and his Egyptians now finally withdrew behind the entrenched lines of Tel-el-Kebir, there to stand on the defensive

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and await attack. These formidable lines, which ran along a ridge of rising ground, presented a front of about four miles long, and had been constructed according to the most advanced principles of military engineering. The Egyptians are great hands at the spade, being constantly employed in the throwing up of water-dams and the like, and many thousands of willing hands had been at the disposal of Arabi in the task of raising his famous line of earthworks. How many men of all kinds — Egyptians, Nubians, Bedouins, etc. — Arabi had behind the shelter of these parapets Sir Garnet Wolseley did not exactly know, but concluded that the number could not be far short of twenty-two thousand.

On the other hand, the English commander had now with him about seventeen thousand officers and men, with sixty-seven guns, wherewith to crack the nut that was presented by Arabi's entrenchments, and these Sir Garnet resolved to storm at the hour when darkness was beginning to glide into dawn — for the reasons that at this cool hour his troops would naturally fight much better than under the roasting rays of the sun, that they would be less exposed to the enemy's fire in the faint light, and that they would also profit by the demoralization which invariably seizes upon soldiers when set upon

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unawares. But, to make the surprise complete, it was necessary that the very utmost care should be taken to give no indication to the watchful Egyptians behind the earthworks of the stealthy approach of their British foes. When ranked into line, the storming columns were to advance — not to the word of command, but by the mere guidance of the stars, like so many ships at sea. Not a pipe was to be lit, not a whisper heard in the ranks.

The night (September 12–13) was more than usually dark, and it was some time before the troops could be placed in the positions assigned them.

Arabi and his men fondly believed that all this British force was sleeping the sleep of wearied soldiers at Kassassin and other points between that place and the Suez Canal. As a matter of fact, it was marshaling itself in line of battle array on an elevation called Ninth Hill, about five and a half miles from Arabi's lines, from which it remained hidden by the impenetrable curtain of night. Some of the regiments — notably the Highlanders — had but a few hours before hurried up to the front from Ismailia; though wearied by the long and strenuous march, they were all eager to be led on to the fight without further delay. Until the hour of starting, all the men stretched themselves on

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the sand to snatch what brief and hurried sleep they could. From previous experience it was reckoned that the actual progress over the desert, with its darkness and other difficulties, would be about one mile per hour — just think of that! — so that by starting at 1.30 A.M., Sir Garnet calculated to reach the enemy's works just before the first gleam of dawn — so nicely was everything planned beforehand.

“The long sojourn at Ninth Hill,” wrote General Hamley, “while waiting for the moment to advance, was of a somber kind: we sat in silence on our horses or on the sand, while comrades moving about appeared as black figures coming out of the darkness, unrecognizable except by their voices. A skirmish had taken place some days before near this spot, in which men and horses were slain, and tokens of it were wafted to us on the breeze.” Once there was a false alarm on the right, and the prostrate men sprang to their feet; but it turned out to be only a body of British cavalry moving across the front of the line.

At last, in the lowest undertone, word was passed along all the line to advance, and soon nothing was heard but the “swish-swish” of the battalions footing it warily across the sand as if it had been snow — silence otherwise and darkness around and above, with the stars shining

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down as they had done in the time of the Pharaohs and the long dynasties of Egyptian kings lying entombed in the Pyramids. Well might the British troops have been impressed with the suspense of the moment and the awful solemnity of the scene. Directing poles had been previously fixed in the sand by the engineers, but they proved of little or no use, the only effective finger-posts being the everlasting stars, and even these were now and then obscured by clouds.

Sometimes the mounted men of the Headquarters' Staff, moving up to the columns with whispered instructions, were mistaken for prying Bedouins; but silence and discipline were wonderfully well preserved, and forward, ever forward, moved the invisible and barely audible masses of fighting men. Once the Highland Brigade lay down to rest for twenty minutes, and this was the occasion of some confusion which was like to have ended in a calamity. For the order thus given in the center of the Highland line did not reach the outer flanks, by reason of its being so cautiously passed from mouth to mouth, till some time after, the consequence being that as the flanks continued to step out, while maintaining touch with the recumbent center, those flanks lost their direction and circled round in such a manner that the Brigade finally halted in a crescent-shaped

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formation, with the right and left almost confronting each other; and but for the intelligence and efforts of the officers, these opposing flanks, mistaking each other for enemies, might have come to actual blows.

With great difficulty the proper march-direction was restored, and on again swept — or, rather, crept — the whole line, like thieves in the night. Weird and ghostly was the effect of the dim streaks, looking like shadows of moving clouds, but which were really lines of men stealing over the desert. All these men knew that they were forbidden to fire a single shot until within the Egyptian lines, and that these were to be carried with a cheer and a rush at the point of the bayonet; so that they almost held their breath with eagerness, and plodded ever on like phantoms of the desert — silent, resolute, and prepared. For nearly five hours they had thus advanced, and then they knew that the supreme moment must now be near.

Nearer, indeed, than they fancied! For, to use again the words of General Hamley, who was riding behind his Highlanders: “Just as the paling of the stars showed dawn to be near, but while it was still as dark as ever, a few scattered shots were fired in our front, probably from some sentries, or small pickets, outside the enemy’s lines. No notice was taken of this, though one of the shots

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killed a Highlander; the movement was unchanged, and then a single bugle sounded within the enemy's lines. These were most welcome sounds, assuring us that we should close with the foe before daylight, which just before seemed very doubtful. Yet a minute or two of dead silence elapsed after the Egyptian bugle was blown, and then the whole extent of entrenchment in our front, hitherto unseen and unknown, poured forth a stream of rifle fire. Then, for the first time that night, I could really be said to see my men, lighted by the flashes. The dim phantom lines which I had been looking on all night suddenly woke to life as our bugles sounded the charge, and, responding with lusty, continued cheers, and without a moment's pause or hesitation, the ranks sprang forward in steady array."

It was as if the footlights of the rebel Pasha's long-extended stage had suddenly flashed out with blinding flame; and now the vast and solemn theatre of the desert, which a moment before had been wrapped in the deepest silence and darkness, grew luminous with lurid jets of fire and resonant with the deafening rattle of Egyptian musketry and the roar of guns — a transformation scene as sudden as it was impressive. Never had British soldiers been actors on such a grandly picturesque stage. But do

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you suppose that these soldiers returned the volleys rained on them by the Remingtons of Arabi's men? Not a bit of it. Not a single shot was fired; but bayonets were fixed, and away like an avalanche dashed the redcoats on the foe. Their distance from the blazing line of entrenchment was deemed to be about one hundred and fifty yards, and in the interval nearly two hundred men went down, the Seventy-fourth (Highland Light Infantry) on the left losing five officers and sixty men before it got to the ditch. This was six feet wide and four feet deep, and beyond was a parapet ten feet high from the bottom. The first man to mount this parapet was private Donald Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, a brave young soldier from the braes of Athol; but he at once fell back among his struggling comrades with a bullet through his brain, dying the noblest of all deaths. Little wonder that, on passing the Seventy-ninth after the battle, General Alison exclaimed, "Well done, the Cameron men! Scotland will be proud of this day's work!"

It so happened that in the darkness the Highland Brigade, which formed the left of the attack, had got considerably in front of the rest of the line, so that it was the first, so to speak, to break its bayonet-teeth on Arabi's entrenchments; and the seizure of these works for the

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first ten minutes to a quarter of an hour of the fight was the history of the advance of the kilted warriors from the North. They had not fought better even at Fontenoy, Quebec, and Quatre Bras; nor were their present foes to be despised, seeing they were allowed by all to have borne the charge with a discipline and a desperation worthy of the best troops. "I never saw men fight more steadily," said Sir A. Alison. "Five or six times we had to close on them with the bayonet, and I saw those poor men fighting hard when their officers were flying before us. All this time, too, it was a goodly sight to see the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders — mingled together as they were in the stream of the fight, their young officers leading in front, waving their swords above their heads — their pipes playing, and the men rushing on with that proud smile on their lips which you never see in soldiers save in the moment of successful battle."

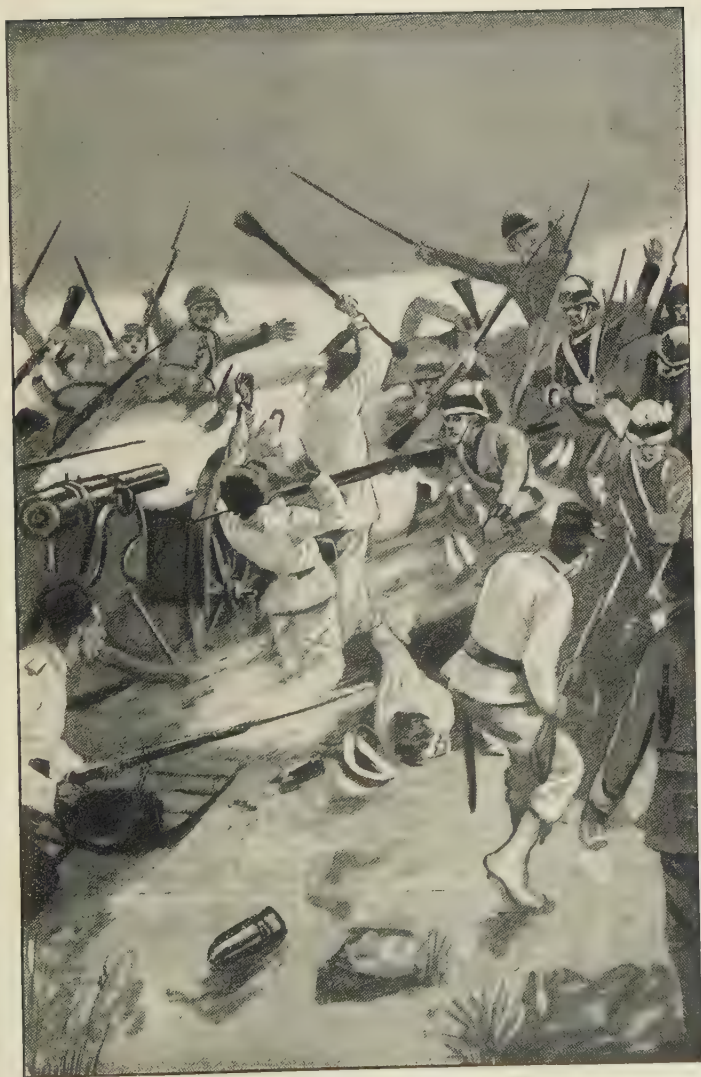
When the Black Watch had reached the crest of the works, and were being re-formed to attack some other guns in the interior entrenchments, a battery of the newly formed Scottish Division of the Royal Artillery swept past them, shouting out "Scotland forever!" as the Greys and the Highlanders had done on the ensanguined slopes of Waterloo. Here the Black Watch had to mourn the death of Sergeant-Major MacNeill,

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who fell pierced by three bullets after laying low six of the enemy with his good claymore. The Irish soldiers too did their fair share of the fighting. The Royal Irish on the extreme right, with a wild yell, and all the splendid valor of their nation, went straight as a dart at their particular portion of Arabi's works, carrying them with the bayonet, and turning the flank of his position.

All along the line the engagement now became general, the men plying butt and bayonet upon the Egyptians, who fell in scores — in swarms. At the bastions stormed by the Highland Brigade the enemy lay in hundreds. On the other hand, the total losses of the British army at Tel-el-Kebir amounted to three hundred and thirty-nine, of which two hundred and forty-three occurred in the Highland Brigade, leaving ninety-six to represent the losses of the rest of the force.

Under the Queen's soldier-son the Guards were in the second line as a reserve, but so quickly and successfully had the works been stormed that they were not required to fire a shot. Some, however, were wounded (Father Bellew, their Roman Catholic chaplain, and Colonel Sterling amongst others), for Arabi's men shot high, sometimes over the heads of the attacking party. On the other side of the canal,



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the Indian contingent, with the Seaforth Highlanders, the bronzed companions of Roberts in his immortal march from Cabul to Candahar, had met with less opposition, and came up just in the nick of time to turn Arabi's right flank and complete the rout of his broken men. His camp, stores, and ordnance were all captured, and he himself fled alone from the field of battle on a swift steed.

The battle had been won by the British infantry, but the artillery and cavalry (as well as a splendid body of Blue Jackets) came up to carry on the pursuit of the flying foe and pluck the fruits of victory, which, on the night of the following day, fell into the hands of the English, when their cavalry, after a splendid forced march of about forty miles under a blazing sun, entered Cairo just in time to save the city from destruction and capture Arabi himself.

After Waterloo the despot Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, and after Tel-el-Kebir the rebel Arabi was sent to Ceylon, where he had leisure enough to reflect on the folly of having called out into the field against him as finely organized a force as ever added luster to the British arms.

VIII

General Gordon. The Tragedy of Khartoum

January 19 — February 6, 1885

By CHARLES LOWE

IN the autumn of 1884, the Gladstone Government resolved on despatching a military expedition, under Lord Wolseley, to relieve and rescue General Charles Gordon — the Bayard of the nineteenth century — and the Egyptian garrison of Khartoum, which was besieged by the Mahdi, or False Prophet of the Soudan, with twenty thousand of his fiercest warriors.

After incredible exertions in ascending the Nile and struggling with the difficulties and dangers of the “cataracts,” this expedition at last reached Korti about the end of the year, where intelligence reached it of the pressing peril of the gallant Gordon and his garrison. The expedition was then divided into two forces — one, under General Earle, called the River Column, which was detached to occupy Berber, and on the way inflict condign punishment upon the Monassir tribe for the treacherous murder of



FIVE MINUTES DESPERATE AND BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING

General Gordon at Khartoum

Colonel Stewart and his companions, whom Gordon had previously sent down to Dongola; and the other, known as the Desert Column, under Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, to make a bold and rapid dash across the Bayuda waste of sand and scrub with intent to establish a foothold at Metamneh, on the Nile, whence, with the aid of Gordon's steamers from Khartoum, it would ascend the river and relieve the beleaguered garrison.

This Desert Column, composed of picked men from all the *élite* regiments of the British army, with a superb detachment of Bluejackets, yet aggregating less than two thousand combatants, mounted on camels, pushed across the parched Bayuda Desert, and covered itself with glory by vanquishing all its foes: hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, and, worse than all, the fanatical spearmen of the Mahdi; at Abu-Klea (17th of January), when marching in square fifteen hundred strong, it was suddenly set upon, as a lighthouse rock is assailed by raging seas, by a roaring flood of more than five thousand death-despising savages; and after only about five minutes' desperate and bloody hand-to-hand fighting, in the course of which it lost the heroic Colonel Fred Burnaby and one hundred sixty-eight officers and men killed and wounded — being all but submerged

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in this human deluge of the desert — it at last raised a rousing cheer in token of victory.

We have not space to tell of the further difficulties of the march: the incidents of the zareba, or extemporized fortalice, near Abu-Kru, including the death of two war correspondents and the fatal wounding of the commander of the column; the final march of the fighting square for the river; the scattering of a second onset of Mahdist warriors with a few well-directed volleys; and the final arrival of the square on the banks of the river, the sight of whose blessed waters was hailed by them with as much enthusiasm as had been the distant Euxine by the home-returning soldiers of Xenophon after their perilous and toilsome march through the mountains of Armenia.

That night (Monday, 19th of January, 1885) the flying column bivouacked as best it could on the bank of the river, sleeping as it had never slept before — all but the surgeons, who, though tired to death, were heroically unremitting in their attentions to the wounded.

Early next morning the men were again paraded to return to the zareba. On the way the village of Gubat was burned, and at about eight o'clock, the enemy offering but little resistance, the entrenched position was reached once more.

General Gordon at Khartoum

While the square was on the march the day before there had been considerable fighting at the zareba, but ultimately the Arabs had been compelled to give way before the fierce and well-directed fire from rifles and guns alike. Breakfast was just ready when the flying column was seen returning, Colonel Talbot, commanding the Life Guards, walking as composedly in advance through the scrub as though he were returning from a review. On the column coming up it was received with befitting cheers, for it had done its work well, or "tastefully," as was remarked by an Irishman of the Royal Sussex.

An hour later the whole force moved away in columns of regiments from the zareba, taking as much of the stores as possible, and leaving behind a guard of fifty men. Five-and-twenty wounded soldiers had to be carried on hand-stretchers, for hundreds of camels had been lost. The enemy dared not again to attack the force, which reached the river village of Abu-Kru by nightfall. The wounded were placed under cover in the huts, and the outlying houses were loopholed for defence, whilst the troops settled down for the night on the ground outside.

Hitherto the Arabs had given no sign, but now their fire was drawn by the daring Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who had ridden on towards a point where, with the true in-

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stinct of the war-correspondent, he had suspected a possible source of interest. The troops now advanced in square in case of a sudden rush of spearmen, and the enemy opened a brisk fire from loopholed walls. Occasionally the square halted, and the men lay down whilst skirmishers were sent out to reply to the fire of the enemy; while Sir Charles tried his guns, though they produced no effect on the mud walls, the shells going as clean through them as revolver bullets through a target of cardboard.

Presently, however, Barrow sent to say that he could see some large flags in the rear, and that he was certain they were on steamers, and the ubiquitous Burleigh rode off to meet them. Sir C. Wilson also sent Stuart-Wortley to communicate with them, and, to the exceeding joy of all, they turned out to be four vessels which Gordon had sent down from Khartoum to co-operate with his relievers.

"The steamers," wrote Mr. Burleigh, "were a curious sight. Three of them were about the size of large river-steamers, and the fourth was even smaller than a Thames penny-boat. The hulls of all four were of iron; the sides and the bridge were boarded up like a London street bill-board. In place of their pine boards however, there were heavy sunt-wood timbers, two or three inches thick, and as impervious to

General Gordon at Khartoum

rifle bullets as steel plates. In the forward part of each vessel a raised wooden fort had been built, the inside plated with old boiler iron. Projecting through a port-hole, closed against bullets by an iron plate when necessary, was a short brass-rifled gun four inches in bore, such as are used by the Egyptian army. On the main deck another gun was placed. Gordon must have lavished hours and days of hard labor to get the material together for making these four steamers into iron or wooden-clads so strong that they could safely run the gauntlet of the rebel cannon and rifle fire."

Meanwhile Sir C. Wilson had withdrawn his force to a village fronting the west side of Metamneh — first north, then south, then west; and no sooner had he begun this retiring movement than the enemy opened on him from an advanced battery with blind shell, though luckily only one came into the square. "I heard the rush of the shot through the air," he said, "and then a heavy thud behind me. I thought at first it had gone into the field-hospital, but on looking round found it had carried away the lower jaw of one of the artillery camels, and then buried itself in the ground. The poor brute walked on as if nothing had happened, and carried its load to the end of the day."

The sudden appearance of the steamers had

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produced quite a stage effect; and the black troops on board, hastening to disembark and eager for the fray, were lustily cheered by Tommy Atkins, who was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind at having thus been made to pass the morning hours in imitation of the storied king of France and his thirty thousand men. The swarthy Soudanese, who behaved like perfect children in their joy at the prospect of their being able to show a thing or two to Tommy Atkins, came on as keen as possible, and ran four guns into action at once. "Being sent to their guns with orders," said Lieutenant Douglas Dawson, of the Coldstreams, "I stayed with them for half an hour, while they made some first-rate practice on the town, and though the gun-fire drew down the bullets pretty thick, they didn't appear to mind a bit. It seemed extraordinary what good troops the master mind of Gordon had made out of such rough material. Never have I seen men so pleased as they were at meeting us. Gordon's name mentioned was like that of a god whom they worshiped. It was even difficult for these enthusiastic allies to retire, as we explained to them that we did not intend for the present to attack the town."

For, alas! that was the conclusion to which Sir C. Wilson had now been forced by a calm survey of all the circumstances of the situation.

General Gordon at Khartoum

Lord Cochrane, of the Second Life Guards, pleaded very hard for leave to storm the town, and, under cover of the smoke from the windward side, drive the Arabs into the river, but Sir Charles did not think the result would justify the risk. Boscawen managed the withdrawal cleverly and well, without confusion or hurry, and always giving the enemy a chance to attack if they wished. Shortly before the withdrawal began, Poë, of the Marines, received a dreadful wound in the thigh, necessitating amputation very high up. Ever since leaving Korti he had worn a red coat, almost the only one in the force, and this had made him too conspicuous to the marksmen of the enemy. He was shot while standing up in the open talking to his men, who were lying down.

By the time the force had returned to Abu-Kru its involuted line of march resembled as nearly as possible the figure eight. The intended attack of Sir C. Wilson on Metamneh had resolved itself into a mere reconnaissance in force; and he himself admitted that the moral effect of this was bad, giving the enemy fresh heart. But he was not without his substantial reasons for what he had done. By death and wounds the effective force at his disposal had already been decimated, and he could therefore ill afford to risk the further diminution of his

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combative strength, the less so as he now had reason to fear that bodies of the Arabs were advancing against him from Khartoum as well as Shendy — north and south. Besides, even if he had taken Metamneh, he estimated that the force at his disposal, after deduction of the loss in storming, would be insufficient to hold it against all comers. For these and other reasons he decided not to press the attack. But, after all, he had established himself on the Nile with Gordon's steamers at his service, and *that* was the main thing.

These steamers had brought down with them Gordon's diaries up to the 14th of December (it was now the 21st of January), together with a note in the beleaguered hero's own handwriting, dated 29th of December: "Khartoum — all right; can hold out for years." Where, then, was the hurry? Ah, but there was another letter from Gordon to a private friend, Watson, dated 14th of December (the date of the last entry in his diary), in which he said he expected a crisis within the next ten days, or about Christmas day! And now it was nearly a month after Christmas! Gracious heavens! was this not enough to fill the relieving force with the keenest apprehension, and rouse to the very utmost all the energies of its commander? Gordon's "Khartoum — all right" note was evidently a

General Gordon at Khartoum

blind: the real stress of his position was conveyed in his private letters; and thus, rightly discerning the situation, Sir C. Wilson resolved "to carry out the original program and go up to Khartoum."

At once? No, various circumstances seemed to render this impossible, and, indeed, unnecessary. To begin with, a rumor had reached Sir C. Wilson that a hostile force was approaching from the south, and it therefore behooved him — so he thought — to descend the Nile in one of Gordon's steamers and inquire into the truth of this report, "I would not leave the small force in its position on the Nile without ascertaining whether it was likely to be attacked." Moreover, in spite of Gordon's gloomy forebodings, Sir C. Wilson knew that, although Omdurman — on the left bank of the White Nile over against Khartoum — had fallen, Khartoum itself was still holding out; while he also calculated that the besieging pressure on the town would be relieved by the large number of men detached by the Mahdi to meet the English, and that news of their victories would be sure to have penetrated into Khartoum and given fresh heart to Gordon and his garrison.

In Wilson's opinion there was nothing to show — and he questioned the commanders of the steamers carefully — that the crisis at Khar-

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toum, which had been deferred from the 25th of December to the 19th of January (it was now the 21st), would be hurried on, "or that a delay of a couple of days would make much difference." Besides, Lord Wolseley had ordered that Lord Charles Beresford was to man Gordon's steamers with his Naval Brigade, and take Wilson with a few redcoats up to Khartoum. But the officers of the Naval Brigade, like the heroic fellows that they were, had all been killed or wounded, save Beresford; and Beresford was so ill that he could not walk.

Not, therefore, to the immediate relief of Gordon at Khartoum in the south, but to the carrying out of an aquatic reconnaissance towards Shendy in the north, did the commander of the Desert Column now address himself. He was accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford, who had to be helped on board and placed on a seat in the cabin, and by two companies of mounted infantry under Major Phipps. The result of the reconnaissance, which was not without its lively risks and incidents, went to show that the English had nothing to fear from any force advancing southwards towards Metamneh, for several days at least; and as a token of their gratitude for the valuable information which they had thus gleaned, the three steamers, before returning, hauled off into mid-stream and threw sixty

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shell screaming and crashing into mud-built Shendy. The bolder spirits of the party had pleaded hard with Wilson for leave to land and storm the place outright; but again, as at Metamneh, the combative impulses of these fiery Hotspurs were repressed by the just and cautious reasonings of their sagacious commander.

Thus, then, passed Thursday, the 22d. Before leaving the steamer by which he had gone down to Shendy, Wilson ordered preparations to be made for a start to Khartoum next day — the 23d. But, alas! unexpected difficulties again cropped up, rendering it impossible for the two selected steamers to be got under weigh. For it was found that the engines had to be overhauled, wood had to be collected as fuel, rations drawn for the crews, pilots selected for the cataracts; and, above all things, those crews had to be assorted in conformity with the express instruction of General Gordon, who insisted strongly on our taking actual command of the steamers, and removing from them all Pashas, Beys, and men of Turkish or Egyptian origin, whom he describes as “hens.” “So the hours slipped by,” said Sir C. Wilson, “and we failed to make a start” (on the 23d).

Nor was it till eight o'clock on the following morning (Saturday, the 24th) that the two steamers at last began to churn the waters of

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the Nile and head for Khartoum, amid the parting cheers of the lads they left behind them. These vessels were the *Bordein* and the *Telawahiyeh*. On board the former were Sir C. Wilson, accompanied by Khashm-el-Mus, Captain Gascoigne, ten men of the Royal Sussex, one petty officer, one artificer R.N., and one hundred ten Soudanese troops, the "hens" having all been weeded out. The *Telehawiyeh* carried Abd-el-Hamid, Captain Trafford, and ten men of the Royal Sussex, including a signaller, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, one artificer R.N., and eighty Soudanese troops; but she also had in tow a nugger laden with dhura (grain) for the famished garrison of Khartoum, and fifty additional Soudanese soldiers.

It had been originally intended to send fifty men of the Royal Sussex up to Khartoum, but Sir C. Wilson did not feel justified in taking with him an escort of more than twenty. Happy fellows, to be thus chosen for such an honorable and risky enterprise, and greatly envied by the war-correspondents, who, for all their hard pleading, were not allowed to share their peril. Lord Wolseley had particularly wished the escort to enter Khartoum in red coats, and these had been sent to the front. But somehow or other they had been lost or looted; so a call had to be made for scarlet tunics, and a sufficient number

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were raised from the Guards or the Heavies, though these hung rather loosely on the less massive frames of the men of Sussex.

“Now, what was it we were going to do?” wrote Wilson. “We were going to fight our way up the river and into Khartoum in two steamers of the size of penny-boats on the Thames, which a single well-directed shell would send to the bottom; with crews and soldiers absolutely without discipline, with twenty English soldiers, with no surgeon — not even a dresser — and with only one interpreter, Muhammed Ibrahim, still suffering from a flesh wound in his side.”

The filth in the steamers was something indescribable, the stench which rose up from the holds overpowering, and the rats countless and ubiquitous, no place or person being too sacred for them. With such a motley crew, moreover, the noise on board was sometimes deafening, and King Kurbash had frequently to assert his sway. The top of the deck-house or saloon in either boat was assigned to the ten Sussex men, with their arms and ammunition, kits and food, who were thus in a kind of citadel which could command the whole ship in case of a mutiny or anything going wrong.

All kinds of botheration occurred to impede the progress of the steamers. For they were

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heavily loaded and the water was low, and they could only move by day. They had to stop frequently to take in more firewood (village houses having to be pulled down for this purpose), to parley with friendlies, or to clear the banks of foes, and more than once they ran aground. It was a novel sensation, said Wilson, going to sleep on a steamer hanging on a sunken rock, with water running like a mill-race all round her. On such occasions the disastered steamer had practically to be emptied, hauled off, and re-loaded, causing a most exasperating loss of time.

In this manner three days were spent, and on the evening of the 26th two Shagiyeh friendlies came on board the *Bordein*, who reported that for the last fortnight there had been hard fighting round Khartoum — Gordon always victorious; that the advance of the English was much dreaded; and that the Shagiyeh tribe were only waiting for the turn of the tide to join the British. Alas! by this time, if they had only known it, all was over, and Gordon had already won at once the hero's and the martyr's crown.

More cataracts, sand-shoals, mountain-gorges — not unlike the “Iron gates” of the Danube — stoppages to take in wood, trepidations, *tracaseries* of all kinds, dropping shots from the river banks, counter-fusillade from the slowly moving

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steamers — until, on the afternoon of the 27th, a native on the left bank hailed the *Bordein*, shouting out that a camel-man had just passed down with the news that Khartoum was at last taken, and Gordon killed. Incredible! So much so, that “we dined together in high spirits at the prospect of running the blockade next day and at last meeting General Gordon after his famous siege,” — a siege which had lasted for three hundred seventeen days, or only nine days less than that of Sebastopol.*

Starting at 6 A.M. on the 28th, the steamers had advanced to a point whence the towers of Khartoum could at last be descried in the far distance — Wortley and his signaller with the heliograph now getting ready to try and attract Gordon’s attention! — when another Shagiyeh shouted out from the bank that Khartoum had been taken, and Gordon had been killed two days before.

Soon afterwards a heavy fire was opened on

* On the 9th of December Gordon had written in his diary: “We are only short of the duration of the siege of Sebastopol fifty-seven days, and we had *no respite*, like the Russians had during the winter of 1854–55. . . . Of course, it will be looked upon as very absurd to compare the two blockades, those of Sebastopol and Khartoum; but, if properly weighed, one was just as good as the other. The Russians had money — we had none; they had skilled officers — we had none; they had no civil population — we had forty thousand; they had their route open and had news — we had neither.”

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the steamers from four guns and many rifles at from six hundred to seven hundred yards. The bullets began to fly pretty thickly, rattling on the ships' sides like hailstones, whilst the shells went screeching overhead, or threw up jets of water in the stream around. "Our men replied cheerily, and the gun in the turret was capitally served by the black gunners, who had nothing on but a cloth round their waists, looking more like demons than men, in the thick smoke; and one huge giant was the very incarnation of savagery drunk with war."

This was at Halifiyeh, and, after the gauntlet of Arab fire had here been run, the large Government House at Khartoum could be seen plainly above the trees. But where was the Egyptian flag which Gordon, for nearly a year, had ever kept flying upon his topmost roof? Not a trace of it now visible; nevertheless, Wilson would not yet believe in the worst, and pressed on up stream with his boilers strained almost to the bursting point, and further threatened by the guns of another battery which, with a heavy rifle fire, now opened upon him from the right bank above Shamba, and blazed away at his vessels until they were within range of the guns of Omdurman.

And what is that fire from a range of rifle-trenches on Tuti Island, fronting Khartoum, at

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the confluence of the Blue and the White Niles? Wilson, always in the optimist vein, thought that the island might still be in the hands of Gordon's men, who had thus begun to co-operate with the steamers. But, alas! no. Drawing near to address them and ask for news, Wilson was driven back into his turret by a shower of hostile bullets. Mahdist riflemen those, and no mistake.

But might not Khartoum itself still be holding out? Forward again, and let us see! But "no sooner did we start upwards than we got into such a fire as I hope never to pass through again in a penny-steamer" — nothing to greet the score of English redcoats but the roar of hostile guns, the continuous roll of musketry from either bank, the loud-rushing noise of Krupp shells, the grunting of a Nordenfeldt or a mitrailleuse — such a devils' concert and carnival of welcome as English redcoats had not had for many a day. No flag flying in Khartoum, and not a shot fired on shore in aid of the steamers. Could the most eager and optimistic of Wilsons fail at last to read the true significance of all that?

Certainly not; seeing was now believing. "I at once," wrote Wilson, "gave the order to turn and run full speed down the river. It was hopeless to attempt a landing or to communicate with the shore under such a fire. The sight at this

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moment was very grand: the masses of the enemy with their fluttering banners near Khartoum; the long rows of riflemen in the shelter-trenches at Omdurman; the numerous groups of men on Tuti; the bursting shells, and the water torn up by hundreds of bullets and occasional heavier shot—made an impression never to be forgotten. Looking out over the stormy scene, it seemed almost impossible that we should escape.”

The Sussex redcoats had been very steady under all this *feu d'enfer*, and done much execution among the ranks of the enemy. All on board had very narrow escapes from bullets and bursting of shells—Wilson's field-glass, for example, being shattered in his hand; but, fortunately, the enemy's gunners were bad shots. Some of the Soudanese soldiers did things which, if they had been English, would have entitled them to the Victoria Cross, and the Sussex drummer picked up and threw overboard the burning fuse of a shell which had burst overhead.

When the steamers got clear of the last guns, after having been under fire more or less for four hours, it was past four o'clock; and then it was, the tension of the fight being over, that all on board realized to the full the terrible nature of the situation.

As for the Soudanese, they were all in the depths of despair at the thought of the ruin in

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which the fall of Khartoum must have involved their families; and Khashm-el-Mus, their chief, collapsed entirely.

So would Wilson, too, he said, had it not been for the thought of how he was to get his steamers down the cataracts again — a much more dangerous business than that of bringing them up — down to Abu-Kru with the awful news that Khartoum had fallen, and that Gordon was undoubtedly dead. Sir Charles had been acting as chief of the Intelligence Department before the command of the Desert Column devolved upon him by the wounding of Herbert Stewart, and now here he was racing down the Nile on his battered penny-steamer, the bearer of these terrible tidings.

The steamers continued their down-stream course until dark — the *Telahawiyeh* had grounded but soon got free and followed her consort — when they made fast to an island south of Jebel Royan. From this place messengers, in the Mahdi's uniform, were sent to ascertain the fate of Gordon, and on their return they stated that the town had fallen on the morning of Monday, the 26th, through the treachery of Faragh Pasha, that Gordon himself had been killed, and the town given over to a three days' pillage. Faragh Pasha had originally been a black slave, whom Gordon freed and entrusted

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with the command of the Soudanese troops. This ungrateful scoundrel, it was said, had opened the gates and let in the roaring flood of Mahdist murderers.

In what particular manner Gordon himself had met his doom is still subject to some little doubt. All the best evidence tended to prove that he was killed at or near the palace, where his body was subsequently seen by several witnesses. The only account by a person claiming to be an eye-witness relates: "On hearing the noise I got my master's donkey and went with him to the palace. We met Gordon Pasha at the outer door. Mohamed Bey Mustafa, with my master, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and about twenty cavasses, then went with Gordon towards the house of the Austrian Consul Hansel, near the church, when we met some rebels in an open place near the outer gate of the palace. Gordon Pasha was walking in front leading the party. The rebels fired a volley, and Gordon was killed at once; nine of the cavasses, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and Mohamed Bey Mustafa were killed; the rest ran away."

The massacre in the town lasted some six hours, and about four thousand persons at least were killed. Major Kitchener, of the Intelligence Department, who made very careful inquiries into the circumstances of the fall of



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Khartoum, came to the conclusion that the accusations of treachery were the outcome of mere supposition. In his deliberate opinion the city fell, not through the opening of the gates by Faragh Pasha, but from sudden assault when the garrison were too exhausted by privations to make proper resistance. If such were the case, the fact disposes completely of the reasoning of those who argued that, even if Sir Charles Wilson had been able to start at once from Metamneh instead of after a delay of four days, he would not have been in time to save Gordon by stiffening the courage of his garrison with the presence of his redcoats, who were but the *avant-couriers* of more to come.

But "Too late! Too late! by only a couple of days!" — such were the cruel, the crushing words which ever rang in the ears of Wilson and his companions as they did their downhearted best, amid their disaffected and almost mutinous crews, to steer their steamers down through cataracts, sunken rocks, and sandbanks far more treacherous than Faragh Pasha, back to Abu-Kru with the woful burden of their tidings.

IX

The Battle of Ping-Yang

The Chino-Japanese War, 1894

By A. H. ATTERIDGE

IN the summer of 1894 the long-standing rivalry between China and Japan ended in a war, the immediate cause of which was a dispute about the conflicting claims of the two governments in Korea. The Japanese landed troops at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, seized the palace of the Korean king, and obtained from the new ministry they placed in power an order to expel the Chinese from the country. The Japanese fleet prevented the arrival of Chinese reënforcements, the transport *Kowshing* being sunk at sea by a Japanese cruiser even before war was declared. On July 29th General Oshima drove the Chinese from Asan. The remnant of their army escaped northwards to Ping-yang. Although fighting had taken place by land and sea, war was not formally declared till August 1.

War having been declared, the Japanese government began to despatch large reënforcements to Korea, not merely with a view to holding

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Seoul against the Chinese, but with the object of driving them out of the country and carrying the war into Manchuria.

A Chinese force, the numbers of which were enormously exaggerated by current report, had advanced from the Yalu River to Ping-yang, where it had been reënforced by troops sent across the sea from Taku, and by the detachment that Yeh had saved from the lost battle near Asan. Ping-yang, a walled city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, was a place famous in the history of Korea. It had once been the capital of the country in the days before Seoul became the residence of the Court. When the Japanese invaded Korea at the end of the sixteenth century, they had captured Ping-yang, but this had marked the farthest limit of their conquests. In 1592 they had been attacked and defeated by a mixed Chinese and Korean army on the hilly ground about Mount Mok-tan, "the Hill of Peonies," just outside the northern walls of the city.

Ping-yang stands on the right or west bank of the Tatung River, a wide and deep stream which makes a deep bend and almost encloses it on three sides. The shape of the walled city is a flattened oval, the one of the longer sides lying along the river bank. At the north end the ground rises sharply to Mount Mok-tan, but all

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round the country is hilly. The Chinese did not rely for the defence of the city on its ancient fortifications, which consisted of a high embattled wall, with numerous gates, each crowned by a pagoda-like ornamental structure of painted and gilded woodwork. They had erected a number of square earthwork forts on and around Mount Mok-tan, and on the lower ground between the wall and the river at the south end of the town. There was a bridge of boats across the river, and at the farther end of this they had erected another group of forts, with two advanced works to watch the high road to the south and to Seoul. Several Krupp guns, mostly of small caliber, were mounted in these new fortifications.

The best troops in the force assembled for the defence of the city were thirty-five hundred partly drilled Manchus under General Tso. Besides these, there was another corps of fifteen hundred men from Moukden city, six thousand men from the province of Pe-chi-li under General Wei, two thousand from Port Arthur, and about one thousand more whom General Yeh had brought from Asan. On the strength of his alleged success over the Japanese, Yeh was given the chief command.

Meanwhile, the Japanese army in Korea had been largely reënforced. At the beginning of

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the crisis a small detachment had been landed at Fusan in the extreme south of the peninsula to protect the Japanese trading colony in the port. On August 6 General Nodzu arrived there with the greater part of the Fifth Division, and next day began to march northwards to Seoul, which was held by Oshima's brigade. Nodzu's force could have reached the Korean capital much more quickly by going by sea to Chemulpo; but at this stage of the war, while the Chinese fleet was still intact, it was not considered advisable to send all the transports into the Yellow Sea. Besides, it was felt that a march through Southern Korea would discourage the local adherents of the Chinese faction and establish Japanese influence in the district. Nodzu reached Seoul on the 19th, and took over the supreme command of the Japanese forces. Two other small detachments were landed at Gensan on the east coast. One of these pushed on to Seoul. The other marched towards Ping-yang to coöperate from the eastward in the coming attack on that place.

Oshima had sent two of his officers with a small party of cavalry northwards to reconnoitre Ping-yang. These were cut off and killed to a man by a much stronger detachment of Chinese sent out from the city by General Yeh, who re-

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ported the incident as a great victory over a large force of the invaders.

By the end of August General Nodzu was ready to begin active operations against Yeh and the Ping-yang garrison. Two roads, or rather tracks, run through the hilly country from Seoul to Ping-yang, one near the sea, the other farther inland through the town of Sak-riong. A column of all arms under General Tachimi had already been pushed forward to Sak-riong by the inner road. Nodzu's plan was that Tachimi should continue his advance by this line, while he himself with the main body marched by the other road. A third column under Colonel Sato was to advance from Gensan. All three columns were to be in the neighborhood of Ping-yang by September 14. Nodzu would then leave Oshima to make an attack next day on the southern defences of Ping-yang, while he with the main body, having crossed the Tatung below the town, would attack the place from the eastward, and Sato would attack from the north, assisted by Tachimi, who was to cross the river above the town. He hoped that he would thus not merely get possession of Ping-yang, but also capture the whole of Yeh's army.

Against a better organized and better trained force than that which held Ping-yang this combined movement of several columns converging

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by widely separated roads upon the fortress would have been a risky business. If Yeh had been a European commander, he would have fallen upon Sato's column before Nodzu and Tachimi were able to give it any help. But in adopting this plan the Japanese commander acted on the knowledge he possessed of his opponent's character, and his daring acceptance of a theoretical risk was justified by the result.

Yeh pushed some small detachments along the roads towards Seoul to delay the Japanese advance, and there were consequently some unimportant skirmishes in which Oshima's brigade played the chief part. It occupied Chung-hua on September 10, Nodzu with the main body turning to the left at Hwang-ju, ten miles farther south, in order to cross the Tatung River near its mouth. As Oshima's men approached Chung-hua they found the road strewn with the oil-paper cap-covers worn by the Chinese troops in wet weather. The Korean peasants explained that these and other minor articles of equipment had been thrown away by a Chinese force, which had just retreated towards Ping-yang after a night alarm, in which the various regiments in camp had fired into each other in the dark.

On the 12th Oshima's brigade came in sight of the southern forts of Ping-yang, and during

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this and the next two days it did its best to mislead the Chinese into the belief that it had the main body behind it and was preparing to rush the southern defences and force the crossing of the river just below the town. Reconnaissances were pushed close up to the enemy's works, and there was some sharp skirmishing. The artillery opened on the forts in order to draw their fire and ascertain how they were armed, and a party of daring volunteers swam the river under fire and brought back five large junks from the other side. Thus the attention of the Chinese was riveted on the immediate neighborhood of Ping-yang, and they knew nothing of the passage of the river near its mouth by the main body. This was a tedious operation extending over three days, for the river was one thousand yards wide, its muddy banks were not easy of access, and the number of boats available was insufficient for rapid transit.

The small column, advancing from Sak-riong under General Tachimi, crossed the Tatung River some miles above Ping-yang on the 13th, after dispersing by long-range rifle volleys a Chinese detachment that tried to hold the opposite bank. On the 14th Tachimi's vanguard came in sight of Ping-yang, but he kept his men concealed in the hills to the north of the town. Colonel Sato, with the Gensan column, was near

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at hand on Tachimi's right. During his advance, Sato had only encountered some small cavalry detachments of the enemy. On the evening of the 14th the Japanese forces were thus close in to Ping-yang; but the Chinese system of outposts was so hopelessly bad that they were only aware of the presence of Oshima's brigade, which they took to be the vanguard of the main attack, coming as they expected from the south.

On the night of the 14th, the eve of the battle, the entire force available for the attack amounted to about fourteen thousand men with forty-two guns. But on account of the long delay in the crossing of the Tatung River the greater part of General Nodzu's column was so far away that it could not hope to come into action till late on the 15th, the day originally fixed for the attack. On the afternoon of September 14 Nodzu sent orders to Oshima to continue to engage the enemy's attention during the following day, but to postpone the real attack till the 16th. Unfortunately there were no means of communicating this counter-order to Sato and Tachimi. Though they were so close at hand, connection had not been established with them either by messengers or signalers. The commanders of the other columns only knew that they must be not far off to the northward. With a more enterprising

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enemy than the Chinese this want of connection between the columns might have had fatal consequences. As it was, General Oshima saw the obvious danger of deferring the attack, and, "in acknowledging the receipt of the order, pointed out that, in all probability, the Gensan and Sak-riong detachments would attack on the 15th as previously arranged, and that if this were the case he would feel bound to give them all the assistance he could, especially as the main column would be unable to co-operate."

The night was fine and clear, the full moon shining brightly in the sky. An hour before dawn Oshima, who was eager to attack at all hazards, had got his men ready to advance, and at half-past four his guns renewed the bombardment of the southern forts. From the hills to the northward beyond the river could be heard the booming of another cannonade. Tachimi and Sato were in position, and as soon as Oshima's guns opened fire they had brought their batteries into action, and had begun to form their infantry for the attack. Oshima in his turn, on hearing their fire, ordered his brigade to advance against the Chinese forts, and so in the gray dawn of September 15 the battle of Ping-yang began.

As soon as the firing commenced, General Yeh and his staff went to the gaily painted pagoda at

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the north gate. His banner, of bright crimson cloth, twelve feet square, and bearing his name in huge characters, hung over the outer wall. Close by he had a large body of Manchu cavalry ready to charge out on the Japanese if they failed in their attack. He had about twenty-five hundred men in the works on the left bank, thirty-six hundred in the northern defences, and about six thousand of Li Hung Chang's drilled troops holding the town wall and the southern defences near the river.

Oshima's attack on the forts of the left bank was intended to be a mere feint, but such was the eagerness of both men and officers that they pushed it home, and actually got possession of some of the outworks, in the first dash made before the sun rose. But for hours they made no further progress. The Chinese, armed with Mausers and well supplied with cartridges, kept up a heavy fire, and only for the advantage that their well-served artillery gave them they would have been driven back. As it was, they were barely able to hold their ground, and at one moment the outlook was so doubtful that one of the regiments buried its colors lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. The only portion of Oshima's command that obtained any decided success was a detachment of two companies under Major Okuyama, which crossed

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the river below the town, in order to get in touch with Nodzu and the main attack, and succeeded in setting fire to the straw-roofed houses of the southern suburbs of Ping-yang.

Meanwhile, Tachimi and Sato's columns had been more successful in their attack on the northern forts, five in number, three in the outer line and two others nearer the city, the larger of the two crowning the Mount of Peonies, famous as the scene of Konishi's defeat three hundred years ago. The first fort was rushed in the twilight; the second, after being heavily bombarded, was stormed at half-past seven, and the third was taken half an hour later. Covered by their artillery, which was well placed among the pines on the ridges to the north of the city, the Japanese now advanced against the two inner forts. The Chinese abandoned the smaller of them, and the Peony Fort was stormed at half-past eight, the Japanese, to use their own expression, swarming up three sides of the hill like ants. The guns were then brought up to the Mount of Peonies and opened on the city wall and the northern gate, the infantry pouring in a heavy rifle fire wherever the defenders attempted a reply.

It was not till near eight o'clock that General Nodzu had enough troops in hand to begin the attack on the southwest end of Ping-yang. After

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a brief bombardment of the outworks he deployed his infantry for the attack. They were gallantly charged by the Manchu cavalry, who came rushing out from one of the gates, but these daring horsemen were received with such a fire that few of them escaped. Of these the greater part gained the open country, and rode away northward to join the army on the Yalu. One by one the outlying works were abandoned, and the Chinese gradually concentrated their defence on the high wall of the city.

The sky had become overclouded since early morning, and about noon a storm burst over Ping-yang. Then ensued a curious scene. "Shortly after midday," wrote the *Standard* correspondent, "the dense fog of smoke, which had been slowly drifting eastward, was broken up by an almost tropical downpour. The Chinese troops put up their oiled-paper umbrellas and resolved to keep their bodies dry as well as their powder. This seems almost too grotesque to be true, but it is a fact. Their spacious umbrellas, sticking above the walls of their trenches, formed excellent targets for the Japanese sharpshooters. Chinese soldiers are miserable, depressed creatures in the rain, and this unfortunate downpour had not a little to do with the success of the Japanese attack at this period." The forts on the high ground at the south of the

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city were captured, and then the Chinese hung out white flags, and the firing ceased for awhile, and a Chinese officer with a flag of truce came out in front of Nodzu's attack. To quote the *Standard* correspondent, Mr. Villiers, again:

"Some Japanese officers left their lines and met him half-way. They found the Chinese asked for a suspension of hostilities pending an arrangement to surrender. The Japanese pointed out that this could easily be done. The Chinese had simply to lay down their arms, and the Japanese would march in and take possession. The Chinese general sent word to say that they could not very well surrender in such rainy weather. His men would get drenched, and things would be generally uncomfortable. Would they wait, say, for twelve hours? The rain might lift by then. But the Japanese would not listen further to the parley, and hostilities recommenced."

The cavalry attempted another sortie, probably in the hope of clearing a way for a general retreat. There were about five hundred of them. They rode gallantly down on Nodzu's infantry, but were swept away almost to a man by the Japanese rifles. On the north side of the city the fire had ceased from the wall, and the great gate seemed to be abandoned. But this might be only a trick of the wily Chinese, and

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after an attempt to open the gate from the outside, which drew fire from some of the neighboring loopholes, a gallant soldier, a private named Hirada, volunteered to climb the wall and reconnoitre. His comrades watched him anxiously as he scrambled up the high wall beside the pagoda-crowned gateway, from which the dragon flag still flew. He found the parapet deserted, got down and unbolted the gate, and the Japanese infantry rushed in. The Chinese had retired to some houses at a distance inside the gate. They had fired at Hirada as he was opening it, and they now exchanged a sharp fire with the advancing Japanese. Beyond this point the Japanese made no progress during the afternoon; and as the walls and towers on the right and left were held by the Chinese, and they were rallying in the streets, Tachimi decided to fall back on the Peony Mount, and hold on there till the main attack had made further progress. This retirement after the gate had been forced shows that the Japanese had still a good deal of respect for their opponents. But the next day was to bring a surprise.

“When morning dawned,” writes the correspondent already quoted, “Ping-yang was silent. No reveille from the Chinese lines heralded the day. Down by the western gate was a village smouldering. Here and there a hut was strug-

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gling to burst into flame, for the rain had now ceased, and the pall of smoke still hung over the valley. The soddened turf, the fields of millet, beans, and corn, wore the imprint of a great host having passed over the country. The roads, the trails through the fields, were strewn with bright and gaudy uniforms. Flags, quaint spears, curious old-time muskets, swords, pots, and pans, and several curiously carved carriage chairs were sticking in the mud. The Japanese army awoke to this strange sight, rubbed its eyes and wondered, then sounded the advance, and closed upon the city. The earthworks, the redoubts, and the city itself were empty. The Chinese army had disappeared. Some twelve thousand men had stolen away in the night. 'He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day.' So runs the old adage. These are the tactics the Chinese have followed since the beginning of the campaign. It was so at Asan, where General Yeh stole out of the clutches of the Japanese with one thousand troops. These very men, after a splendid march through the roughest and most inhospitable part of Korea, reached Ping-yang to meet the Japanese again, and, with the rest of the Ping-yang garrison, succeeded in again carrying out the tactics they followed at Asan."

On the Japanese side six hundred and thirty-

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three men had fallen in the attack. Of these, eight officers and one hundred and fifty-four men were killed. Oshima's brigade suffered most severely. Fully three-fourths of the loss fell upon it, and the general himself was slightly wounded. The Chinese loss cannot be so accurately stated. It was certainly over a thousand, besides more than six hundred prisoners. The Japanese acknowledge that the Chinese fought bravely. They give especial praise to the Chinese general Tso. During the defence of the Peony Hill Fort he was badly wounded, but tearing off a strip of his long robe he bound up his wound and continued to encourage his men. Another bullet struck him down dead, and on this his men gave way. To this fall the Japanese attribute their easy capture of the fort. A few of the prisoners who tried to escape were beheaded, the rest were well treated. As trophies of the fight the Japanese had thirty-five Krupp guns, about five hundred Mauser repeating rifles, and as many good modern breech-loaders, quantities of older weapons, flags, cartridges and money.

The collapse of the Chinese defence has been explained by two facts. In the first place the defences were on such an extensive scale that not one of them were fully manned. Instead of twelve or fourteen thousand men, the forts and lines of Ping-yang would have needed thirty-five

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thousand. Again, the Chinese had expended all their energy on fortifications, and made little or no effort to clear the front of their works. Trees were left standing in the dense pine woods on the ridges that came close up to the works, and thus the Japanese as they marched on the place were screened almost entirely from view, and had a good deal of cover from fire.

On the day of the battle Marshal Yamagata was approaching with a new army of ten thousand men that had lately landed at Chemulpo. He took over the chief command on the morrow of the victory. But there was no more fighting in Korea. Ping-yang had cleared the north of the peninsula of the Chinese. Yeh rallied his twice-beaten army only behind the Yalu River, the northern frontier of the country, where the Chinese were now gathering an army for the defence of Manchuria.

X

Port Arthur

The Chino-Japanese War (1894)

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

AFTER the victory of Ping-yang the Japanese army, now under Marshal Yamagata, advanced to the Yalu, the northern boundary of Korea, forced the passage of the river and invaded Manchuria. On September 17 the Japanese fleet, under Admiral Ito, had brought the Chinese northern squadron to action and defeated it off the mouth of the Yalu. This victory gave the Japanese the command of the sea. They made use of it to send an army to reduce the great naval arsenal of Port Arthur. This second army, composed of a division under General Yamaji and a brigade under Hasegawa, the whole commanded by Marshal Oyama, and numbering about twenty-five thousand men, landed on October 24 at Hua-yuan-kon, in the Liao-tung peninsula, and marching southwards, captured Kin-chow on November 6, and Ta-lien-wan on the 7th.

Kin-chow and Ta-lien-wan had been captured by Yamaji's division. Before advancing on

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Port Arthur, Marshal Oyama brought up Hasegawa's brigade, and gave his army, now concentrated at Ta-lien-wan, and in touch with the fleet, a few days' rest, during which the doomed fortress was carefully reconnoitred, and the country between it and the Japanese camp was cleared of the roving bands of Chinese braves that infested it.

The country round Port Arthur is a mass of rocky hills with steep sides, running up now into isolated pointed summits, now into narrow ridges or table lands of no great width. The harbor lies northeast and southwest in the line of its greatest length. The town and dockyard are at the north end, between two hills, the more easterly of which looks out on the sea. A rocky promontory shelters the lower part of the harbor from the sea. On this promontory, on the eastern hill near the town, at the base of this hill, and on another hill still farther east, stand the sea forts.

This eastern hill is the end of a sickle-shaped range of heights, with pointed summits running inland, and forming an outlying rampart to the town on the north and northeast. Each hilltop is crowned with a fort. In the following narrative this range will be spoken of as the "northern ridge." West of the town, and completing the line of its landward defences, is another hill,

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steep-sided, broad-topped, a small table land, with a couple of summits rising above its general level. This is the hill of I-tzu-shan (literally, the “Chair Hill”). It is crowned with three forts, and as its summit is the highest land near the Port, they overlook and can take in reverse the land forts on the inner part of the northern ridge. The hill of I-tzu-shan is thus the key of Port Arthur. Once in possession of a besieger, the forts on the nearer summits of the northern ridge would be untenable, and these being taken, the rest must fall in succession, and the place would be at the mercy of the besiegers.

The main road ran into the town of Port Arthur through a gap between the I-tzu plateau and the inland extremity of the northern ridge, crossing an open level space used as a parade ground by the garrison. The I-tzu forts commanded the gap from the left, and on the right its approaches were covered by the guns of a strong fort built on the summit of Sung-shu-shan (the Pine Tree Hill), the western buttress of the ridge. Next, running along the crest of the sickle-shaped curve of the ridge, stood seven forts on the long summits known as the Erh-lung (the Two Dragons; in some Japanese narratives the Urlung) and the Chihuan (the Cock’s Comb). Another fort looked out on the sea from the east end of the ridge, and between it

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and the isolated hill near the town there was another fort on the lower ground, also forming part of the seaward defences. The hill between the town and the sea, Huang-chin-shan (the Golden Hill), was crowned by a fort armed with nineteen guns. Seven forts were built on the promontory between the harbor and the sea known to the Chinese as Lan-hu-wei — *i.e.* the Tiger's Tail. The largest and highest placed of these, built on Man-tou-shan (Bread Hill), was constructed to fire across the harbor and cover the left flank of the I-tzu plateau with its long-ranging guns.

The forts had all been planned, constructed, and armed under the superintendence of European and American engineers. Their heavy armament consisted of breech-loading Armstrongs and Krupps. There were a few quick-firers, field-pieces, and mountain guns, and some machine-guns were used to flank the ditches. The garrison consisted of about ten thousand men. Japanese writers, anxious not to minimize the success of their own army, assert that this was an adequate garrison; but, even if the troops and their officers had been of better quality, ten thousand men would be dangerously dispersed and terribly overworked in a prolonged defence of a fortress which was protected not only by a system of sea forts, but also by a

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line of land works extending over about seven miles of ground. There were twenty-two forts in all. Allowing only an average of four hundred men for the defence of each of them, there would be a reserve of only twelve hundred men left. Thirty thousand men for the fortifications would not have been too many. Considering all that had been said at the outset of the war about the “armed millions” of China, it is curious that she could only find this handful of men for the defense of the fortress that was her chief naval base; while the navy itself could lend no co-operation whatever to the land forces.

On November 20, just before the abortive sortie of the Chinese, Marshal Oyama had assembled his principal officers at his headquarters — not for a council of war, but to explain to them the arrangements he proposed to make for the assault of the forts next day. The troops were to form up at 2 A.M., ready to march from their camps between Shuang-tai-kow and Tutcheng-tzu, so as to be in position before Port Arthur by dawn. They were to march in three columns: on the right General Yamaji, with main body consisting of the bulk of the first division; in the center General Hasegawa's brigade; on the left a small column of all three arms, moving between Hasegawa's troops and the sea, and guarding the flank of the advance against a

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possible sortie from the forts on the north ridge. At dawn the fleet would open fire on the forts nearest the sea. The artillery of the first division on the right would come into action against the forts on the I-tzu plateau, taking up its position on a ridge facing the north side of the plateau and distant about a mile from the forts. In this position the guns could also be brought to bear on the gap leading to the town. On the left of the field artillery, and a little to its rear, the heavy guns of the siege train were to come into action near the village of Shui-shih-ying ("the Naval Camp"), firing first at the I-tzu plateau and the Pine Tree Hill Fort (Sung-su-shan), and in the second stage of the fight devoting all their attention to the western forts on the ridge. Hasegawa was to occupy the high ground north of Shui-shih-ying, facing the ridge forts on which he was to open fire.

During this bombardment General Nishi, with the first brigade of Yamaji's division, was to work round to the left, or southwestern flank of the I-tzu plateau. For the greater part of the way his march would be concealed from the Chinese by a lower range of hills running north and south. In fact, he would be under cover until his troops moved over the crest of the range opposite their objective and deployed for the attack. All this time his movements would not

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in any way mask the fire of the Japanese batteries. It was expected that by the time Nishi was ready to advance, the guns of the I-tzu forts would have been silenced and their garrisons very much demoralized by the Japanese shell fire. The forts would then be attacked by Yamaji's two brigades, Nishi moving against the flank and Nogi against the front of the plateau, the artillery meanwhile concentrating its fire on the ridge, especially on Sung-shu-shan and the Erh-lung forts. As soon as the I-tzu forts were taken, Yamaji's and Hasegawa's columns would make a converging attack on the western forts of the ridge, and, after clearing Sung-shu-shan and Erh-lung of the Chinese, rush down into the town. Once the land defences were captured, it was expected that the rest of the forts would surrender rather than face the combined attack of the army and the fleet.

The troops began to fall in for the march at 1 A.M. It was very dark; the moon was in the first quarter, a horned crescent, high over the Port Arthur hills, and giving very little light. In the bivouacs coolies stood holding aloft blazing torches, and here and there in the ranks of the regiments, and beside the gun teams, a soldier held a lighted lantern of painted paper, giving to the scene of preparation for battle

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rather the air of a holiday *fête* than of the stern business of war. At last all was ready, and the long columns tramped off in the darkness, their movement still marked by hundreds of paper lanterns, for surprise was no part of their plan.

By five o'clock all the troops were in position, the guns had unlimbered, and the men were lying down waiting for the dawn, many of them snatching a short sleep, after the wearying muster at midnight and the march in the darkness over the broken ground.

Oyama and his staff were in the center, with the reserve battalions just in rear of the long line of guns formed of Yamaji's batteries and the siege train. About half-past six the sky began to whiten with the dawn over the sea, and soon the sharp outlines of the Chinese forts could be made out, crowning the dark masses of the I-tzu plateau on the right front and the long ridge of the "Two Dragons" and the "Cock's Comb" to the left. Word was sent to Yamaji to begin the bombardment.

The first gun was fired from one of Yamaji's field batteries. It was the signal for all the others to open fire, and a rain of shells was soon falling on the plateau forts. The Chinese replied in a very leisurely way, and their aim was wild and wide of the mark. The Japanese fleet lay off the harbor mouth about six miles out to

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sea. It had been arranged that it should not fire upon Port Arthur during the first stage of the attack, lest shells flying over the hills should reach the Japanese lines on the other side. Ito's fine cruiser squadron had now with it a flotilla of ten torpedo boats, but it was not necessary for it to take any serious part in the attack.

The cannonade continued for more than an hour. By half-past seven the forts on the I-tzu tableland were all but silent, and the order was sent to Nishi's infantry to advance to the attack. There were very few correspondents with the army, but amongst them was one of the most experienced English war correspondents, Mr. Frederic Villiers. His letters give a vivid impression of the scenes during the advance of Yamaji's division against the key of the Chinese defences.

"It was not until half-past seven," he writes, "as far as I can remember, that the skirmishing lines moved up. Then they swept up towards the three forts which surmounted Table Mountain. From our guns on the knoll in Suishi (*i.e.* Shui-shih-ying) Valley a hail of shrapnel crowned the heights of Table Mountain with wreaths of smoke. Shell after shell burst in these works. The great mountain, seemingly asleep, slowly awakened from its heavy slumber and began to reply in a ponderous, sleepy sort of

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way. Then on our right, where Yamaji stood, a mountain battery began shelling; and this was answered by two or three shells in our vicinity, which were too far off their mark to be pleasant for the sight-seers on the left of Yamaji's position. Nishi's columns moved up on the right to the first earthwork on Table Mountain, which was the western attack. Nogi moved up from the left, which was the eastern attack, very slowly; so for the moment the battle formation was at an angle of about thirty-five degrees from the ridge of the fort. Nishi in about fifteen minutes carried his objective, and a few minutes after Nogi had swept up under a very galling fire, though of short duration, and the Table Mountain was in the hands of the Japanese. But this was only effected with considerable loss for the short period during the rush, the Japanese losing thirty-five by casualties. Among those placed *hors de combat* were two officers."

The Chinese really made no stand once they saw the long lines of the Japanese attack closing on them. They abandoned all three forts one after another, on an average giving up a fort every five minutes. Some of the Japanese who fell in the attack were not hit by shots from the I-tzu forts, but by bursting shells fired over the town from the fort on Golden Hill, in order to cover the hurried retreat of the fugitives. It

was afterwards ascertained that the Chinese had about sixteen hundred men in the three forts on the tableland and the fort on Pine Tree Hill, an average of about four hundred in each work. Another sixteen hundred held the Two Dragons and the Cock Comb on the north ridge; two thousand more, fugitives from Kin-chow and Talien-wan, prolonged the line of defence along the ridge to the sea, and a reserve of twelve hundred men, belonging to the same unfortunate force, lay behind Pine Tree Hill, near the parade ground.

Thus the Chinese were hopelessly outnumbered, the twelve hundred men who held the I-tzu tableland being rushed by at least six thousand, with as many more threatening their right; moreover, shut up in a series of separate forts, small detachments of less than five hundred had to face the rush. Of course, if they had stuck to their works, fired low and steadily, and brought a cross fire of rifles and machine guns to bear on the attack, they might very well have repulsed the foe. But they were Chinese troops, with very scant ideas of mutual support, and little trust either in their officers or their weapons, so it is no wonder they went. Although the correspondent call the Japanese loss serious, the capture of the tableland was surely cheaply bought with only two officers and thirty-three men killed and

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wounded out of a whole division. With any real defence the capture of the forts would have meant the fall of some hundreds of men and officers in the columns of assault.

For the wounded, not only those brought down from the hill, but those also who had been hit by the shells from the Chinese forts during the cannonade, prompt and ample provision had been made by the Japanese medical corps. To quote again from Mr. Villiers' letter:

“During the fight I was watching a hamlet of about half a dozen houses at the end of the neck of the ravine (near the artillery position). When the first shots were fired the Red Cross flag was run up, and by its side was the national flag of Japan. The doctors were already preparing for casualties. About that time a sharp fusillade was going on on our right flank. The only decent tactics the Chinese showed in this miserable business was an attempt at a flanking movement, started too late on our attack upon the Table Mountain. For the moment it was utter confusion. The Chinese from the small forts on the Port Arthur inlet were firing shell after shell at the fort that had already been occupied, but these missed and burst in the vicinity of the Red Cross hamlet, and a tremendous fusillade was going on in the valley on the right of us. Nogi, with two regiments, was sent out to turn this

flanking movement of the Chinese, and the mountain battery which had done such execution in the taking of Table Mountain was hurried down from the heights, thundering through the ravine down to the valley on our right to assist Nogi's column.

“The little Red Cross hamlet was beginning to fill up with casualties. The men were brought down on stretchers, dripping with their blood, and laid on straw in front of the small gardens of the houses. Within one of the gardens were tables already erected, at which the doctors were busily at work. In my considerable experience of many armies in the field, I have not seen more excellent work done on the actual field of battle by surgeons. Nothing was wanting. The latest improvements in antiseptic lint, in the sterilizing of the instruments, were there, right on the field of battle. The Red Cross boxes were filled with the latest necessities for the treatment of the wounded. Each man who was treated had his name checked, and a little tag with his name and the nature of his wound tied to one of his legs, and then he was forwarded to the field hospital. And all this was done under circumstances the most trying for delicate surgical work. Shells from the great Eastern Fort on Golden Mount were bursting in our vicinity, though why so much good ammunition was wasted no

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one could tell. Many of the stretcher bearers had to pause from their work and seek cover behind the walls of the houses, but the doctors calmly went on. One horse, belonging to a doctor, standing just outside the little garden of which I have been speaking, had its neck broken by a fragment of shell, and lay there weltering in its blood, with the rest of the wounded lying about on the street. Speaking of this Red Cross work to Colonel Taylor, who has been specially sent out by the British Foreign Office to report on the Japanese system of ambulance, he told me that what he saw in the Shui-shih Valley was quite equal to anything he had ever witnessed under similar conditions."

When Nogi's brigade had cleared the northern end of the Table Mountain of the last of the Chinese, there was a brief lull in the engagement. The fleet now began to fire long-ranging shots at the seaward forts, and on the land Yamaji's batteries and the siege train concentrated their fire on the fort on Sung-shu-shan (Pine Tree Hill), the mountain-guns being taken up to the top of the Table Mountain to assist in the bombardment. These Chinese abandoned the fort under this heavy artillery fire, after lighting a fuse near the magazine, in order to blow the work up. This occurred a little after eleven,

while the Japanese infantry were moving to the attack of the north ridge.

General Hasegawa was, meanwhile, advancing across the valley in front of these forts and the Cock's Comb. He had only his mountain batteries with him, but was assisted by the fire of Yamaji's guns, which were now enfilading the ridge from the first artillery position, and dropping shells on to it from the captured Table Mountain. Hasegawa's infantry crossed the valley below the ridge in successive lines of skirmishers, being exposed to a heavy fire as they traversed the open ground, and suffering a good deal of loss. As they reached the base of the ridge they were able to get cover under its steep sides. Here they massed and prepared for the assault. Above them the rocky hillsides rose abruptly to the forts, which stand at a height of about three hundred feet above the level of the valley.

By ten o'clock the three battalions of the Twenty-fourth Regiment (sturdy fighting men from the southern island of Kiu-shiu, which boasts that it has produced more of the heroes of Japan than any other district) were massed at the base of the ridge and began to climb the slope. At first they were protected by the very steepness of the hillside, but about half-way they came under fire from the forts at a range of six

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hundred yards. There was a temporary check at this point, and then the regiment went on again. An English officer who watched this assault of the Two Dragons and Cock's Comb forts thus described the scene:

“We reached a hill to which the Japanese artillery were moving, just in time to watch a most magnificent attack by the Japanese infantry from the north straight up at a fort facing them, and under the fire of guns and rifles from three others as well. It was a scene to remember forever. The Japanese artillery were in a good position now for enfilading these forts, and did so with the nearest fort with the best effect. It was evacuated by the Chinese at 11.10 A.M., and blew up immediately afterwards. The artillery then fired at the next fort, at which the main infantry attack was directed; but the range was long, and the shooting not quite good enough to be effective for some time. Meanwhile the Japanese infantry were climbing the slope, taking advantage of whatever slight cover could be found. The ground round them was ploughed up by the Chinese projectiles, but they never stopped, and seemed quite unhurt. At last they rested for a few minutes about three hundred yards below the fort in a fold of the ground, which gave time for the slower ones to come up to the front. Then once more on. But just as

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they moved forward a row of land mines exploded right in front of them. They seemed to stagger for a moment, and then rushed on. But by this time the Chinese were beginning to suffer from the Japanese artillery fire, and just before the Japanese infantry reached the fort the Chinese left it. This was at 11.25 A.M. That settled all the forts which faced north."

The fort blown up at 11.10 was Sung-shu-shan, the Chinese having fired the magazine as they left it. The fort captured at 11.25 was one of the works on the Cock's Comb (Chi-huan-shan). The Two Dragons forts and the rest of the works on the ridge were rapidly evacuated by the Chinese. By half-past twelve all the land defences had been abandoned except the great fort on Shang-chin-shan (Golden Hill), whose batteries not only defended the harbor mouth, but also looked towards the land over the roofs of the town.

Before following further the story of the fight, an incident of the attack on the north ridge must be related here, as an illustration of the Japanese code of military honor. One of the officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, Captain Kani, had been seriously ill for some days in hospital, and was reduced to a state of great weakness. Nevertheless, on the eve of the attack on Port Arthur he insisted on resuming command of his

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company. It was one of those assigned for the actual attack on the Two Dragons and Cock's Comb Forts. Kani struggled on through the night march, climbed the steep hillside under fire with his men, but when the rush for the fort came he fell down utterly exhausted, within a hundred yards of the rampart, over which his men dashed without him. He was taken to hospital, but instead of taking the natural view that he had done his best to be with his men, and had indeed led them up to the point when the enemy's resistance collapsed, he thought only of his failure to be with them to the last, and said he was ashamed forever, if he survived, after remaining behind. A week after the battle he managed to escape from the hospital, went back to the ridge, and on the spot where he had fallen he killed himself with his sword. A letter was found beside him. "It was here," he had written, "that sickness compelled me to stop and leave my men to assault the fort without me. Never can I wipe out the disgrace while I live. To vindicate my honor I die here, and leave this letter to speak for me." Such deeds are an inheritance from the days of feudal Japan. One may well regret that a mistaken code of honor should thus deprive his country of the services of so brave a soldier as Captain Kani.

By half-past twelve the hills round Port Arthur

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were in possession of the Japanese army. Their artillery was being dragged up to the summits in order to concentrate its fire on the Golden Hill. On all the forts on the ridge and the plateau except one the Japanese flag was flying, and that one exception was a mass of blackened and smoking ruins. The way into the town lay across the wide open space of the parade ground below the north ridge, a space partly surrounded by low walls; beyond, the road ran over a little river by a narrow bridge, beyond which opened the main street of the town. The houses, light buildings, mostly without an upper story, were crowded along the farther side of the stream. High above them towered the Golden Hill, from which the Chinese gunners were making good practise at any Japanese that showed near the parade ground.

Across this open space the Japanese infantry were exchanging rifle fire with two bodies of Chinese, who held a couple of shelter trenches near the houses just beyond the stream and on the slope of "Cairn Hill" north of the suburb. The Japanese staff was anxious to do as little injury as possible to the town and dockyard. To have bombarded them would have been to risk a fire that might have destroyed the very workshops, stores and machinery they hoped to secure for the use of their own navy. So the

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guns were leveled only against the hostile batteries on the Golden Hill, and to the infantry was assigned the task of clearing the town of the enemy. The Second Regiment, which had not yet been engaged, was ordered to attack across the parade ground.

At first they made very little progress. So heavy was the fire of the Chinese, who held the approaches to the bridge, that it was thought they must be armed with repeating rifles. But gradually, notwithstanding severe loss, the infantrymen worked their way close up to the stream, advancing under some cover which they found to left or right of the open space of the parade, here slipping behind a low wall, there crawling along a ditch. So the rifle fire directed across the stream at the Chinese gradually increased in intensity, as more and more men came up. A little before three a battalion extended across the parade ground and crossed it in alternate rushes, the men kneeling to fire. As they neared the bridge they closed into a small column and dashed across. The Chinese did not wait for them. They fled down the lanes of the town, throwing away their weapons. About the same time the fire ceased from the Golden Hill, and the fort was abandoned. Only the sea forts on the promontory of the "Tiger's Tail" still

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flew the dragon flag of China, and exchanged a slow fire at long range with the fleet.

Port Arthur, notwithstanding all its elaborate fortifications, had been taken in less than nine hours, and with a loss of life that, considering the nature of the enterprise, might be described as trifling. It was a glorious day for the Japanese arms.

XI

The Greco-Turkish War, 1897

The Battle of Domokos

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

IN the early spring of 1897 the progress of the insurrection in Crete, the landing in the island of three thousand Greek troops under Colonel Vassos, the successes won over the Turks, and the armed action of the international fleet against the insurgents, had all combined to fan to fever heat the popular excitement in Greece. To the Sultan's order for the partial mobilization of the Turkish army King George had replied by concentrating the Greek army on the frontiers of Thessaly and Epirus. The fleet had already been prepared for war with a view to the expedition to Crete. The calling out of the reserves of the land army rapidly raised the numbers of the troops on the frontier, and these were reinforced by the bands organized by the *Ethnike Hetaireia*, which were followed by the Government to form camps of their own near the border. This added considerably to the danger of war.

The demonstrations in Athens had now become almost daily events. *Zeto o Polemos!*

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(“Hurrah for War!”) was the popular cry. The leaders of the agitation had persuaded themselves and their followers that war meant certain and easy victory over the Turk. Macedonia would rise in arms, Albania would proclaim its independence and refuse to fight for the Sultan, the communications of the Turkish army would be cut by the insurrection in its rear. It would be left without supplies of food or cartridges, and forced to retreat through a hostile country or surrender to the Greeks in its front. It was reported that the Turkish Government was so short of money that already it could not obtain supplies for the troops it was trying to mobilize; that those who had been gotten together were starved, ragged, barefoot; and that smallpox and fever had broken out in their camps. These reports, as we shall presently see, had very little foundation in fact, but they served to increase the popular enthusiasm for war.

The Turkish fleet was notoriously inefficient. The navy had taken a leading part in the deposition of Sultan Abdul Aziz in 1877, and Abdul Hamid regarded it always with suspicion. He did not like the idea of his palace and capital being under the guns of a squadron that some Pasha might use as the trump card in another game of revolution. The most powerful ships were ironclads of a type that was getting out of

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date twenty years before. On the eve of the war, orders were given to patch them up. But, do what they would, the Turks had to confess that the Greek fleet with three small modern battleships and a flotilla of torpedo craft had the undisputed command of the sea. Vigorously used, this fleet might be an important factor in the war; for once hostilities began, the Turks could make no use of transport by sea, and their supplies and reinforcements would have to reach their base of operations at Salonika by a single line of railway which runs along the coast of Roumelia in easy reach of the sea, and be destroyed by the Greek fleet. Salonika itself might not be safe from a vigorous attack.

It was further hoped by the friends of Greece that the other small states of the Balkan peninsula would join in the attack on the Sultan. Montenegro, Servia, and Bulgaria were all expected to put their armies in the field. The Turk was not merely to be defeated in Macedonia; he was to be swept, bag and baggage, out of Europe. Unhappily for the Greeks, they were counting on insurrection to prepare the way for their victorious advance.

If there was to be a fight across the border against the Turk, it could not be very long delayed. In March the snows were melting on the mountains, the streams were full of good

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water, the young grass was springing up, helping to solve the problem of feeding cavalry, artillery, and transport horses and mules. The fight must be in the spring. If it were delayed even till the early summer, the whole country would be burned up by the heat, and the mere dearth of water would make it difficult to move brigades and divisions through the hilly country of Epirus and Macedonia.

From the middle of February the concentration of the rival armies on the northern frontiers of Greece had been in progress. If anything, the Greeks would have gained by an early declaration of war, for now day by day the numerical superiority of the Turks was increasing, and so long as the state of war did not exist, they were able to make some use of the sea for supplying their armies. But the Greek Government was waiting for two things, and therefore held its hand. It wanted the war to be heralded by an insurrection in Macedonia, and it wanted the actual declaration of hostilities to come from Constantinople, so that Greece might be regarded as acting only in self-defence, and might thus have a claim on the sympathies of Europe. This reluctance to fire the first shot was shared by the Turks; for the Powers had issued a joint declaration that if either party broke the peace the aggressor would not be al-

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lowed to obtain any territorial advantage even in the event of victory.

But this waiting game could not be prolonged indefinitely, and in the first days of April the *Ethnike Hetaireia* began to use its irregular bands on the border in a way that was sure to provoke a Turkish declaration of war. It certainly acted with the connivance, and even the aid, of Greek regular officers on the frontier. How far the headquarters staff of the Royal army was a party to these proceedings, how far the cabinet at Athens was involved in the policy of this powerful secret society, it is not possible to say.

It was not until the Greeks had raided the Turkish frontier at Karya that war was declared. Edhem Pasha reported the news of the raid to Constantinople. He followed up this first message with others telling how fighting had begun now here, now there, and he had ordered up his reserves. In the afternoon he was informed by a telegram from the capital that war had been declared, and he was ordered to advance in force against the Greeks next morning.

He had already sent into action all the troops who were actually at hand, and was pressing the Greeks slowly back toward the frontier. The firing went on far into the night, by the bright light of the full moon. But for the official world

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the war began only at dawn on the Easter Sunday morning. It was not to last long. Begun on April 18, it ended on May 18, just thirty days later. It might be called the Thirty Days War.

After a not very seriously contested fight for the frontier in Thessaly, the Greeks were forced to retire; the Turks were successful in the battles of Pharsala, Velesino, and Volo, and after the battle of Pharsala there had been no attempt at a pursuit, and the Turks had lost all touch of the Greek main army. It was ascertained, however, that it would make another stand on the hills about Domokos.

Finally at 6 A.M. on the 17th of May, the Turkish columns began the march. The comparatively level ground over which the left wing moved to battle was here and there planted with corn — now standing high and green — but was mostly undulating grass land, uncultivated natural pasture. Here and there rose rocky knolls, and there were a number of small villages. It was an intensely hot day, and the five columns, each formed by a brigade, moved very slowly, the ranks opening out, and the columns lengthening, so that when they were sighted from the citadel of Domokos it was reported to the Crown Prince that not five brigades, but five divisions, were advancing against his front.

The first shots were fired on the left about ten

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o'clock. Hairi Pasha's advanced guard was approaching the village of Tsiobu, when from the houses and enclosures of the little place there came a rapid discharge of musketry. The village was held only by a handful of Greek cavalry, most of whom were dismounted on its northern edge, but they were using their carbines to such good effect that the cautious Turkish commander overestimated their force, took them for at least a whole rifle battalion, and began to deploy his advanced guard in a long battle line as if he were going to fight a serious action. Edhem Pasha with his staff had ridden to the top of a little knoll near the high road when they heard the firing. With their field glasses they were able to see that Hairi could not possibly have any large force in front of him, and after impatiently watching the fusillade for a while a galloper was sent to hurry him on, for Neshat and the Second Division had been directed not to get farther forward than the First Division on the left, and the whole of that division was halted. It was nearly eleven o'clock when Hairi's vanguard at last pushed boldly forward, and the Greek horsemen galloped off from the south end of the village.

Half an hour later the Greek siege guns mounted on the heights of Domokos opened fire on the heads of Neshat's columns. The

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range was nearly eight thousand yards, or about four and a half miles, but the distances had been carefully noted by the Greek artillery officers, and they made very fair practice. They would have done more damage if they had had better ammunition, but many of the big shells failed to burst. Neshat's batteries could not reply at such a long range, but the troops deployed to diminish the target they presented, and moved partly under the cover of the rocky knolls in the plain. The vanguard was in action driving in the Greek cavalry outposts, and the boom of guns from the hills far away to the left suggested that Hamdi's division was meeting with more opposition to his turning movement than had been anticipated.

Hairi's division on the left was not only hopelessly slow in its movements, but now began to miss its proper direction. It ought to have moved on the immediate right of Nury Pasha's Adrianople brigade. But it was inclining more and more to the southwestward. The Albanian irregulars who formed its flank-guard had come upon the Greek outposts in front of the enemy's extreme right and were firing heavily, and Hairi, always cautious to an extent that was mischievous to the general plan of the day's operations, had halted again and sent them reinforcements. Another staff officer was sent to hurry him on

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and set him right. Meanwhile Neshat had to wait for him. It was some time before the advance of the right wing was resumed.

So far there had been mere skirmishing in the plain and a distant cannonade from the heights. The great natural rampart of the Domokos ridge, now wreathed in the smoke of the Greek batteries, might well seem unassailable, and it was no part of Edhem's plan to attack it in earnest on this day. The hill, crowned by the citadel, rose fifteen hundred feet above the plain; from the crest the hill descended in a series of terraces, and each had its line of shelter trenches for infantry, with here and there the more massive earthworks of a battery. Looking at it, Edhem realized that it was ground that might well be held by a comparatively small force, and as the sound of firing came heavier and heavier from the hills to the eastward, it occurred to him that the Crown Prince was probably employing a considerable part of his force to check the all-important flank movement, and, if not hard pressed at Domokos, might still further reinforce his right. So Neshat was ordered to advance without waiting for Hairi's belated co-operation.

The Turkish left wing, under Hamdi and Memdhuk, had been making very slow progress, on account of, first, the difficulties of the ground

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they had to traverse, and then the obstinate resistance of the small Greek force opposed to them, which was under the command of Colonel Mastrapas. Hamdi very early in the day decided that he could not possibly drag the greater part of his artillery over the rugged paths of Mount Khassiadiari. He kept with him only his mountain battery and one of the field-batteries. It fared even worse with Memdhuk, who kept only six mountain guns, and sent all his field-batteries back to Pharsala. About 8 A.M. Hamdi's advance guard was in action against the outposts of the Fourth Greek regiment. A few companies for a while held in check a whole battalion of Albanian regulars. Forced back by sheer weight of numbers, the Greeks doggedly defended every inch of the ground, and Hamdi had to use his artillery to force his way forward. Memdhuk came into action somewhat later, his opponents being a battalion of Euzonoi. Had the Crown Prince reinforced his right early in the day — above all, had he sent some of his mountain batteries to the help of Mastrapas — the result of the fight might have been different. As it was, the brave linesmen and rifles were very slowly, but none the less surely, forced back. So it was not till late in the afternoon that the heads of the Turkish columns had reached the points as-

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signed to them in the orders for the day, and Memdhuk was not able even to attempt the dash for the Phurka Pass, which had been suggested as the best use to make of the Albanian irregulars attached to his division.

By three o'clock the Greek outposts had been withdrawn from the plain in front of Domokos, and Neshat's divisional artillery and some of Riza's reserve batteries were in action against the Greek guns on the terraced hillside. The Turkish infantry began to move forward to the attack, and the battle began in grim earnest. In front of the first and lowest line of Greek trenches before Domokos a long firing line of Turkish infantry was pressing on, the Adrianople brigade on the right, another of Neshat's brigades on the left. They slowly gained ground till they reached a little stream about six hundred yards from the trenches. Then their further progress was checked. So heavy and rapid was the fire of the Greek infantry, that one of the correspondents with the Turkish army remarks that one might well imagine that the Greeks had suddenly exchanged their old Gras rifles for Mauser repeaters.

Another point is worth noting, for, though it shows a strange lack of discipline in the Greek army, it says something for the warlike eagerness of the men. Hundreds of soldiers and

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some of the officers of Dimopulos' reserve brigade left their position behind the crest of the ridge and crowded the hilltops to watch the fight. It was the fiercest struggle in the whole campaign. Battalion after battalion of the Adrianople brigade was pushed into the firing line. They came on gallantly, reckless of the heavy loss they were suffering. But they, too, showed a woful lack of battle training. In their eagerness, the supports fired as they moved up, heedless of the risk of hitting their comrades in the firing line in front, and the ill-aimed, hurried fire of the Mausers did comparatively little harm to the Greeks in the trenches.

It was now late in the afternoon. The Greeks might so far claim a victory on the main battlefield, but about five o'clock disquieting news reached the Crown Prince at Domokos from Colonel Mastrapas' flanking detachments in the hills to the eastward. He reported that he was being driven back by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and he asked for reinforcements. Colonel Dimopulos' brigade was now divided. Part of it, with a mountain battery, was sent away to the eastward to support Mastrapas — all too late — and the rest of the brigade was used to reinforce the troops holding the trenches before Domokos.

The Turks had brought all their reserve bat-

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teries into action. Altogether in the center they had seventy-two guns and six howitzers at work shelling the Greek position. Three Greek guns had been dismantled, and an artillery wagon had blown up on the slope near the citadel, sending a great spurt of flame and smoke high over the hilltops. Several of the batteries concentrated their fire on the nearest and lowest of the Greek trenches. The rifle fire from the entrenchment gradually slackened, and at last it was rushed by the Adrianople brigade. Out of thirty-five hundred men, they had lost nearly seven hundred in the advance. A little later the village of Velisiotæ, shattered by the fire of Hairi's divisional artillery, was evacuated by the Greeks, but they held the hill slopes above the place, and as the sun set, the main position was everywhere intact.

Edhem Pasha and his staff had watched the fight from a knoll near the Pharsala road, facing Domokos. They prepared to bivouac for the night near its base, but before anyone could think of resting there was much to be done. The Turkish marshal and his officers were not a little anxious about the situation. There was no news whatever from the two divisions in the hills to the left. Arrangements for keeping up communication with that wing by signaling had broken down. All that was known was that in

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every lull of the main battle the wind had borne from the eastward the boom of Hamdi's mountain guns. He had been fighting till nightfall, with what result could only be guessed, but it was thought that if he had been completely successful he would have found some means to get the news through to the headquarters' staff before the close of the day. Then the frontal attack on the Domokos position, though it had been more vigorously pressed than had been originally intended, had proved on the whole a costly failure. The mere outworks of the position had been taken, and the Greeks might try to recover them in the night.

Orders were given to the troops to lose no time in entrenching themselves on the ground they occupied, and Hairi was directed to move one of his brigades nearer to the main road, so as to be in position, if necessary, to support the Adrianople brigade which had suffered so severely, and the men of which were exhausted by the prolonged fight in which they had been so hotly engaged. Soon after dark there was the beginning of a panic in the Turkish center. Some of the horses of Riza's reserve batteries were being marched to the rear in order to give them water, when the report spread that a retreat had been ordered, and that the artillery was already moving off. It was with difficulty

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that a general movement back towards Pharsala was prevented.

About eleven o'clock a tired horseman rode in from the eastward with a despatch from Hamdi Pasha. He informed Edhem that he had driven back the Greeks and had bivouacked for the night between Karatsali and Virsi, and that Mamdhuk was in line with him farther eastward. He was thus in a position to come down on the Greek right or establish himself on their right rear as soon as next day's sunrise gave him light to advance. This news put an end to the anxieties of the Turkish staff. The orders for next day were quickly written. Hamdi was to advance against the Greek right, signaling the moment when he marched off by a salvo from all his guns. Memdhuk was to swing round towards the southeast and try to get between the Greeks and the Phurka Pass, or at least on the flank of their line of retreat, and within striking distance of it.

The frontal attack on Domokos was to be resumed at dawn and pushed home as soon as there were signs that Hamdi's advance over the crest of the ridge was producing an effect on the Greeks. The horseman who had brought the despatch said he could not possibly find his way back through the hills in the dark. It was by good luck he had reached the headquarters,

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so difficult was the country. So Colonel Mahmud Bey, who had led the charge at Velesino and had been in the saddle all day during this battle of Domokos, took the orders and rode away to Pharsala, where he got a fresh horse and then made his way to Hamdi's headquarters. Just before sunrise the report of the guns in the hills told Edhem that his left wing had received its orders, and that Hamdi's division was marching off.

But as the sun rose it was seen that the Greek entrenchments were empty; the town silent. After nightfall the evening before, the Crown Prince had decided that with the Turks established in force in the hills on his right the position was no longer tenable, and he had issued orders for a general retreat. The defenders of the main position, who felt that they had won a victory, received the news with astonishment, and there was much talk of treachery at headquarters and of a betrayal of the last stronghold of Thessaly to the invader as the price of peace. Such a view of the situation was natural enough, but the history of the fight shows how unjust it was. On the hills of Domokos Prince Constantine had made a brave stand and saved the honor of the Greek arms. Outnumbered and outgeneraled as he was, he could do no more. So all night long in the bright moonlight the Greek

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army and a crowd of fugitive countryfolk streamed over the Phurka Pass. It was just a month since the moonlight night that had seen the first fight along the border range of Northern Thessaly.

The battle of Domokos ended the war. Nakki Pasha had advanced against Smolenski at Halmyros on the morning of the 17th. He found the village held only by a Greek rearguard, which retired after a brief engagement. Smolenski had fallen back on Platanos, where he was strongly entrenched, but in the night, between the 17th and 18th, he received orders from the Crown Prince to conform to the general retreat of the army and join the main body at Lamia. The Turks had pressed closely on the Crown Prince's beaten army as it fell back over the Phurka Pass. It was found to be impossible to make a stand at Lamia, and a position was therefore taken up on the range of Mount Œta and in the Pass of Thermopylæ. But on May 19 news arrived that an armistice had been signed. Under the terms of the subsequent treaty of peace Greece paid a war indemnity to Turkey and ceded to the Sultan a strip of territory on the northern frontier that gave the Turks command of all the passes leading into Thessaly.

XII

With Kitchener in the Soudan, 1898

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

IT was not to be supposed that the events which led to the death of General Gordon in the Soudan would weaken the intention of the British to crush the power of the Mahdi on the Upper Nile. Accordingly in 1898 Sir Herbert Kitchener with a powerful British and Egyptian force set out to make his way to Khartoum and Omdurman. Every step of the way was fiercely contested by the Mahdi and his Dervishes, but the onward march of Kitchener and his forces was irresistible.

He had timed his advance so as to arrive before Omdurman when the moon was near the full. To have bright nights was a double advantage to him. It enabled some of the marching to be done in the cool moonlight, and it minimized the danger of attacks by the enemy.

The night before the great battle was clear and bright, and, to give additional security to the riverside camp, the gunboats, moored close to the Nile bank, swept its flanks and front with the broad white beams from their electric search-

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lights. To some of the wild tribesmen in the Dervish bivouac on the hills it must have seemed some strange magic, this lighting up of the desert with the giant rays of dazzling brightness. And it is even said that some of them refused to remain with the Khalifa's standard, declaring that if the invaders could thus control the sunlight, Allah must surely be with them.

Along the front of the Sirdar's camp watchful sentinels were on the alert, and the friendlies had scouts out towards the Dervish bivouacs, and a post on the slope of Jebel Surgham. These friendly scouts had been warned to move in couples when they approached the sentry line, and the sentinels were told to let men running back two and two pass in without a challenge. They were to fire on any large body and challenge men approaching singly. During the night deserters from the enemy caused some alarms. Once the whole of the British second brigade was on its feet for a few minutes. One of the deserters who arrived was an Emir with a few of his followers.

Shortly before midnight some of Colonel Wingate's spies got back from the Mahdist lines and brought the news that the Khalifa would attack before dawn, if not earlier in the night. It is certain, however, that, whatever may have been his intentions, he sent nothing more than a few

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scouts towards the Anglo-Egyptian camp during the hours of darkness. One reason for his inactivity was the false impression conveyed to him of the Sirdar's plans by some friendlies from the neighborhood of Agaiga, whom Wingate had sent out in the evening with orders to prowl round the Dervish camp and spread the report that the Sirdar was going to repeat the tactics of Ferkeh and the Atbara, marching in the darkness and attacking in the gray of the morning. Thus the Khalifa was induced to wait during the night for the expected attack. It was only when he found that the invaders were still camped on the river-bank at dawn that he moved forward.

So there was a quiet night, disturbed only by some local false alarms — a shot or two fired by sentries at what they took to be moving foes in their front, and one volley from a picket just after a party of friendly scouts had rushed in, giving the impression that the Dervishes were coming. Curiously enough, though Dervish scouts were undoubtedly prowling in the front of the camp, the moving searchlights never actually showed any of them.

A little after half-past three (when it was still dark, and with nearly two hours to wait for the sunrise) the bugles of the British divisions and drum and bugle in the Egyptian camp sounded the reveille, and the men rose and stood where

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they had slept, in battle array. Breakfasts were hastily got ready and disposed of. Pack animals were loaded up ready to move off when the order was given to march, for at that moment the general idea was that the enemy would still give battle on the hilly ground between the camp and Omdurman, and that the Anglo-Egyptian army would have to advance and attack him. As soon as the dawn began to whiten the sky away across the Nile the cavalry trotted out and made for the hills, to see what the Dervishes were doing. The gunboats had steam up, and were cleared for action, ready at the word to slip from their moorings and cover the flank of the army as it marched on Omdurman.

By five o'clock the whole force was ready to march, but before breaking up the line and moving to the attack of the Dervishes the Sirdar waited for news from his cavalry scouts. As they pushed into the hills a number of Dervish horsemen retired before them without showing any fight. Major Baring's squadron of the Egyptian cavalry had ridden over the low ridge that forms the shoulder of Jebel Surgham. Here he came in sight of the Khalifa's camp and saw at once signs that showed him the enemy would soon be on the move. He sent in his report, and then the headquarters staff suspended all further preparations for the march, and the

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word was passed that the enemy would soon come on to the attack of the camp. It was a piece of good fortune for the Anglo-Egyptian army. They would be able to meet the Dervish host with every chance in their favor — an open field of fire extending for nearly three thousand yards to their front, over which no troops in the world could successfully advance in the face of modern weapons and civilized discipline, and with their flanks resting on the river and protected by the quick-firing guns of the flotilla. The Khalifa was throwing away every chance by attacking the British troops while they were still in their camp. Even if he had waited till they were on the move, he might have met them in the broken ground between Kerreri and Omdurman on less hopelessly disadvantageous terms.

At a quarter past six it was seen that the cavalry were retiring. A last message had come in from Jebel Surgham. "An enormous force of the enemy is advancing to the attack," it said, "drumming and shouting as they come." How steadily the mounted troops retired, trotting back towards the camp with evenly dressed lines as if they were riding in from an early morning drill in the desert! Over the ridges behind them there came a long, white line. It was the front of the first great column of Dervish infantry.

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The men wore the white jibba, ornamented with divers colored patches — the Dervish uniform. Over their heads fluttered the brightly colored pennons of their emirs. Even before they came in sight many in the camp had heard, like the noise of the sea, the confused roar made by hundreds of war-drums and the mingled shouts of thousands of fanatic warriors, marching, as they fondly dreamed, to victory, under the eye of the Khalifa himself, for soon his black banner showed in the midst of the advancing tide of armed men.

Here and there the foremost Dervishes fired a few shots at the retiring cavalry. The Lancers rode into the left of the camp and formed up between the British division and the river; the Egyptian squadrons, moving rapidly across the front of the camp, rejoined the main body of Broadwood's cavalry away to the north of the battle line.

The gunboats had steamed up the river and had joined Major Elmslie's battery in the renewed bombardment of Omdurman. Now that the enemy's army was in sight, they were recalled to assist in repelling his attack. The cavalry reports showed that the Khalifa's first line was formed of five great masses of rifle and spear-men. From left to right it was between two and three miles long. In the rear of it there

was a second line, of much less strength, escorting a mass of camels and donkeys laden with supplies. Cavalry were riding on the flanks, and here and there in the intervals of the great moving mass of infantry, but the Dervishes had only brought out with them three Krupp guns and one of the old Nordenfeldts. These were in their right center.

Topping the ridges in front, the great moving multitude of Dervish warriors poured out upon the sandy plain in front of the Sirdar's line. Some of the leading Mahdists were firing as they marched, but the range — nearly two miles — was far beyond the farthest limit of what the Remington rifle could do, even with better ammunition than the cartridges made in Omdurman arsenal. Shouting and drumming, the main mass moved on without firing a shot. Their right climbed over the Jebel Surgham height, and from that point to the Kerreri Hills the whole plain was filling with horse and foot, rifles, and spears, and waving banners, while the drum and war-horn raised a deafening din.

A staff officer spurred away from the Sirdar's side to the British left, where Major Williams's gunners of the Royal Artillery were waiting ready beside their long fifteen-pounders. He brought the order to open fire. Precisely at 6.40 the first gun aimed at the Dervish right and

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loaded with shrapnel boomed out, and the shell burst fairly in the air, just in front of the enemy's line, rolling over a good score of the foremost in the attack. Then the other guns and the Egyptian batteries joined in, and all along the Dervish front the bursting shells tore gaps in their ranks, gaps that were filled as soon as they were made.

Through the field-glass those who watched the bursting shells saw that many even of the wounded Dervishes sprang up and regained their place in the front. A few minutes more, and another galloper carried the order to the Grenadier Guards to open fire with volleys from their long-ranging Lee-Metfords at twenty-seven hundred yards, the extreme distance for which the rifle is sighted. The Guardsmen standing close to the zareba hedge opened fire with volleys by sections, and the other regiments of Gatacre's division carried on the firing away to the left. In the huge moving mass in front of them they had a target against which even at such a distance the volleys could hardly fail to be effective. In the center and on the right the Soudanese and Egyptian battalions were still silently watching the enemy's advance, lying down in their shelter trenches, for the range was far too great for their Martinis.

Under the rain of bursting shells and Maxim

and Lee-Metford bullets the Dervishes were still coming steadily on. The quick-firing guns of the flotilla had now been brought to bear on them, but there was no check in their advance; and now Maxwell's, Lewis's, and MacDonald's brigades added some thousands of rifles to the storm of fire that was pouring from all the curving front of the camp. The Dervishes were replying, and the front of their advance was white with drifting smoke. They had got their Krupp guns into action on the shoulder of Jebel Surgham, but the shells burst some hundred of yards short, well out in front of the British division, giving at first the impression that some of the gunboats on the river were making bad practice. At this stage of the attack the losses of the Dervishes must have been enormous. They were falling literally by hundreds; but still they came on, their front line torn by bullet and shell, being within eight hundred yards of the camp. "I am sorry for those brave men!" exclaimed Count Calderari, the Italian attaché, as sitting on his horse beside the Sirdar he watched the Khalifa's spearmen thus recklessly rushing to destruction.

The left attack, directed by the Khalifa's son Osman, known as the Sheikh-ed-Din, or "Chief of the Faith," poured over the slopes of the Kereri Hills, its objective being the right of the Sirdar's line. But it came in contact with the

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mass of the mounted troops, which, to avoid being crushed by the mere weight of superior numbers, were retiring northward along the Nile bank. At first Broadwood moved his squadrons slowly, bringing Major Young's horse battery into action against the Dervishes and harassing them with the carbine fire of his dismounted troopers. His object was thus to cover the retirement of Tudway's camel corps. But his small force was so hard pressed by the thousands of Dervishes who pressed forward, firing heavily as they came, that he had at last to leave the camel corps, who sought the protection of the gunboats on the river-bank.

Screened by the spur of the hills that runs towards the river near Kerreri from any fire from the camp, the Dervish column had pushed in between the mounted troops and the Sirdar's army. They poured such a heavy rifle fire into the battery that numbers of the horses were killed or maimed, and it was impossible to fully horse more than four of the guns. The other two were temporarily abandoned, the gunners carrying off with them the breech blocks and other gear, so that the pieces were useless to the enemy. Caught between the river and the overwhelming mass of Dervishes, separated from the camp on the one hand and the cavalry on the other, the camel corps were for the moment

in dire straits. About sixty of them had already fallen, killed or badly wounded, when rescue arrived, the *Melik* and two other gunboats steaming up to close quarters and sending a shower of bursting shells from their quick-firers and a hail of bullets from their Maxims into the Mahdist ranks. Osman withdrew his force from the neighborhood of the river, leaving great heaps of dead to mark the spot where he had been caught by the gunboats. The camel corps, marching along the Nile bank under the protection of the flotilla, rode into the north end of the camp and formed up behind the right flank of MacDonald's brigade.

While this was happening, Colonel Broadwood, with the cavalry and the four guns of the horse battery, had got safely away to the northward, fighting all the while with a mass of Dervishes, part of Osman's force. The guns were more than once brought into action; the cavalry acted sometimes with carbine fire dismounted, sometimes charged the overdaring Dervish horse that ventured to press them too closely. Soon the pressure on his force diminished as the main body of the pursuers fell back. Then he turned, and marching along the Nile, worked his way back towards the main battlefield. His troopers had behaved splendidly. They had followed their officers as readily as if they had been en-

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gaged in a field day, instead of in a fight on difficult ground, with an overwhelming force of desperately daring enemies. There were many individual deeds of heroism performed by the Egyptian troopers in helping officers and men who had been wounded, or whose horses had been killed. Broadwood's fight had a useful result on the general fortunes of the day, for at a critical moment it had diverted at least ten thousand of the Khalifa's best troops from the attack on the camp.

Let us now turn to what was being done on the main battlefield. When the Dervish right and center attacks had advanced to about eight hundred yards, their fire began to take effect here and there in the ranks of the Sirdar's army, the mass of riflemen on Jebel Surgham, who fired over the heads of the advancing spearmen and cavalry, doing the most damage. The first man hit was Corporal Mackenzie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, wounded in the leg by a ricocheting bullet. He had the wound dressed, and promptly returned to his place in the firing line. The next casualty was in the Lincolns, a soldier being shot dead as he fired his rifle. The zareba hedge in front of the British part of the line was never of any real use during the battle, for the Dervishes never got near enough for it to serve as an obstacle. It is essentially a defence for a

bivouac at night, and on this occasion it would have been better if it had been pulled away in the early morning. It was so high that the men had often to stand to fire over it, thus making the aim less steady and exposing the soldiers more completely, for a zareba does not stop bullets. The Soudanese and Egyptian regiments were much better off in their shelter trenches. Shallow as they were, they afforded good cover to a kneeling line and very complete protection to men lying down, and both positions mean a steadier aim for the firing line.

For five or ten minutes the Dervish fire was heavy. There are said to have been at least ten thousand riflemen engaged in this first onslaught upon the camp, and the marvel is that they did so little damage. For the Dervish cavalry and spearmen there was no hope but in getting to close quarters with the defenders of the camp, and they pressed on recklessly, wave upon wave, mostly to fall as they came up to the deadly five hundred yards' range, or to limp back disabled by Metford or Martini bullet. But the riflemen found some little shelter here and there behind the undulations of the desert ground, and lying down they kept up a sharp fire in comparative security. Some of them established themselves within four hundred yards of the British zareba hedge, and at that

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range their Remingtons were effective enough. There were some fifty or sixty casualties in the British portion of the line alone.

But these were hardly noticed, for the attention of all in the camp was riveted on the terrible spectacle of the Dervishes marching bravely on through the storm of fire that blazed and roared from the long front of the camp. The guns on the left and the Maxims had been run out till they formed almost a right angle with the south side of the zareba, so as to get them to bear better on the enemy's attack. For half an hour through the hail of bullet and shell the Dervishes came on. Led by their mounted Emirs, they moved forward till they fell, and then others appeared, coming on to take their places in the front.

It was noticed that many even of their riflemen were so intent on pressing forward that they never stopped to fire, but bounded onwards among the spearmen, brandishing their Remingtons over their heads. Few got as far as four hundred yards from the British front. The man who fell nearest the line of the British division was a splendidly built young Arab, who rushed forward with his broad-bladed spear at the charge till a bullet brought him down just two hundred yards from the zareba. In front of Maxwell's brigade an old white-bearded man,

bearing a flag and accompanied by five spearmen, dashed out from the rest of the Dervishes. One by one his comrades fell, but he seemed to have a charmed life, till about two hundred and fifty yards from the Fourteenth Soudanese he dropped, still grasping his banner. The Khali-fa's black standard, a flag about six feet square, flying from a long bamboo lance ornamented with silver, was in the front of the array that bore down upon Maxwell's brigade. Naturally the black standard attracted a heavy fire, and through the field-glasses man after man was seen to fall while carrying it. But it was hardly down when it was flying again in the hands of another warrior. The Dervishes seemed to consider it an honor thus to court death under their chieftain's standard. At one time it was in the hands of a gigantic negro. He stood like a statue, holding and partly leaning against the long bamboo shaft which he had fixed in the sand. Five minutes passed, and still he stood unwounded; after nearly five minutes more he fell, and another hand at once grasped the fatal banner and held it up as proudly as before.

So heavy was the fire from the British front that the rifles rapidly became too hot to hold. They were carried by the leather slings back to the companies waiting in reserve behind the firing line, who handed their still cool weapons

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to their comrades standing at the hedge. Occasionally the reserve men were themselves called up to fire, while the men who had already been in action rested and refilled their cartridge pouches. By half-past seven the fury of the Dervish onset began to visibly diminish. Thousands of their bravest had fallen. They were beginning to realize that it was impossible to get beyond the limit of between five and six hundred yards from the Anglo-Egyptian front. There for full a mile along the desert lay the dead and dying, piled up in heaps or stretched in ghastly rows, like the line of wreckage and *débris* that marks the limit of the tides on a beach after a storm. Few had passed that deadly boundary, and all of even these few had fallen here and there on the level space beyond.

A last effort was made in the center against the Egyptian front, even after the Mahdists had given up the attack on the British and were falling back along the death-strewn slopes of Jebel Surgham. This attack, too, gradually flickered and went out in a patter of musketry from the Jehadia, who had found cover here and there along the front. Towards eight o'clock the rifle fire from the Sirdar's line had all but ceased. The guns were still booming as the batteries and the gun-boats shelled the hills over which the Dervishes were withdrawing, or shot to dislodge

the enemy's riflemen from the hollows, whence they still kept up a dropping fire. There was a sense of elation at the idea that the great battle was won and the way to Omdurman open. But there was still a lot of hard fighting before the Sirdar's army. The repulse of the Dervish onslaught proved to be only the first phase in the struggle, and many a brave life on both sides was yet to be sacrificed as part of the price of victory.

By half-past eight it looked as if the battle were over. The enemy had drawn back over the slopes of the Kerreri Hills on one side and of Jebel Surgham on the other. All that was to be seen of the Dervish army was the wreckage of the attack, the thousands of dead and wounded strewing the desert, their jibbas whitening the ground over a space two miles long and at least half a mile wide. The British and Egyptian wounded were transferred from the field hospital to the awning-covered barges on the river. Cartridge pouches and the limber boxes of the artillery were refilled from the reserve ammunition, and the order was given to prepare the march. The Sirdar had determined to push on at once for Omdurman, about five miles distant, so as to reach it before the defeated Dervishes could rally for its defence.

Passing round to the southeast of the hill, the

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Lancers saw a number of scattered Dervishes retiring landward. Some of these halted to take a parting shot at them, but no one was hit by this random firing. About half a mile south of the ridge, the scouts who were out in front galloped back and reported that some of the enemy, about two hundred, were hiding in a hollow that ran down to the river. Beyond the hollow could be seen some thirty Dervish horsemen. The impression conveyed by this report, and by what could be seen from the ground the regiment occupied, was that a small party of the enemy who had taken part in the attack on the camp and were demoralized by the failure were waiting for a chance to escape.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, who saw the battle from the upper deck of the gunboat *Melik*, says that the Dervishes at this point had not as yet taken any share in the fight. "Since the beginning of the battle," he writes, "I had noticed about fifteen hundred Dervish rifle and swordsmen lying *perdu* in a depression of the ground, who had not as yet been in action." The Emir Mahmoud, when he heard the story of the Lancers charge in his prison at Halfa, said it was an old stratagem of Soudanese warfare to thus hide away a body of men in a khor and lure an enemy to the attack by showing a few

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more on its edges or beyond it. In this instance, however, it is very likely that the Lancers would have charged even if they had known from the first the numbers and position of the Dervish detachment. They had ridden out looking for something to charge, and they took the first opportunity that offered.

Colonel Martin decided to get between the enemy and their line of retreat landwards, so the Lancers moved to the westward of the hollow and formed up in line.

Though the charge had little of "the pomp and circumstance of war," it was an exploit which, so far as the hard fighting went, any cavalry in the world might be proud of. There is no need to discuss here the question whether there was any real reason for the exploit to be performed, looking at the matter from the standpoint of the military critic. Probably the enemy could have been turned out of their sheltering hollow at the cost of a few shells from the artillery or the gunboats, and the one British cavalry regiment on the ground kept intact for the pursuit. But such reasonings after the event, even if they are well founded, imply no discredit to the soldier in the field, who, with only a moment in which to decide, takes the bolder course. And the cavalry leader is, above all others, apt,

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when he sees his enemy before him, to reason like the poet's hero —

“There may be rules. For me, I know but one,
To dash upon my enemy and win.”

So the trumpets sounded the welcome notes that sent the Lancers forward to their first charge. As they neared the hollow a sputter of rifle-fire began from its edge. A few troopers dropped, one or two horses fell. Three hundred yards from the enemy the men could see that the scouts had made a mistake, and that there was no mere handful of beaten Dervishes in their front, but a dense crowd of rifle and spearmen, full of fight, packed together in the shelter of the rocky khor. But even if there was any thought of a counter-order it was now too late to stop the charge, and Colonel Martin, riding the foremost, with his sword in its sheath, ready to use the impetus and weight of his charger as his best weapon, rode straight for the center of the enemy, where the broad Soudan spears bristled most thickly.

A minute more and the Lancers were into the mass of the Dervish infantry, dashing through a storm of bullets and leaping down a three-foot drop into the hollow. And though the enemy stood in places twenty deep, in one minute more these gallant horsemen were through them.

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Three hundred and twenty troopers had ridden over and through at least fifteen hundred foes. But into those brief moments there were crowded hundreds of deeds of reckless daring and devoted heroism.

The two center squadrons, striking the Dervish line where the crowd was thickest, suffered the most severely. Several of the horses struck by the bullets had held on till the check came as they struck the Dervish line. Then they fell, and it fared badly with their riders. Other horses were brought down by spear thrusts and hamstringing cuts with sword and knife; for the enemy showed no fear of the cavalry, and stood up pluckily to the charge.

Lieutenant Molyneux, of the Blues, one of the officers attached to the Lancers, lost his mount just before reaching the hollow, the horse dropping dead, pierced by a bullet. The lieutenant ran on into the *mêlée* on foot, revolver in hand. Two Dervishes attacked him. He shot one, but as he did so the other brought down his long sword on the officer's right arm, gashing it badly and making him drop his pistol. He thus found himself unarmed in the midst of the enemy. He turned and ran, pursued by the swordsman, and luckily got up the farther slope just as the Lancers rallied and faced the Dervishes again, after riding through them. A cor-

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poral came out from the ranks, gave Molyneux his stirrup leather, and brought him safely in.

Surgeon-Major Pinches, whose horse had been shot under him, was saved by Sergeant-Major Brennan, who, after cutting down several of his assailants, got the Major behind him on his horse and rode out of the press. Lieutenant Robert Grenfell, who was leading one of the troops in the center, was thrown by his wounded horse, but made a desperate fight on foot. He fired every shot in his revolver, and when last seen alive was facing several spearmen, sword in hand.

Several lances broke in the charge, and some of the swords failed at a critical moment. Lieutenant Wormald's sword bent as he struck at an emir with whom he was engaged in single fight; but he stunned him with a blow of the crooked blade. Captain Fair's sword snapped on the linked coat of mail of another of the enemy's leaders, and he dashed the hilt into the face of the Dervish. Altogether, in less than two minutes, twenty-two of the Lancers were killed and more than fifty severely wounded. Of the horses, one hundred and nineteen were killed, many of them just struggling out of the hollow and falling dead as the regiment rallied close to the enemy.

It was during this rally that some of the brav-

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est deeds were done, individual officers riding back to bring off wounded or dismounted comrades. Major Wyndham had lost his horse, and was trying to mount behind Lieutenant Smith, who had turned back to help him. He had failed in two attempts, when he was lifted up by Captain Kenna, who came riding back, accompanied by Lieutenant de Montmorency and Corporal Swarbrick, all bent on saving young Grenfell if he still lived, and, if not, carrying off his body. Grenfell was lying on the nearer slope of the hollow, and a number of Dervishes were hacking at him with their swords. Kenna and his comrades drove them off with their pistols, and while the corporal held two of the horses, the two officers tried to lift Grenfell's body on to the third. The lieutenant was quite dead, bleeding from more than a dozen wounds. As they placed the body across the saddle the horse shied and bolted, throwing it to the ground. The three would-be rescuers had then to retire, keeping off the pursuing Dervishes with their revolvers.

Hardly a man or horse in the four squadrons had escaped without some injury, uniforms and saddlery were cut and torn, and in every troop horses and men were bleeding from wounds, mostly slight, but in many cases serious, for the brave fellows were trying to keep their places

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in the ranks, and afraid only of being ordered to fall out. Sergeant Veysey, with the blood running down his face, called to his troop to reform for another charge. Another of the wounded Lancers, Trooper Byrne, who had received a sword cut and a bullet, on being told to fall out and go to the surgeon, replied, "Oh, sir, do let me stay and have another go at them!" Lieutenant Brinton, of the Life Guards, with his left shoulder cut open, took his place at the head of his troop as if he were unwounded.

Officers and men were eager to charge back through the enemy, but Colonel Martin wisely decided that enough had been done. Another charge would have meant the destruction of the regiment. He dismounted a number of troopers and opened fire with carbines on the Dervishes, who, after firing a few shots in reply, tried to retreat towards the hills from the hollow which no longer protected them. As they did so they were forced to cross the front of the British division. The guns of the Thirty-second Battery unlimbered and poured shrapnel into them. The infantry gave them volley after volley, and only a small number of them reached the shelter of the hills.

Sixty dead Dervishes were found in the hollow, so that, even supposing a number of wounded men got away from it when they re-

tired, their loss in the charge was comparatively slight. Several hundred were killed as they crossed the plain. Lieutenant Grenfell's body was recovered as soon as the enemy began to retreat. It was gashed and stabbed in many places, and one spear thrust had smashed his watch, which had stopped at 9.40. His brother was acting as staff officer to General Lyttelton, and heard of his death a few minutes after. When the battle ended he buried the body under a tree, not far from the deadly hollow. He dug the grave himself, assisted by four of his comrades.

And here, before going on to the closing episode of the battle, I may note an incident connected with the Lancers' charge as related by Mr. Villiers:

"On steaming past the extreme left flank of the Kerreri position," he says, "we halted for a moment to take on board another wounded trooper, and here I saw a pathetic sight. Some troopers of the Twenty-first Lancers, who had remained behind to bury their heroic comrades who had fallen in that famous dare-devil charge, had come down to the shore for water, leading two badly wounded chargers. One was that of poor Lieutenant Grenfell, which had stumbled and thrown his rider. The poor brute was fearfully slashed about his withers and flanks,

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which were masses of raw flesh. The other charger was also badly hurt. They were both able, however, to take a long drink from the river, when they were taken up the bank and shot. The action of the trooper — who evidently owned the horse — was very pathetic. He stood with his revolver cocked for several moments, evidently reluctant to raise it to his charger's head, the poor beast the while sniffing at his hand and rubbing his nose against his sleeve. I could see that the man was trembling with emotion. Twice did he raise the revolver before he could summon up nerve to pull the fatal trigger. After it was over the poor fellow looked intently at the inanimate body for a moment to see that he had not swerved in his aim, and then hurried away."

While the Lancers were desperately charging the Dervishes on the other side of the Jebel Surgham ridge, the infantry brigades, British and Egyptian, were moving out from the ground they had held so well, to take up the échelon formation for the advance into Omdurman. The leading British brigade had marched at half-past nine, and was just topping the sandy ridge between Surgham and the river, its four battalions marching abreast in column. The Sirdar and his staff were riding close to it on the ridge, being anxious to see as soon as might be

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what was out in front. The other brigades were moving into the positions assigned to them for the advance. Several of the regiments were marching on ground that had been swept by our fire, and frequently wounded fanatics would spring up and fire on the men or try to close with them. They were bayoneted or shot; but, apart from this desultory shooting, all fire had ceased for some time. Most of the British and Egyptians felt fairly certain that the battle was over, and that if the Dervishes were encountered again it would be farther south, on the march between the Surgham ridge and the suburbs of Omdurman.

But, screened by the hills that looked down on the battlefield, the Khalifa was gathering his army for a last great effort. It was well planned, and against less thoroughly trained troops than those who met it this onset might have ended in a victory for Mahdism. The warriors engaged in this second attack had for the most part taken no share, or only a slight one, in the earlier advance. The Dervishes were massed in two huge columns, which were to make a converging attack on the Egyptian right and right rear.

MacDonald's brigade was marching out to take up its position nearest the hills and furthest to the rear in the great échelon. It was for-

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fortunate that he was strong in artillery, for on his isolated brigade the storm of the Dervish attack burst in its full fury.

He had the briefest warning from the cavalry of what was coming. Then, as he formed up his brigade in line facing westward, Yakub's column poured down upon him, wave upon wave, from the hills. MacDonald was deploying into line — the Eleventh Soudanese on his left, the Second Egyptians in his center, the Tenth Soudanese on the right, with the Ninth behind them in support. The Ninth rushed up to prolong the line, the Maxims were placed on the flanks of the brigade, and the batteries unlimbered and came into action in intervals left for the purpose between the battalions. Thus the Dervish onset was met by a hail of bullets and shells from eighteen guns and three thousand rifles, the Soudanese firing independently, the Egyptians in steady volleys. The nearest infantry brigade, Lewis's, was nearly a mile away. For a brief, anxious ten minutes MacDonald had all the battle to himself. Hunter, always keen to be at the post of danger, had galloped up to the threatened brigade as soon as he saw the Dervish charge coming, but, like a good commander, he did not interfere with his trusted subordinate, leaving to MacDonald the immediate control of the fight, and contenting him-

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self with sending off gallopers at the full speed of their horses to ask the Sirdar for support.

Yakub's warriors, horse and foot mingled together, came on as bravely as ever men charged to death on a battlefield. Again the great tide of jibba-clad Dervishes poured into the plain, firing, shouting, brandishing their spears, and beating their war-drums. There was a momentary check as the foremost ranks went down under the Egyptian fire, and then the second Dervish column appeared, charging from the Kerreri Hills on MacDonald's right, led by Osman and Wad Helu. There is nothing more difficult even for the best-trained troops than to change front while actually engaged and under a heavy fire. The soldier's attention has become riveted on the enemy in his original front; he feels the danger is there; and yet he finds himself suddenly told to cease fire, no longer to oppose a threatening advance, and to execute a necessarily complex parade movement, during the course of which he feels he is doing nothing to defend himself. Unless drill and discipline have become a second nature, and the men have absolute confidence in their officers and the officers in the men, the attempt begins in confusion and ends in disaster. But MacDonald knew he could trust his brigade even to the extent of this supreme test. He changed his order

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of battle, swinging back his right so that the Ninth and Tenth Soudanese and one of the batteries now faced northwards, and poured their fire into Osman and Wad Helu's attack. The brigade thus formed a flattened wedge or two sides of a square, three thousand resolute men facing the headlong rush of twenty thousand fanatics. It was a more terrible test than that which the British square faced at Abu Klea; for here, if the Dervishes once got round either flank of the line, it meant death for every man who stood in the ranks.

On the right front Osman's charge had got up to four hundred yards from the Soudanese, and a crowd of riflemen sheltered in a narrow khor were pouring a deadly fire into the brigade. Some of the Dervishes pressed on closer still — so close that they even succeeded in hurling their spears into the line. Several men were wounded in this way.

MacDonald had broken the force of the Dervish onset. But now he was no longer unaided. Help was at hand, and not a moment too soon, for some of his men had only six cartridges left in their pouches, some only three. The Dervishes were giving way. But all who saw the splendid fight agree that MacDonald's brigade had stopped the dangerous rush before even the first of the supports could come into action.

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The Dervishes were retreating — some of them were even running, a sight rarely seen on a Soudan battlefield. A last desperate effort was made by the Dervish cavalry to save the day, but men and horses were swept down like grass before the scythe as they came under the fire of the right, now strengthened by two British battalions. The Fifteenth Egyptians did not secure the flag till every man of Yakub's body-guard and the Emir himself had fallen beside it.

During this last struggle the Sirdar had ridden up with his staff. An orderly took and held aloft the black flag which Hickman had presented to the Sirdar. Instantly a shell from one of the gunboats went hurtling close overhead. Slatin was the first to see what it meant. "Down with that flag," he said, and the banner was lowered and furled. The gunboat had not yet realized that it was in the hands of the Egyptians.

The long line was now on the edge of the hills, facing westward toward the desert, where the Emirs were striving to rally the wreck of their army. The Sirdar ordered a general advance, and on the victorious army went, pouring long-range volleys into the flying foe, while the Egyptian cavalry charged them on the right, and the guns from time to time unlimbered and sent a shower of shells into any formed body of Der-

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vishes that still held together. By quarter past eleven it was clear that no further resistance was possible. The line halted; the battle was won. It only remained to secure the fruits of victory.

Once more the order was given to form up facing south for the march into Omdurman.

As the Sirdar's army pressed on towards the northern suburbs of the Mahdist capital, some thousands of the defeated Dervishes could be seen moving by the desert towards the city. They were no longer marching in any military array, but plodding along in little detached groups, with here and there a mounted man walking his tired horse. Clearly there would be no more show of opposition in the open, nor was any serious resistance anticipated in the streets and behind the walls of Omdurman.

As the gunboats came up close to the bank near the north end of the town a crowd of the townspeople, chiefly women, came down to the river's edge, holding up a white flag, and presenting peace-offerings of goats, chickens, cakes and fruit. It was with some difficulty that they were persuaded that there was no need of bringing even such poor ransom to the conquerors of the city. On the land side, too, crowds came out with white flags to meet the advancing battalions, and while they welcomed the Sirdar, it



A CORNER OF THE BATTLEFIELD. THE STANDARD-BEARER'S
DEATH GRIP

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was evident that there had been a lurking fear that the city would be sacked after the battle, in the old savage fashion of Arab warfare.

As the Soudanese battalions entered the suburbs there was an unpleasant change from this friendly reception. Desperate groups of Dervishes were holding out here and there among the houses, making a flat parapeted roof their post of vantage, or firing from windows and half-open doors. There were also ghastly signs of what the Baggara horsemen had done as they galloped away through the suburbs from the battlefield. Corpses lay in the deserted street, for the most part women and young girls, slaves of those barbarous masters whom they had speared or cut down as they caught them escaping from the houses. The Soudanese cleared the suburb with bullet and bayonet, the gunboats occasionally giving effective help by bringing their Maxims to bear on a housetop, sweeping it with a jet of hot lead as a fireman sweeps a roof with a stream of water. While this desultory fighting was still going on, and the bullets were flying in the mud-walled streets, the Sirdar rode in at the head of his staff.

The Soudanese had got round the northeast angle of the central walled enclosure of the city by wading through the water of the Nile, where it ran close to the foot of the fortifications.

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They entered by the breaches which the shells had made in the wall on the river front, and once inside, met with no organized resistance, though there was some desultory skirmishing. The Sirdar and his staff, with their escort, had ridden down the broad street that runs from the center of Omdurman through the northern suburbs. Crowds of the townsfolk waited to welcome him, some sincerely glad of the downfall of the Khalifa, others eager to make their peace with the victor. As he approached the Mahdi's tomb and the central enclosure there were fewer of these more or less sincere congratulations, and then came the experience of being occasionally fired at from roofs and walls.

Guided by Slatin, the Sirdar entered the inner walled city by one of the large openings on the land side, and reached the neighborhood of the Khalifa's half-ruined palace, while the Soudanese were still clearing it of the last desperate remnant of Abdullahi's bodyguard. The Khalifa himself had ridden away only a few minutes before, accompanied by a few of his chiefs, some of his wives, and a small escort. For some time it was supposed that he was still in the palace.

It was at this point that a most unfortunate incident occurred. The Hon. Hubert Howard, a son of the Earl of Carlisle, had accompanied

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the expedition as war correspondent of the *Times* and the *New York Herald*. He had already seen some service in South Africa, and had there displayed the same venturesome disposition that led him, during the battle of Omdurman, to ride with the Twenty-first Lancers in their desperate charge. Out of that danger he had come scathless. But now, when the fighting was all but over, he was to meet his death by the fire of his own friends. He had ridden with the staff close up to the enclosure of the Khalifa's palace, near the Mahdi's tomb. It was just sunset, and the light was rapidly decreasing, but Howard, nevertheless, told a comrade who was with him that he would push on into the courtyard in the hope of taking some snapshot photographs with a hand camera which he carried. He went in, but he had hardly done so when a shell, fired by one of the British batteries, exploded in the enclosure and killed him on the spot. The battery commander had received orders to drop a shell from time to time into the neighborhood of the Madhi's tomb in order to break up any rally of the Dervishes there. But he had not been informed of the rapid progress of Maxwell's men and the Sirdar and his staff, who had reached the tomb much sooner than was anticipated. Young Howard's death was the result. The death roll of war correspondents in the

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Soudan is a longer one than for any other country, and on this day they lost, in proportion to their small numbers, more heavily than the combatant officers or the rank and file.

All resistance being now at an end, and it having been definitely ascertained that the Khalifa had escaped from the city, the Sirdar and his officers paid a brief visit to the Mahdi's tomb. The evening light coming in through the great rent in the dome showed how the interior had been wrecked by the bursting Lyddite shell. The tomb itself, and the gilded railings round it, were badly damaged; of the lamps that hung from the roof only one remained, and the doors, with their carved panels, had been blown open and shattered.

Leaving Maxwell's brigade to hold the town and keep order, the Sirdar directed the rest of the troops to withdraw from the suburbs and bivouac for the night in the open. Omdurman was a pestilential place. Slatin, in his description of it, had in no way exaggerated the filth and horror of its mud-walled streets.

From the mosque the Sirdar made his way to the prison. There he found, in chains, Charles Neufeld, the German trader who had ventured into the Soudan in 1887, and had been a captive ever since, wearing his heavy chains for eleven years; so that when they were struck off he at

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first found it hard to balance himself without the weight of them. There was also an Italian and some Greeks, and more than a hundred Abyssinians taken prisoners in the battle where King Johannes was defeated and killed by the Dervishes. Other prisoners were Egyptians and Soudanese who had incurred the suspicion of the Khalifa. Among these was Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi, who had been staff officer to General Gordon during the siege of Khartoum. He had been a prisoner since the fall of the city, and had been cruelly tortured by order of the Mahdi in order to force him to confess where he had hidden his money during the siege. By a curious coincidence he was brought on board the *Melik* to have his chains struck off by the ship's armorer, and he was thus restored to freedom in the presence of Gordon's nephew, who commanded the gunboat.

In the darkness of the gathering night the Sirdar made his way to the bivouac. There, stretched on the gravel of the river-bank, beside Colonel Wingate, he dictated to the latter, by the light of an inch of candle, the short telegraphic despatch that was to tell England of the long-expected victory. It was taken down the Nile by a gunboat to be put upon the wire at Nasri.

In the great bivouac, guarded by only a few

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sentries, the victorious army slept in the moonlight the deep sleep of wearied men. It was far into the night before Omdurman was equally quiet. Now and then the rifle-shots rang out. There were scenes of riot as the townsfolk plundered the houses of fugitive emirs. A great granary, the wall of which had been breached by a shell, was looted by a crowd, who carried off the sacks of grain on their backs with no one to hinder them. Gradually Maxwell's Soudanese and some of the Jaalin friendlies restored order, and the wearied soldiers bivouacked for the night in the wider streets and the courtyards of mosque and palace.

There was no rest for the surgeons. They were busy all night long by shaded candle-lamps in the ambulances and the floating hospital barges. Far off in the moonlight Abdullahi was fleeing to the southward, gathering as he went a band of his more devoted adherents, who had survived the dangers of that last terrible day of militant Mahdism. Nor was there any rest for the Egyptian cavalry and camel corps, who were urging their tired horses and camels in pursuit, while on the river the gunboats, with their electric light ablaze, worked their way slowly against the swift, dark current of the Nile.

The counting of the Dervish dead as they lay on the field gave the terrible total of ten thou-

sand eight hundred and twenty-four. It was estimated that there were besides these about fifteen thousand wounded. This would mean that in about four hours' fighting every second man in the Dervish army of fifty thousand men was killed or wounded. There were thousands of prisoners; for, when once the battle was lost, all but the fanatic few were only too ready to make their peace with the victors. Seven thousand wounded were turned over to the care of the surgeons. Thousands of prisoners were set at liberty as soon as they had laid down their arms. Only the emirs and some of the more truculent of the Baggara were detained under guard. Among the captives were some of the Khalifa's wives. They were set free after a short interrogation by the Intelligence officers. Another prisoner was one of Slatin's former servants, who, for conniving at his escape, had been kept in chains for the last three years. On the eve of the battle his chains were struck off, and he was given a sword and buckler and forced to march with many more equally unwilling combatants. He survived the dangers of the day, and was delighted at being restored to his former master.

Slatin had returned to the camp near Omdurman the day after the battle and reported that the pursuit of the Khalifa had been a failure.

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The Egyptian cavalry were in no condition for a long pursuit. On the day of the battle they had been in the saddle from early dawn, and had repeatedly been hotly engaged with the enemy. After the repulse of the final attack they had fallen upon the retiring Dervishes, then wheeling round they had swept past the north of Omdurman, breaking up a large body of Mahdist cavalry, and collecting and sending in nearly a thousand prisoners. A little after six o'clock, when they were preparing to bivouac near the south end of Omdurman, Slatin Pasha arrived with orders to Colonel Broadwood to start at once in chase of the Khalifa.

There was no time to serve out rations or fresh forage. The men mounted and rode off, tired and hungry as they were. They were told that one of the steamers would tow up a barge full of supplies, and meet them in the morning at some point on the river-bank. Broadwood had about five hundred men and horses with him, So many of the other horses were injured, or utterly exhausted, that it was impossible to take them out. Only the wonderful endurance of the little Arab and Egyptian horses enabled even so many of them to take part in the pursuit. For about six miles they rode through the darkness, led by a Jaalin guide. Then it was found that they were in the midst of marshes, formed by

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the recent heavy rains and the overflow of the Nile; so there was a halt till the moon rose, the men resting, formed in a small square, for there were armed parties of the enemy prowling in the neighborhood.

Not far off the camel corps were also in bivouac. So far, notwithstanding the exhausted state of men and animals, there was a hope of overtaking the fugitive Khalifa. During the night a number of slaves and women had come in, whom he had abandoned in his flight, or who had given him the slip. They reported that he had with him about a hundred men of his own tribe, the Taaisha Baggaras. When the moon rose the pursuit was continued, and from time to time stragglers were overtaken who said they had been with the Khalifa. These, however, were now fewer and fewer, and it began to be clear that Abdullahi and his companions had got a good start and were making the most of it. Their horses and camels had not, like the mounts of Broadwood's and Tudway's men, had four days of continuous and exhausting work before this forced night march.

By sunrise thirty miles had been covered. The horses were nearly dead beat, and there was neither food for the men nor forage for their mounts. It was, under such conditions, hopeless to press on, so the tired men and horses

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turned towards the Nile. But the banks, covered by the flood, were for some time inaccessible. The men had to ride for some time along the edge of a wide belt of marshes and shallows, two miles wide, till at last, along a point of higher ground, they got down to the river and received some supplies from the flotilla. Then orders were reluctantly given to return to Khar-toum.

Major Stuart-Wortley got his little army of friendlies across the river during the morning, and they took up the pursuit of the Khalifa, but he had got such a start of them that from the first their chance of overtaking him was not very great. One of the steamers proceeded for some distance up the White Nile in the hope of perhaps coming up with the fugitives somewhere on its banks. But the most trustworthy reports that could be obtained from the stragglers and the riverside folk indicated that he had not followed the usual track of caravans near the Nile, but had struck off into the desert, where the rain had left large pools in the khors and hollows, so that a small party would find water in abundance for their camels and horses. But for the recent storms the fugitives would have been forced to follow the river-bank, and would have had much more difficulty in getting away.

The escape of the Khalifa was the one point

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in which the success of the Sirdar was incomplete. Abdullahi had taken with him his son Osman, the Sheikh ed Din, who had passed through the dangers of the battle without a wound. Ali Wad Helu, though severely wounded, had also got away, and Osman Digna had added one more to a long record of marvelous escapes. In the first stage of his flight the Khalifa had been so closely pressed by the pursuit that he had to abandon on the road some of the women of his household; but, if report speaks truly, he was joined later on by many fugitives from the battlefield, mostly warriors of his own tribe, the Taaisha Baggara, who had their doubts about the possibility of making terms with the conquerors, or who disdained to ask for pardon and peace. With this band of adherents he made his way across the desert into the wooded country of Kordofan. It was at first supposed that he would make for El Obeid, the chief city of that region, and the scene of the center of the earliest conquests of Mahdism, but he probably had too much reason to fear that the people of El Obeid might make their peace with the Egyptian Government by handing him over to one of the Sirdar's generals, so he kept to the open country, making for the home of his tribe, where the warlike Baggara had been a terror to all the neighboring tribes

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long before the victories and defeats of Mahdism made their name famous throughout the world.

The Sirdar had crossed the Nile on Saturday, and paid a brief visit to Khartoum, accompanied by his officers. The former capital of the Soudan had shrunk to a riverside village, surrounded by ruins. Near the Nile bank, among the bushes, stood one of the movable pumping-engines which Gordon had tried to introduce as an improvement on the centuries-old water-wheel system. His palace, where he spent those last anxious months of his heroic career, was a huge ruin. The roof and more lightly built upper story were gone, but the solidly built lower walls were standing, though the flooring, beams, and planks had been removed for the construction of newer buildings in Omdurman, so that all the rooms, even on the ground floor, were open to the sky. The staircase by which Gordon had come down to meet his murderers was also gone, but the natives were able to point out where it stood.

The only important building that was in good repair was the large house of the Catholic mission, to which Father Ohrwalder and his fellow prisoners had once belonged. The house and its courtyard had been turned into an arsenal and storehouse by the Khalifa, and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was

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found there, including seventeen guns of various calibres. But besides the military stores there was a miscellaneous collection of various articles of European manufacture, the loot of the various garrisons that had been captured in the Soudan and of Hicks Pasha's unfortunate army.

On the Sunday morning there was a striking scene in Khartoum. The Sirdar and his staff, with the officers commanding brigades and divisions, and as many of the British officers as could be spared from duty, were ferried across the Nile from Shambat to the ruined city. With them went guards of honor of several of the British regiments, of Gordon's own corps, the Royal Engineers, of the Royal Artillery, and of the Eleventh Soudanese. The band of the Soudanese and the pipers of the Camerons and Seaforths were also present. The troops were formed in a hollow square, just in front of the ruined palace, close to the spot where Gordon was killed. Two flagstaffs had been erected on the palace wall, and by each stood a couple of officers. At a signal from the Sirdar they hoisted at one staff the Union Jack, at the other the Khedive's flag — red with a white crescent — while the two gunboats on the river fired a salute, the bands playing the British National Anthem and the Khedive's March. Then followed a brief religious service in memory of the

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hero of the spot — Charles Gordon. There were some few among the officers who had shared in the unsuccessful attempt to come to his rescue thirteen years before. Three of the newspaper correspondents, who looked on and recorded this solemn scene, had been with the little band that fought its way across the Bayuda Desert, only to arrive too late. One of the four chaplains, the veteran Father Brindle, had marched across the Bayuda with the Royal Irish in that terrible campaign. Here at last they were all at Khartoum, too late, indeed, to save Gordon, but not too late to begin again carrying on that work of bringing justice and security to the people of the Soudan to which Gordon devoted so much of his best energies.

The chaplains in turn offered prayer, then the band played the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and the pipers a wailing Highland coronach, while the steamers on the river fired nineteen minute guns. At the close of the service the Sirdar called for cheers for the Queen and the Khedive. Then the ranks were broken, and before returning across the river to Omdurman half an hour was given to all, officers and men, to have an opportunity of visiting the famous spots associated with Gordon's last days.

When the news of the battle of Omdurman and the recapture of Khartoum reached Eng-

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land there was a disposition to speak of the victory as the avenging of Gordon. Such an idea was certainly out of accord with Gordon's own way of thinking, and one of his sisters publicly protested against it. The truer idea was that the British had not come for vengeance, but to destroy a hideous tyranny which had undone Gordon's life-work in the Soudan, and of which an end had to be made before Gordon's work could be resumed.

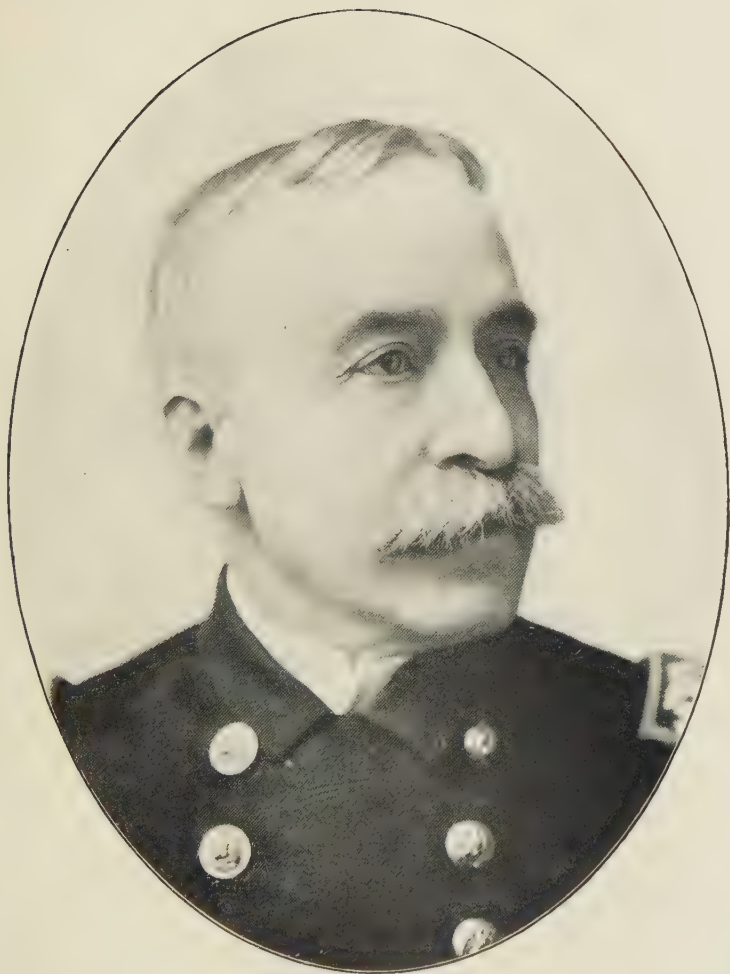
XIII

Admiral Dewey and the Battle of Manila

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

AS the Cuban war crisis became more and more ominous, Admiral Dewey, who commanded the United States squadron in the Pacific, was directed to assemble his ships at Hong Kong and prepare for eventualities. He put himself into close relation with the exiled rebel leaders, obtained from Manila very complete information as to the condition of the defences of the bay and the Spanish squadron; and when at last the cables brought him news that peace was at an end between Spain and the United States, he sailed for Manila to fight the first battle of the war.

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of the Manila fight, comes of an old New England family. He was born in Vermont in 1837, graduated at the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1854, and saw his first war service, under Farragut, at the forcing of the Mississippi mouth, and in the numerous gunboat actions and attacks on forts along



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U.S.N.

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the great river. In one of these river battles he had an experience something like that which was to befall his Spanish opponents at Manila. He was trying to run past the Confederate works at Port Hudson, on the Mississippi, when his ship, a large armed paddle-steamer, was riddled with shot and shell and ran aground. Dewey, with his officers and men, escaped after setting their ship on fire. After this he served in the hard fighting on the Atlantic coast. He was promoted to the rank of Commodore in 1884, and was appointed to the command of the United States Pacific squadron in January, 1898, at a time when it appeared that he might have to use it chiefly to protect American interests during a general scramble of the naval powers for ports and "spheres of influence" around the Yellow Sea. In March he began to concentrate his squadron at Hong Kong. It was lying in Mirs Bay ready for action when war was declared.

All the six United States fighting ships had a steel under-water deck to protect the engine space and vitals of the ship. Besides this armored deck, the *Olympia* had four to five-inch armor on her barbettes and conning-towers, and four-inch steel shields to protect her secondary armament. The *Baltimore* had no barbetstes, but had steel shields to her guns and an

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armored conning-tower. The *Raleigh* and *Concord* had also armored conning-towers.

On the other hand, in the Spanish fleet assembled at Manila, the only ships that had even the protection of a lightly armored under-water deck were two small cruisers.

All our guns were modern weapons from the Washington gun foundry, of longer range, higher striking power, and (thanks to their flat trajectory) far more accurate than the Spanish guns. These were of various types; there were Armstrongs, old muzzle-loading Pallisers, Krupps, and Hontoria guns; so that to provide a proper variety of ammunition, and keep it sorted out in the arsenal, must have been a troublesome business.

Again, while the American ships were all of recent date and in good repair, several of the Spanish vessels were old, with worn-out engines and boilers and leaky hulls. All this the American commodore knew, and, before he left Hong Kong, he must have felt quite certain that if he could bring the Spanish fleet to action, he could destroy it with very little risk to his own powerful cruisers.

By the terms of the British proclamation of neutrality, issued on Monday, April 25, United States war vessels were given forty-eight hours in which to leave British ports. The proclamation

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was brought to Dewey's notice by the governor of Hong Kong, and, accordingly, the squadron put to sea, on Wednesday the 27th. It would have gotten away two days earlier but for an accident to one of the *Raleigh's* pumps, which took that time to repair. The distance from Hong Kong to Manila is about seven hundred miles. But Dewey was handicapped by store-ships, and it was not till Saturday evening that he was off the entrance of Manila Bay.

When he left Hong Kong he had on board a number of refugees from the Philippines, who had arranged to land with arms and supplies and revive the smouldering insurrection. The leader of the party was Aguinaldo, who had so soon forgotten his pledges to the Spanish Government and the solid consideration he had received for them. The squadron on its way to Manila touched at Bolinao in Luzon, in order to land one of the rebel chiefs, Alejandrino, a lieutenant of Aguinaldo. A call was also made at Subic Bay to make sure that the Spanish fleet was not lying in wait there. Information was obtained that it had visited Subic a few days before, but had returned that very day to its anchorage near the arsenal of Cavite in Manila Bay.

The admiral in command on the Spanish side was Don Patricio Montojo y Pasaron. Born at

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Ferrol in 1839 he had entered the navy at the age of sixteen, but, apparently from want of influence in high quarters, his promotion was very slow. Notwithstanding a good deal of active service, mostly against rebels and pirates in the Philippines, it was not till 1893 that he hoisted his flag as captain. The *Times* correspondent at Manila describes him as "a spare man of small stature, with the air of an old Spanish grandee." He speaks English with a slight foreign accent, and after the battle he told the correspondent of the difficulties that had been put in his way by the negligence of the Madrid government, on which he threw all the responsibility for his failure.

"There were no proper vessels here," he said. "Ever since I assumed command I have been requisitioning the government for ships and torpedoes, and nothing came. I had no torpedoes whatever. I constructed some for myself, but we did not have proper material, and the torpedoes were very bad. My original intention was to go to Subic Bay (Subic being a military port sixty-five miles north of Manila) and to offer battle there to the American fleet. We went there on April 25 and returned to Cavite on the 30th, the day before the arrival of the American fleet. I would have remained if the port had been protected adequately with cannon

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and torpedoes, but, as the Subic fortifications offered no protection, I brought my ships back to Manila Bay. I went to Subic believing it to be protected, but, seeing it would have taken more than a month to make it even passably capable of defence, I had no remedy, the American squadron being on its way to the Philippines, but to abandon Subic and rely upon the shelter of Cavite. The Minister of Marine promised to send supplies, but they never came. I knew from the first that my squadron would be completely destroyed. I knew the Americans had men-of-war, whereas my ships were incapable of fighting with any chance of success. The Americans had at least one hundred and fifty guns, modern, and all of superior pattern. Ours were inferior in number and calibre."

No one doubts Admiral Montojo's personal courage and devoted sense of duty, but his very words offer sad proof of his incompetence for high command. It is curious that, although intrusted with the naval defence of the Philippines, he knew nothing of the state of affairs at Subic till he took his fleet there. His desperate resolve to fight a hopeless battle can only be explained by the effect of repeated disappointments and troubles in his dealings with his Government. It would have been better if he had taken his fleet out of the bay and kept it, or a portion

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of it, at sea, eluding pursuit in the labyrinth of reefs and islands formed by the northern Philipines. He would thus have been in a position to seriously embarrass Dewey in his operations against Manila. Or if this course was impossible (as some say) on account of leaky boilers and worn-out engines, he should have done as Admiral Korniloff did at Sebastopol — landed his crews with their guns and ammunition and sunk the ships. In this way he would have considerably strengthened General Augustin's defence of the city.

Manila Bay is about thirty miles long and twenty-five wide at its broadest part. The mouth of the bay is about twelve miles across, but it is divided by the high rocky island of Corregidor into two entrances — the northern, about two miles wide, and the southern or "great entrance" (the *Boca Grande*), nearly ten miles from shore to shore. The depth of water in both entrances makes defence by submarine mines very difficult even if the material had been available. Montojo had mounted a few guns in a battery on Corregidor Island, some of them being taken from one of his ships for the purpose. But although the material could have been obtained from the electric lighthouses of the harbor, the steamers in port, and the arsenal and observatory, no effort seems to have been made

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to equip the battery with searchlights. If these had existed they would probably have had the effect of keeping the garrison on the *qui vive* with the excitement of working them. As it was, a very poor lookout seems to have been kept at Corregidor.

Saturday evening was bright and clear with some light from the moon, which was just past its first quarter. At 8 P.M. the fleet, cleared for action, stood in towards the Boca Grande, keeping nearer the mainland side of the channel towards Corregidor. The formation was "line ahead." The flagship *Olympia* led the way, then came in succession the *Baltimore*, the *Raleigh*, the *Petrel*, the *Concord*, the *Boston*, with the despatch-boat and the two transports astern. The whole line was more than a mile and a half long. The engines were going slowly, all lights were screened, and the dark hulls glided in deep silence between the headlands. All eyes were fixed on Corregidor, which rose like a black mass in the dim moonlight. Every one was expecting the flash of a hostile gun as the flagship came up abreast of the island. But there was no sign of life on the shore. Were the Dons asleep? or was the Commodore's information incorrect as to the modern guns that had been mounted to protect the Boca Grande? Now the *Baltimore* has passed unchallenged, now the *Raleigh* and

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the little *Petrel*. At last the *Boston* has the island abeam, when suddenly a long red flash leaps from the Fraile battery and the report of a heavy gun booms across the sea. The shot went whistling high in air over the *Raleigh*. Bang went another gun, and this time the shot fell short. The *Raleigh*, *Concord*, and *Boston* promptly replied, sending a shower of shells into Corregidor and Fraile, which replied until the ships were out of range, but not a single shot from the islands touched them. Once past Corregidor, the engines of the squadron slowed down till there was barely steerage way on the ships, and as the fleet went up the bay the men lay down to sleep beside their guns.

The course taken was northeast, up the middle of the bay. In the gray of the Sunday morning the fleet was off Manila about five miles from the shore, heading directly for Sangley Point, which bore nearly due south. It was perfectly calm, without a breath of wind, and across the water came the musical chime of the church bells in the great city.

The first shots were fired a little before five A.M. They came from three batteries of heavy guns at the new harbor works. All the shells flew high over the decks of the squadron. The *Concord* replied with two shots, but was immediately ordered to cease firing, for it would have

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been impossible to seriously engage the batteries at Manila without risking the destruction of the city, and this Dewey was anxious to avoid. His objective was Montojo's fleet, which lay ahead of him under the guns of Cavite arsenal and of the battery on Sangley Point.

The Spanish admiral does not appear to have been aware of the approach of the hostile squadron till he saw it steaming towards Cavite on the Sunday morning. His ships cleared for action, but only about half of them had steam up and were able to get under weigh. The old wooden *Castilla* had her engines broken down, and was moored fore and aft near Sangley Point, to act as a floating battery. Her starboard guns had been dismantled and sent to Corregidor, but her port guns were trained on the approaching American squadron. The *Velasco* and the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* were anchored near the arsenal. They were in the hands of the dockyard staff, undergoing repair. Montojo's flagship steamed out towards the open water of the bay, accompanied by some of the smaller ships. They formed in line of battle across the opening of Cavite Bay; their left near Sangley Point.

All was now grim silence for a few minutes, as Dewey's fleet — the Stars and Stripes flying from every mast, the *Olympia* leading — bore down in "line ahead" on the expectant Span-

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iards. Early as it was, the heat of the tropical summer day was already intense, and the men in turret and battery were stripped to the waist. The crews stood beside their guns. The Commodore was on the bridge of his flagship, with three of his officers; but Gridley, the captain of the *Olympia*, was in the conning-tower, Dewey having assigned him this station, so that in case a shell burst on the bridge there would still be a senior officer ready to take command.

Eight knots an hour was now the speed of the leading ship. The range-finders in her fighting-tops were taking the range minute by minute, and telephoning the result to the conning-tower and bridge. A leadsman in the bow was watching the depth, for it would be a serious matter to touch ground. No sound was heard but the regular throb of the powerful engines.

A roar like thunder, and then another, and a vast fountain of water thrown skyward amid encircling clouds of smoke, right ahead of the *Olympia*—two submarine mines have been fired, the only ones in the bay; but the Spanish engineer officer who pressed down the firing-key in Sangley battery has badly misjudged the position of the enemy, and fired his heavy mines too soon. Dewey thinks, no doubt, of the day, years ago, when, as he steamed into Mobile Bay with Farragut, he saw the Confederate mines

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bursting like under-water volcanoes. Like Farragut, he moves steadily on.

There goes the first gun from Sangley Point. Bad ranging again on the Spanish side; that jet of water ahead shows it has fallen short. Another and another, and now the guns of the Spanish fleet join in. They are getting the range, or the American fleet is drifting into their zone of fire, for now the shells are striking the water right and left of the flagship, some of them uncomfortably close. When is Dewey going to open with his guns in reply?

Now a shell bursts directly over the *Olympia's* deck. No one is touched, but the men must have some relief from their pent-up excitement. The gunner in command at the heavy gun astern waves his cap and calls out, "Remember the *Maine!*" and the cry for vengeance is taken up by a hundred voices.

The range was now fifty-five hundred yards, a little over three miles. It was just nineteen minutes to six. Dewey decided to begin his attack. Turning to the voice tube that led to the conning-tower, he said, "You may fire when ready, Gridley." The captain was only waiting for the word. He passed the order to the forward barbette for the heavy eight-inch guns to engage the battery on Sangley Point.

The thunder of the *Olympia's* cannon was the

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signal to the other ships to begin. The *Baltimore* and the *Boston* brought their heavy guns into action, taking for their mark the *Castilla* and Montojo's flagship, the *Reina Cristina*. The heavier guns of the American navy still use the old-fashioned powder, and the fleet was now advancing through a dense cloud of white smoke.

The Spaniards redoubled their fire, and as the *Olympia* led the line, heading straight for the enemy's center, she was the mark for most of it. The Spanish gunners shot fairly well, and there was a good deal of luck in the way the flagship escaped serious injury. "Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us," wrote the *New York Herald* correspondent, who was beside the Commodore. "The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time-fuse shells, the fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel, or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell, that was coming straight at the *Olympia's* forward bridge, fortunately fell within less than a hundred feet away, one fragment cutting the rigging exactly over the heads of Lieutenants Lamberton, Rees, and myself. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey, and gouged a hole in the deck."

The range was now reduced to four thousand yards. The water was shoaling, and the flag-

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ship turned to starboard, and, followed by the fleet, ran along the Spanish front, Dewey giving the order to open fire with all the guns. The rattle of the quick-firers mingled with the heavier note of the big turret guns, and a storm of shells burst upon the Spanish ships and batteries.

Opposite Sangley Point the fleet turned and ran back again along the Spanish line, bringing the guns on the other side of the ships to bear. This maneuver of running up and down the line was twice repeated. Those of the Spanish ships that were under steam also altered their positions, occasionally running in behind the anchored *Castilla*, off Sangley Point.

A shell burst against the side of the American flagship, close to one of the ports. Another cut the halyards, just above the hands of the signaling officer on her after bridge. Captain Gridley, stepping out of the turret, received an injury which, although it was thought at the time to be a very trifling matter, led soon after to his being invalided home. The *Baltimore* did not escape so easily. A shot passed right through her, happily touching no one. Then a shell ripped up her main deck, smashed the carriage of a six-inch gun, put it out of action, and exploding some of the ammunition that lay near it, seriously wounded eight men. Another small shell struck the *Boston's* foremast, just above the head of her

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captain, who stood on her forward bridge. Luckily for him it failed to burst. Fires were caused by shells bursting in her wardroom and hammock nettings, but these were quickly put out.

But meanwhile it was going badly with the Spanish fleet. The battery on the Point was running short of ammunition, and its fire had almost ceased. Close by, the old *Castilla* had burst into flames under the rain of shells. Her guns were silent, and her crew was abandoning her. The *Reina Cristina*, Montojo's flagship, had been hit some seventy times in the first three-quarters of an hour. Her steering gear was shattered by a shell, which made her unmanageable. Another burst in the engine-room and destroyed the main pipe of the condenser. On the gun deck men were lying between the guns, dead, or desperately wounded. Montojo himself had been hit by a fragment of a shell, but still stuck to his post, with a handkerchief tied round his wounded leg. The chaplain was killed as he tried to help a wounded sailor. The boatswain and chief gunner were dead. One of the doctors, the chief engineer, and three other officers were wounded. Some fifty men had lost their lives, and three times as many were more or less badly injured — this out of a crew of three hundred and seventy officers and men.

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Shortly before half-past six a heavy shell burst in the after-part of the flagship, killing a number of men at their guns and setting the decks on fire. With the engines disabled, the fire-hose could not be got to work, and all astern was in a few minutes a mass of flame. The admiral signalled to the little cruiser, *Isla de Cuba*, that he would transfer his flag to her, and told Cadarso, the captain of the *Reina Cristina*, and one of the finest officers in the Spanish navy, to abandon the burning ship and to save the few that were left of his gallant crew. Some boats were got away, with a number of the wounded on board. Others of the men swam to the Point. The admiral, with his flag-lieutenant, was rowed to the *Isla de Cuba*, on which he displayed his flag. Captain Cadarso was about to leave the burning ship, and his son, a lieutenant in the navy, was calling to him to come into his boat, when a shell burst just over the captain's head and killed him on the spot.

Montejo was also accompanied by his son, a naval lieutenant, and the young man, like his father, was wounded by a bursting shell. No sooner had the *Isla de Cuba* hoisted the admiral's flag than she, and the *Isla de Luzon* which lay near her, became the center of the American fire. Dewey's fleet had closed in to a range of only two thousand yards, and was running along the

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line for the fifth time. Three little torpedo boats dashed out from behind Cavite and tried to close with the enemy. Such an attack in broad daylight was a piece of heroic madness. They ought to have been lurking in the darkness under Corregidor Island the night before; then they might have done something. As it was, they were destroyed by the American quick-firers before they could come within striking distance. The little wooden gunboat, *Isla de Mindanao*, ran ashore on the east side of the bay. Shells from the *Concord* and *Petrel* soon set her on fire, and her crew abandoned her. It is curious to note that her chief engineer was a Scotchman named McKinley, the namesake of the American President.

The Spanish ships were now in a sad plight. Riddled by the American fire, with their decks strewn with dead, and slippery with blood, further resistance was mere useless slaughter. Montojo ran the *Isla de Cuba* into Bakor Bay, behind Cavite, and signalled to the other ships to follow, and then reluctantly hoisted his last order to his shattered fleet: "Scuttle and abandon your ships." This was about half-past seven. The captains took away with them the breech-pieces of the guns so as to make them useless in case the victors recovered them, and then landed their crews, placing the wounded

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under guard in the villages, and marching the rest of their men into Manila.

At twenty-five minutes to eight Dewey signalled to his fleet to draw off out of action and give the men breakfast. They had gone into the fight after having taken only a cup of coffee, and the crews were well-nigh exhausted with the heat, toil, and excitement of the cannonade, which had lasted for nearly two hours. One by one the ships steamed past the flagship and out into the open water of Manila Bay, and as each went by, her crew crowded rigging and bulwarks and cheered the Commodore. The burning and sinking Spanish ships were all that was left of the hostile fleet. The shore batteries were silent, and in front of Manila, crowds watched the strange scene.

Montejo's impression was that the American fleet had suffered heavy loss from his fire, and that they were drawing off to get their wounded ashore, repair damages, and obtain a fresh supply of ammunition from the storeships, which had kept well out of range during the fight. Indeed, a first message from Manila to Madrid by the still undamaged cable claimed that a victory had been won for Spain.

At eleven o'clock the American squadron was again under weigh. It steamed towards Cavite in two lines, one consisting of the *Olympia*, *Bal-*

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timore, and *Concord*, the other of the *Raleigh*, *Boston*, and *Petrel*. At a quarter-past eleven they opened fire on the Sangley Point battery and on Cavite arsenal and fort at long range. The Spanish reply was slow and feeble, the shells all falling short. It was for the Americans more like target practice than a battle. Soon a white flag was run up on Cavite. Fire ceased for a few minutes while a launch went in from the fleet to parley with the commandant. He said he did not want to surrender, but only to have time to get the women and children out of Cavite.

The American officer answered that he had no wish to cause useless bloodshed, but that he was determined to destroy the arsenal and what was left of the fleet. Then for awhile Cavite was left unmolested, while the larger ships engaged the Sangley Point battery, and the smaller ships, the *Petrel* and *Concord*, stood into Bakor Bay, and with their shells set fire to the ships that were scuttled and aground in the shallows. At half-past eleven a heavy shell burst in the battery, sending up a huge column of earth and *débris*. After this the guns at Sangley were silent. The ships in the bay were all ablaze. Cavite reopened fire for a few minutes, then about twelve the last shot was fired by the Spaniards, and a few minutes later Dewey signalled

Admiral Dewey and the Battle of Manila

to cease firing. The victory was complete. The Spanish Pacific squadron had ceased to exist. And this great success had been cheaply bought. Eight officers and men wounded represented the American injury by the Spanish fire. The chief engineer of the despatch-boat *McCulloch* was dead. He had died of heat apoplexy during the fight.

The Spaniards had lost some eight hundred men. No praise could be too high for their devoted valor. When Captain Boado, the chief of Montojo's staff, went on board the *Boston* with a message from the admiral after the action, Lamberton, her commander, said to the Spanish officer, "You have fought us with four very bad ships, not warships. There was never seen before braver fighting under such unequal conditions. It is a great pity that you exposed your lives in vessels not fit for fighting." And Dewey sent through the British consul a message to Montojo that he congratulated him on his gallant conduct, and would be glad to grasp his hand.

XIV

With Roosevelt on San Juan Hill

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

THE morning of June 22 broke clear and fine, with very little surf along the shore. It was ideal weather for the landing. All along the coast for miles west and east of Santiago American battleships and cruisers were bombarding every likely landing-place, while on the land side here and there the Cuban bands came down and opened fire on the Spanish outposts.

At nine o'clock the cruisers *Machias*, *Detroit*, and *Suwanee*, and the gunboat *Wasp*, joined the *New Orleans*, and a rain of shells was sent pouring into the wooded slopes above Daiquiri and into the little village. Soon flames and smoke rose from some of the houses. The Spaniards had fired the village before abandoning it. There were only a handful of them in the place, not more than a company of infantry. They left the pier intact, no explosives were available for its destruction, and they also evacu-

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ated a blockhouse on the hill above the place. Here they were exchanging distant long-range rifle fire with the Cuban guerillas who were working up the other side of the hill, but naturally not anxious to come too close to the crest while the bombardment was still in progress.

Not a single shot had replied to the fire of the warships, and at half-past nine it was believed that the way was clear for the landing. The troops had already been got into the boats of the transports, and the steam launches of the fleet took them in tow in strings of four or five, and began puffing in towards Daiquiri pier. There was no resistance. The only difficulty in landing was that caused by the surf. The troops first landed belonged to the Second Division, commanded by General Lawton, one of the volunteer officers of the Civil War. The first regiment actually landed was the Eighth Regular Infantry, though the first man ashore was Lieutenant Godfrey of the Twenty-second.

Lawton pushed an outpost line into the hills, and set the engineers to strengthen the pier for the landing of artillery. He established his headquarters in what was left of the village. A handful of Cuban guerillas were already in possession. They had slipped in as soon as the Spaniards let go their hold of the place. More of them marched in during the day. Here is

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an impression of their appearance as sketched in words by one of the English correspondents, Mr. Hands of the *Daily Mail*:

“Down the rocky path came a Cuban army. They limped along in single file. Their trousers were strips of tattered canvas, through which thin brown legs showed. Their knapsacks were bundles of dirty canvas matting slung with knotted ends of rope. A few wore boots, which when they were acquired, were somebody’s cast-offs. Some wore sandals made of bits of canvas tied over their naked feet with string. Most were barefooted, and their feet were sore and bleeding. They were much better armed than otherwise equipped, and evidently a proportion of the arms sent for their use from Tampa had reached them. There was something curiously Eastern in their white clothes and their small features and dark, wistful eyes, and when their leader came along perched on a donkey, and carrying a great broad-bladed *machete*, the Eastern suggestion was intensified. They shambled along in single file down the rocky path, along the track across the swamp behind, and wound among the palm trees in the valley, till they disappeared behind the shoulder of one of the hills in the second row. I am sure they were quite persuaded that they had achieved a great victory over the hated Spaniard, and were wondering

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why all these strange, blue-coated, white-skinned, big men were getting in the way.”

They did not get on very well with their new allies, the American regulars. The Cubans did not understand any kind of fighting but their own irregular, indecisive skirmishing in the bush. They left the heavy work of tackling General Linares behind his blockhouses and trenches for the newcomers. In their own fashion they were ready enough to co-operate, and they did some useful work, but it was not the steady, systematic campaigning that the Americans expected of them, and the Cuban insurgent, whom the New York papers had represented as a conquering hero, made a very bad impression when it was realized that instead of charging with the *machete*, he preferred wasting ammunition at impossible ranges; that he gave no quarter, was ready to plunder, and never failed to put in his appearance when anything was to be had either for the asking or the taking. From the moment when the Spanish and United States armies met in battle near Santiago, there was among the Americans a growing disgust for their allies, a growing esteem for their brave enemies.

The blockhouse on the hill was occupied and the Stars and Stripes hoisted on its flagstaff. The landing went on steadily all the afternoon. The greater part of Lawton's division was landed,

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and part of General Bates' brigade, belonging to the First Division, besides a portion of Wheeler's dismounted cavalry. None of the artillery could yet be got ashore, the only guns landed being a machine-gun battery. Nor was much of the transport disembarked. Some horses and mules were dropped overboard and made to swim ashore. Altogether, by evening, General Lawton had some six thousand men landed, and had besides with him about one thousand Cubans under General Castillo.

The Spanish detachments that had watched the hills and the coast villages were retiring westward towards Santiago. Linares had decided that it was useless to fritter away his small force by trying to hold the numerous blockhouses to the eastward, nor did he mean to expose his men to the fire of the American warships. On the evening of the 22d his outposts were at Sevilla and Firmeza, north of Juragua and the coast village of Siboney, both of them some miles west of Daiquiri. Before Siboney was evacuated the Spanish detachment there had lost heavily, and its commander, Major Bollini, had been killed by a bursting shell. The evacuation of the village and the hills behind it gave the Americans a new landing-place, for in the bay of Siboney there was a level beach, shelving regularly, so

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that boats could land men and stores, and animals could easily be swum ashore.

The fight at Las Guasimas would count as a big skirmish in a European war. But it has some importance as the opening action of the Santiago land campaign. The first accounts published of it were very misleading, but in an unusual way. The contemporary newspaper reports of the bombardments had exaggerated the success of the American arms; the first reports of Las Guasimas did the Americans, and especially Roosevelt's men, serious injustice. According to these narratives the Americans were advancing through thick bush without any ordinary military precautions — laughing, talking and whistling, with neither vanguard nor flankers to protect them — when they stumbled unexpectedly on the Spaniards, and were badly cut up as the result of their own carelessness and lack of discipline. But from what has been already said of Wheeler's orders and plans, it must be clear that if either Wood or Young marched into an ambushade on the 24th, they must have done it with their eyes open. When they marched off before dawn they knew, roughly, where they might expect to meet the Spaniards; both columns had their advance covered by Cuban and American scouts, and it was well known that once they had covered the first two

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miles out from Siboney, they might expect at any moment to meet an enemy.

What really occurred we know down to the smallest detail, for there were some of the ablest correspondents of the New York press with both the columns. Amongst others, Mr. Richard Harding Davis of the *Herald*, and Mr. Edward Marshall of the *Journal*, were with Colonel Wood, and Mr. Caspar Whitney was with General Young. They not only sent long despatches to their papers at the time, but several of them have since published lengthy narratives of the fight. On these data, compared with each other and with the Spanish official account of the day's work, the following story of the action of Las Guasimas is based. It will be seen that the day was an honorable one for all who took part in the little battle.

Just before dawn on Friday morning General Young marched out from Siboney with his four hundred regulars, black and white, and his Hotchkiss guns. He had expected to be joined early in his advance by three hundred of General Castillo's Cubans, but though he actually marched past their camps, none of them, except a few scouts, came to his help till all the fighting was over.

It was a close, hot morning. The recent rains had made the ground on the track and in the

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woods soft and muddy. The so-called road proved in places to be almost impassable. The bush grew down upon it, and the tangle of cactus, thorn trees, and palms formed such a dense mass away to the left that during the march not a glimpse was to be seen of the Rough Riders' column, which was following the path on the wooded spur on that side.

At first the regulars tramped along the muddy tracking, chatting, and joking together, though even in this early stage of the march the advance was covered by a screen of vigilant scouts well in front. A mile and a half from Siboney, as it was felt that the point of danger was being approached, the order was given to "load magazines," and in an instant all were silent and on the alert. Then the advance was resumed. Mr. Whitney thus describes the anxious minutes before the first contact with the enemy. To understand what he says as to how the column was protected it must be noted that the word "picket," which in the British army means the body of men on an outpost line that sends out and immediately supports the sentries, in the United States means a sentry or a scout.

"We moved forward," he says, "now with one troop somewhat in advance of the others, and a strong line of pickets reconnoitring every

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step of the way, one hundred yards in the lead. Aside from the soft cooing of doves beyond, in the trees we could not see, no sound broke upon the still morning air save the squash of feet in the mud, and the occasional rattle of a canteen as it swung against the metal bayonet scabbard at the soldier's hip. There was no talking in the ranks now. Every one was alert and silent. Soon there came another halt, and going forward beyond the outermost picket, across a creek and up a gentle rise of ground, Lieutenant Byram and I found General Young, Colonel Bell, and Captain Watson crouched behind the bushes, diligently studying a prominent hill on our left front, about fifteen hundred yards away. As Byram and I drew near, General Young faced us, and nodding his head in the direction of the hill, said quietly, 'Spaniards!' and then equally as quietly to Byram, 'Order the Hotchkiss guns forward at once; ten minutes later bring up the troops; tell the men to go quietly.'"

The hill to the "left front" held by the Spaniards was just north of the point where the road curved away to the westward to meet the other track. This hill was a bold knoll, the end of a long spur lying east and west. The Spaniards, six companies of infantry and some guerillas under Colonel Alcaniz, had a machine gun near the summit. Among the grass and bushes on

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the slope they had dug shelter trenches, and made some rough breastworks of loose stone. Their left on an adjoining slope could sweep the front of the hill with a cross fire. Their right was in the bush on the other side of the valley, holding the northern end of the spur by which the Rough Riders were advancing. All this was only gradually discovered by the Americans as the fight developed. The Spaniards had no intention of holding on doggedly to the very extended line taken up by their small force. Alcaniz was fighting a rearguard action to cover the general retirement of the outlying Spanish detachments by Sevilla or Santiago. He had held the Las Guasimas ridges for forty-eight hours, and would necessarily retire if attacked in force, only showing enough fight to delay the advance of the invaders from Siboney.

Two of the Hotchkiss guns were placed in position to the left of the road near the beginning of its curve to the west. They were carefully screened in the bush, for Young was anxious not to begin the action till he had given Wood's column a little more time to come up on his left. The guns were ready at seven o'clock, but it was not till seven-twenty that they began to shell the Spanish position on the hill. The enemy's rifles answered by a volley so accurately aimed that one of the gunners was killed beside his piece. Three

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troops of the First Cavalry were already working forward through the bush towards the hill in front, the fourth troop working up the hollow of a creek or stream to the left. They now opened fire, and were promptly answered by volleys of the fire of scattered sharpshooters in the bush and grass on the slopes in front, and above all rang out the rapid crackling fire of the machine gun near the hill-top. Several men and officers went down before this heavy fire, the leading troop of the First Cavalry losing in rapid succession its captain, lieutenant, and senior sergeant. Young had still in hand the four troops of the Tenth Cavalry — negro soldiers with useful experience of Indian warfare in the Far West. He sent one troop up the creek to strengthen his left, and pushed out two more to the right, where the close and heavy fire of the Spaniards east of the hill made him think that they were trying to outflank him. The fourth troop he kept in reserve on the road.

Meanwhile the other column, composed of the Rough Riders, had also come in contact with the Spaniards, and was hotly engaged in a close fight in the dense bush that covered the long spur to the left of the road. The column had marched at 5 A.M., for the first part of the march was up a steep ascent, and then the track rose and fell along the ridge and was only a muddy,

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ill-marked footpath through dense cactus and thorn bush, tangled with tropical creepers in the thickest parts, but sometimes broken by a grassy clearing.

Captain Alwyn Capron, commanding the troop of the Rough Riders, was in advance with the scouts, some of them Cubans of the district, the rest men of his own troop. At six he sent back word to Colonel Wood that the enemy was in position in the bush in front. Wood and Roosevelt sent forward a reinforcement to support Capron, who had advanced to reconnoitre the enemy, and they then halted the column and deployed five troops, partly in the grass of a clearing to the left, partly in the bush to the right of the track. The three other troops were in reserve. But these arrangements had hardly been made when the Spaniards opened fire at close range in front. None of them were visible. The volleys from the unseen rifles rang out sharp and near, and the Mauser bullets came ripping through the bush, sweeping low along the ground.

The advanced troop had suffered heavily. The first man to fall shot dead beside his captain was Sergeant Hamilton Fish, a wealthy young New York man, a leader in fashionable life, who had enlisted in the ranks of the Rough Riders and had just received his sergeant's

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stripes. A few minutes later Capron fell mortally wounded. He was only twenty-eight years old, a lieutenant of the Seventh Regular Cavalry, who had been transferred to Roosevelt's new regiment with a captain's commission. He came of a soldier family. His father was actually in command of E battery of the First Artillery in Shafter's army; his grandfather, Captain Allyn Capron, had been killed in action while commanding the same battery at Cherubusco in the Mexican campaign. Young Capron, who fell at Las Guasimas, had entered the regular cavalry as a private, and won his commission by good service. Roosevelt spoke of him as one of the best officers he had ever met.

Most of the dozen men that formed the point of the advance guard were struck down by the first two volleys of the Spaniards. The second sergeant of the second party, Marcus Russell, was killed just after his comrade Fish. Russell was another "ranker" of good family, and had held the commission of a colonel on the staff of the Governor of his State before the war. Another of the scouts was disabled, not by the Spanish fire, but by a defective cartridge that exploded as he closed the breech of his carbine. He staggered back blinded to the firing line.

The Rough Riders had opened fire as soon as the first volley rattled through the trees.

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Some of the cow-boy soldiers gave vent to their excitement in wild oaths, but Roosevelt's voice was heard sternly commanding: "Stop that swearing. I don't want to hear any cursing to-day." The men were soon perfectly in hand. It had been predicted that the cow-boys and hunters, once they were in action, would shoot according to their own independent judgment, and pay very little heed to orders; but in this Las Guasimas fight the men fired volleys, waiting patiently for the order to fire and not wasting ammunition wildly. They threw away all impedimenta, even their water bottles, keeping only their rifles and cartridge belts, and then began working forward through the bush, keeping a very good line. The Spaniards were retiring slowly from the first. Twice they stood for awhile and checked the American advance, and the tangle of the wood was so thick that any rapid movement was impossible. Roosevelt took personal command of the left of the line, Wood sending him one of the reserve companies. The other two were extended to the right towards the valley, in order to give touch with General Young's column of regulars, but the fight had been more than an hour in progress before this was effected. The firing had begun in the wood long before Young came into action in the valley, but the regulars do not seem for some time

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to have been aware of the firing on their left. The two columns were then deployed in one long line, partly hid in bush, partly in the open. The Spaniards were retiring from the ridge, on which the Rough Riders were advancing; their left had fallen back on the hill where their machine guns had been in action, and they were preparing for the final retirement on Sevilla.

The news of the fight was conveyed to Siboney while it was still in progress by an officer who galloped in with the message that the cavalry had attacked the Spaniards, and were meeting with a dogged resistance. Soon after, wounded men began to come limping in from the front, and an infantry battalion was hurried off to reinforce the fighting line. When it arrived the action was over. Once the more open country near the foot of the two paths was reached, the Spaniards had retreated rapidly. The Tenth Cavalry on the right had dashed up the hill from which the machine guns were retiring. On the left, Roosevelt, rifle in hand, at the head of three troops of his Rough Riders, had rushed a ruined sugar factory where the Spanish rearguard had made a brief stand. The fight had lasted an hour and a half. The Spaniards had inflicted a severe loss on the attacking force, but they had abandoned their position before the persistent advance of the Americans; and although it was

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true that Colonel Alcaniz had never meant to do more than make a show of resistance, the perfectly legitimate impression alike in the ranks of Young's regulars and Wood and Roosevelt's volunteers was that they had won a brilliant little victory. It was a most encouraging opening for the campaign.

The losses of the victors had been heavy. Among the wounded was Mr. Edward Marshall, a correspondent of the *New York Journal*. Shot through the back near the spine, and partly paralyzed, he was carried to the field hospital, where he was told he had not long to live. Lying on the stretcher, he dictated the story of the battle to be telegraphed to his paper. It was written down by one of the volunteers who knew shorthand, and it was only when the long telegram was completed that Marshall discovered that his kindly helper had been writing with a wounded hand.

Mr. Marshall recovered against all hope, and has since told his impressions when the Spanish bullet struck him down. He seems to have felt very little pain, though this was not the impression of those who saw him. Mr. Harding Davis says: "When I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies and passing through a succession of convulsions." But it seems that these convulsive movements were not conscious for

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Mr. Marshall, according to his own account of what he felt when he was hit. "The bullet," he says, "came diagonally from the left. I was standing in the open. 'Chug' came the bullet, and I fell into the long grass, as much like a lump as had the other fellows whom I had seen go down. There was no pain, no surprise. The tremendous shock so dulled my sensibilities that it did not occur to me that anything extraordinary had happened — that there was the least reason to be worried. I merely lay perfectly satisfied and entirely comfortable in the long grass. It was a long time before anyone came near me. The fighting passed away from me rapidly. There were only left in the neighborhood the dead, other wounded, and a few first-aid-for-the-injured men, who were searching for us. I heard two of these men go by calling out to the wounded to make their whereabouts known, but it did not occur to me to answer them. The sun was very hot, and I had some vague thoughts of sunstroke, but they were not specially interesting thoughts, and I gave them up. It seemed a good notion to go to sleep, but I didn't do it. Finally three soldiers found me, and putting half a shelter-tent under me carried me to the shade."

The surgeon came along and examined his wound. "He told me," says Mr. Marshall,

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"I was about to die. The news was not pleasant, but it did not interest me particularly. 'Don't you want to send any messages home?' he asked. 'If you do, you'd better write 'em — be quick!'" He was carried back to the hospital at Siboney. There he dictated his letter. He was sufficiently alert to do this, but although he seemed to be in pain he felt none. Possibly this is the case with the wounded on the battlefield oftener than we suspect. The very shock of the wound dulls all sensibility for a time.

It was not till the afternoon of June 30 the advance was resumed. The troops were moved up to the edge of the woods facing Santiago, and bivouacked in the moonlight in battle array. It was expected that the Spanish works would be stormed and the city taken next day, July 1.

The battle fought before Santiago on July 1 has been called sometimes the battle of El Caney, and sometimes the battle of San Juan. There were really two battles, one on the American right at El Caney, another on the left between El Pozo and the hill of San Juan, besides some skirmishing on the coast at Aguadores. It will make the events of the day clearer if we begin by describing the fight for El Caney, which held the first place in General Shafter's plan for the day's operations.

The three brigades of Lawton's division des-

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tined for the attack of El Caney passed the night on the edge of the woods fronting the Spanish position. No fires were allowed in the bivouacs, and the soldiers were told to make as little noise as possible, for it was feared that if the enemy became aware of the preparations in progress for the attack he might abandon the little town without fighting, and the plan of operations had for its object not the mere occupation of El Caney but the capture of its garrison. The Americans at this period very much underestimated the fighting capacity of the Spaniards, and every one in the attacking force believed that even if the Spaniards did not give way before the mere menace of an attack, they would be driven out by the first rush.

At sunrise the men were roused from their sleep, and while the hot mist still hung in the valleys, the columns were marshalled for the fight. General Lawton's division worked up to the low ridges close to El Caney without meeting with the least resistance, for the Spaniards had no outposts or patrols in front of their position, and were awaiting the attack inside their defences. Lawton had eight battalions of regulars and one of volunteers under his orders. Only one light battery of four guns, under Captain Allyn Capron, had been assigned to his division. His right, the exposed flank, was pro-

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tected by the only two troops of mounted cavalry with the army. Still farther away to the right were some of Garcia's Cubans, but already the Americans had learned to set very little dependence on their fighting capacity.

Away to his left General Kent's division, also of three brigades (eight battalions of regulars and one of New York volunteers), was waiting to attack San Juan as soon as Caney had fallen. Kent had another four-gun battery, under Captain Grimes, which was in position on the hill near El Pozo farm. The dismounted cavalry and Rough Riders under General Sumner held the right of Kent's position, and there were more Cubans on both sides of the ground assigned to his division. Bates' brigade was held in reserve, and Duffield's brigade of volunteers was moving along the coast railway to attack Aguadores, supported by the fleet, which stood in towards the harbor mouth, bombarded the forts, and sent its shells flying over the hills into Santiago itself.

The sky was overcast, and the morning was hot and sultry. But at twenty minutes to seven, when the first shot was fired on the right by Capron's battery, the clouds overhead began to break, and the sun shone out brightly. "Boys," said a soldier, as the first cannon shot echoed in the wooded hills, "this is the first of July. It's

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a pity we can't keep Santiago for the Fourth." It was going to be kept a good deal longer.

The chief defence of El Caney was an old-fashioned stone fort on a conical hill to the south-east of the little town. The houses on each front of the place were loopholed, and there were some blockhouses on each side, linked together by shelter trenches and wire entanglements. The village church, a solid stone building, was also prepared for defence. The houses were single-storied cottages, and the few streets of the town were wide and open and planted with trees.

"From the crest of the ridge," writes Captain Lee, the British *attaché* who accompanied Lawton's staff, "we could look right down into the village, its thatched and tiled roofs half hidden by the large shade-trees that we afterward learned to dread as the lurking-places of sharpshooters. In the village itself profound quiet reigned, and there was no sign of life beyond a few thin wisps of smoke that curled from the cottage chimneys. Beyond lay the fertile valley with a few cattle grazing, and around us on three sides arose, tier upon tier, the beautiful Maestra Mountains, wearing delicate pearly tints in the first rays of the rising sun. To our left stretched the rich green jungle, with its rippling bamboo groves and clumps of royal palm. The only landmark in all this wide expanse was the

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great red-roofed Ducoureaud House, a deserted country-seat that lay midway between El Caney and Santiago. Three miles away in this direction loomed the long, undulating ridge of San Juan, streaked with Spanish trenches, and behind it showed up clearly the faint pink buildings, with twinkling windows and innumerable Red Cross flags, that marked the city of Santiago."

As the first shell of Capron's battery burst over the fort, a group of Spanish soldiers that had been lounging near its entrance disappeared into cover, and on the slope of the hill below some straw hats appeared here and there in line, showing where the infantry were lining the shelter trenches. But not a shot was fired in reply for a quarter of an hour, and so silent was the fort that one of Lawton's staff suggested that it had been evacuated, and that the straw hats were stuck up on sticks as dummies to delude the attacking force into the idea that the trenches were held. The shells were knocking stones out of the walls of the fort, and one of them had all but demolished a blockhouse, but still the Spaniards held their fire. Not a shot came from the trenches till Lawton's infantry began to deploy for the advance.

The plan of attack was that General Chaffee, with the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth Infantry, should work round to the north of El

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Caney; Colonel Miles's brigade, the First, Fourth, and Twenty-fifth Infantry (these last negroes), was to advance against the west side of the town, and General Ludlow, with the Eighth and Twenty-second Regulars and the Second Massachusetts Volunteers, was to move against the place from the south. It was expected that in this way not merely would the town be quickly captured, but that its garrison would be made prisoners. It was expected that the business would be all over early in the day, and then Lawton's division could move against the flank of the Spaniards at San Juan and help Kent to turn them out.

Miles's and Ludlow's brigades were the first to come into action, opening up on El Caney with volleys at about a thousand yards, from grassy ridges to the west and south. Chaffee had further to march with his three regiments, and reached his ground somewhat later. At a quarter past seven all the infantry was moving forward, and the Spaniards had opened fire from the little stone fort, the trenches, the block-houses on three sides of El Caney, shots also coming from sharpshooters on house-roofs and in tree-tops along the edge of the town. There had been till now a very general impression that Spaniards could not shoot straight, but the men who held El Caney shot coolly, deliberately, and

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well, and the Americans found that every step forward meant loss, and to rush the town till the Spanish fire was subdued by their own was impossible. Capron's battery, short of ammunition, and husbanding it by a slow rate of fire, was making little or no impression on the defence. The attack of a position like that of El Caney should have been prepared by a heavy fire of artillery from several batteries, pouring such a shower of shells into the place as to demoralize the garrison and make it impossible for them to stick to their trenches. But here there were only four light guns in action. On the other hand, there were no Spanish batteries at this point, and Capron's guns, firing at a range of twenty-four hundred yards, could be worked as safely as if they were at target practice. They ought to have been able to give more effective support to the infantry. As it was, these latter had to try their best to do the work of artillery with their rifles, and prepare the way for their own attack by concentrating their volleys on the trenches and picking off the sharpshooters.

In the first three hours the American firing line had pressed forward gradually to a range of about six hundred yards from the town, the men firing lying down in the grass as they halted. Beyond this point no advance was made for

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some hours more, during which the attack merely held their own. The Second Massachusetts had been withdrawn before this from the firing line. The volunteers had behaved well, advancing steadily and losing several men. But while the regulars were properly armed with modern rifles using smokeless powder, the volunteers, with the exception of Roosevelt's men, had only their old Springfield rifles and cartridges loaded with the old-fashioned black powder. The result was, that as the Massachusetts men advanced they were enveloped in a thick cloud of smoke, which drew the fire of the enemy's trenches, and would doubtless soon have been a mark for the artillery of the works nearer Santiago. General Ludlow had therefore to reduce his brigade to the two regular regiments, sending the Massachusetts men back some hundreds of yards to the rear, where he kept them in reserve.

Chaffee's brigade on the right had the heaviest share of the fighting. His three fine regiments worked forward to a long grassy ridge that lies about three hundred yards in front of the northeast side of El Caney. A sunken road behind the ridge affords some cover; but at the close quarters the crest where the firing line was placed was swept by a deadly rain of Mauser bullets. Colonel Haskell, of the Seventeenth

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Infantry, had tried to lead his men forward through a gap in the middle of the ridge to line a hedge and bank nearer the town, but the attempt had to be abandoned. The colonel fell hit at once by three bullets — one in the breast, one in the knee, and one in the heel. The men lay down along a swell of the ground to open fire. The colonel had fallen some yards in front down the slope; five men went out to bring him in.

They succeeded, but three of them were shot down. Lieutenant Dickinson, who had assisted in rescuing his wounded colonel, though already wounded himself, received three other wounds while being helped back to the rear. The wounded lay in a long line in the sunken road. There were few doctors with the army; there were none of them up at the front with Chaffee's brigade. There was no help for the seriously wounded for hours. The dressing station established farther to the rear near the artillery position gave help to the more slightly wounded who were able to walk back so far; but there were no stretcher parties to bring in the seriously injured. It was a piece of scandalous mismanagement. It looked as if the Washington government seriously believed that its army, like its navy, could win battles with only half a dozen casualties. Here is the description of the scene in the road where these neglected wounded lay,

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as given by Captain Lee, who accompanied Chaffee's attack:

“On reaching the spot, I found over a hundred killed and wounded laid out in as many yards of road, and so close were they that one could only pass by stepping over them. There was a strange silence among these men, not a whimper or a groan, but each lay quietly nursing his wound with closed eyes and set teeth, only flinching when the erratic sleet of bullets clipped the leaves off the hedge close above their heads. Many looked up quietly at my strange uniform as I passed, and asked quickly and quietly, ‘Are you a doctor, sir?’ I could but shake my head, and they would instantly relapse into their strained, intense attitudes, whilst I felt sick at heart at the thought of my incompetence. Some of the slightly wounded were tending those who were badly hit, and nothing could have surpassed the unskilled tenderness of these men. I was astonished, too, at their thoughtful consideration. ‘Keep well down, sir,’ several said as I stopped to speak to them; ‘them Mausers is flying pretty low, and there’s plenty of us here already.’ The heat in the little road was intense, there was no shade nor a breath of air, and the wounded lay sweltering in the sun till the head reeled with the rank smell of sweat and saturated flannel. Right amongst the wounded

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lay curled up a Cuban, apparently asleep. Upon approaching him, however, it was only too apparent that he had been dead for several days, and on the tree overhead two sleek and gorged vultures looked down furtively at his ever-increasing companions. The stench was overpowering, and a sudden lull in the battle brought into sickening prominence the angry buzzing of the disturbed flies, and the creaking of the land crabs which waited in the bushes."

This is a glimpse of the less pleasant aspects of the battlefield, and the impression not of a newspaper correspondent on the lookout for sensation, but of a trained professional soldier.

At one o'clock there were loud cheers all along the line of the attack. No success had been won, but a lucky shot from Capron's battery had cut in two the flagstaff of the fort, bringing down the red and gold flag of Spain. The Spaniards hoisted it again on the broken flagstaff. Away far to the right and a little north of El Caney was a small blockhouse. The Cubans had been directed to capture it, but they had contented themselves with firing at it from a range of nearly a mile, never attempting to get any closer. The blockhouse replied with an occasional rifle shot, but generally took no notice of the fusillade. This was kept up so briskly that at last the Cubans sent a message to General Chaffee that

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they were running short of cartridges. Could he send them any? The reply was a sharp rebuke for the useless waste of ammunition. The general said he had only about enough for his own men who were fighting; he had none for fireworks.

Chaffee had some narrow escapes. A bullet had ripped through one of his shoulder-straps, another had cut a button off his jacket. While sharply telling anyone else he saw standing up to lie down, he himself stood erect or walked about just behind the firing line. To quote Captain Lee once more: "Wherever the fire was thickest the general strolled about unconcernedly, a half-smoked cigar between his teeth, and an expression of exceeding grimness on his face. The situation was a trying one for the nerves of the oldest soldier, and some of the younger hands fell back from the firing line and crept towards the road. In a moment the general pounced upon them, inquiring their destination in low, unhoneyed accents, and then, taking them persuasively by the elbow, led them back to the extreme front, and having deposited them in the firing line, stood over them while he distributed a few last words of pungent and sulphurous advice." But the general was not the only man who seemed to bear a charmed life that day. As the brigade closed in upon El Caney, two

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men of the Twelfth Infantry moved out in front of the regiment to cut with strong pliers the barbed wire fences that lay across the line of advance. Their appearance drew a storm of bullets from the enemy's Mausers, but they finished their work completely and deliberately, and rejoined their comrades untouched.

At half-past one General Shafter became impatient at the delay before Caney. He was lying ill in his camp bed in a tent to the rear, at the junction of the San Juan and El Caney roads, and received frequent information of how things were going at the front. It was an essential part of his plan for the capture of San Juan that both divisions should co-operate, and he now sent orders to General Lawton to abandon the attack on El Caney and move his brigades towards the left to join hands with General Kent's division in the direct advance on San Juan and Santiago. Lawton took it upon himself to disregard the distinct order of the Commander-in-Chief. To have retired from El Caney after having been held in check before it during six hours of hard fighting would be to acknowledge defeat. He sent back word that he meant to hold on and take the place.

An hour later, about half-past two, Lawton sent for General Bates's reserve brigade of two regular battalions, which was called up to fill the

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gap in the line southeast of El Caney, between the right of General Ludlow's brigade and the left of General Chaffee's. Lawton had by this time a battery and eight battalions in action, and three in reserve, and it was just eight hours since the first shot had been fired.

According to General Shafter's plan, the Spanish outpost on his own left at San Juan hill was not to be attacked till Lawton, having got to El Caney, could co-operate. But events so worked that General Kent, whose division fronted San Juan, carried out his part of the day's work on lines not contemplated in the plan dictated by the headquarters of the army.

On the previous evening his division, consisting, like Lawton's, of three brigades of three battalions each, had tramped up the muddy trail to the edge of the woods. Like his colleague, he had for all his artillery a single battery of four small guns. It was under the command of Captain Grimes, and its position was the low hill on which stands the farm of El Pozo.

Shortly before 8 A.M. Grimes's battery opened fire from the hill. Its target was the Spanish blockhouse on the top of the opposite hill of San Juan, twenty-four hundred yards away. Between was a mass of jungle-like forest, traversed near its edge by the double stream of the San Juan river, and with open ground beyond. There

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were some Cubans in El Pozo farmhouse, and behind the battery and a little to its right were two dismounted regiments of regular cavalry. General Wheeler had been officially placed on the sick list, and General Sumner commanded the cavalry brigade, which, however, did not prevent "fighting Joe Wheeler" from hurrying up to the front as soon as he heard the firing. Sumner's cavalrymen were tramping up the track through the woods and forming to the right front of El Pozo on the margin of the bush. To the left, packed close together on the muddy trail, the infantry regiments of Kent's division were working to the front.

For fully a quarter of an hour the Spaniards made no answer to the fire of the American battery. A crowd of correspondents, artists, and foreign naval and military *attachés* stood close to the guns, chatting, smoking, sketching, watching the front through their glasses, and guessing as to what was happening away to the right, whence came the distant boom of Capron's battery in action against El Caney. The mass of smoke from its guns could be plainly seen hanging in the still air like a white, sunny cloud. The trenches on San Juan hill could be easily made out, and, beyond, the blockhouses on the edge of the city. But the Spaniards made no sign of fight for awhile, and the whole scene as viewed

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from El Pozo suggested peace maneuvers rather than war.

But this was not to last long. Though no one could see where was the battery from which it came (for the Spanish guns used smokeless powder), a screaming roar in the air told that a shrapnel was winging its way towards the battery. As it burst — luckily a little short — the group of distinguished spectators bolted pell-mell for cover on the reverse slope of the hill. “Is this kind of thing allowed?” asked an artist correspondent, engaged in his first battle, of the officer who lay down beside him. “Well,” was the answer, “I don’t suppose either you or I could exactly stop those shells.” It was clear the Spaniards had the range; the second shell burst in the farmhouse and turned out the Cubans, killing and wounding several of them. Another burst among the guns. Another, going a little to the right, laid low several of the regular cavalrymen, who had been so placed that any shell going wide of the battery burst among them. The Cubans carried away their wounded on improvised stretchers, and one of the spectators remarked that it took about ten Cubans to carry every wounded man.

The Spanish fire came from guns on the flank of San Juan, and farther to the rear, near the margin of the city. They were so well masked

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that, thanks to the smokeless powder, it was a long time before their position could be made out from the American lines. The attempt to silence them proved a failure. All the morning the Spanish artillery had the best of the fight.

The Spanish infantry holding the San Juan hill and the trenches beyond it now perceived that the American troops were moving on the edges of the woods, and crowding up to the well-known openings from the bush, and on these points they concentrated a deadly fire. They must have also fired at random into the trees, for everywhere along the bush-tracks, for fully a mile to the rear, the Mauser bullets were ripping through the trees. At the crossing of the San Juan river so many fell that the soldiers called the place the "bloody ford." Where the trail left the wood in front of San Juan, the dead and wounded encumbered the ground and blocked the way. The men were ordered to lie down on the edge of the woods and not return the Spanish fire. It was more than human nature could endure to literally obey such an order, and there was a dropping fusillade from the bushes, but it was not very effective. This waiting attitude was the result of General Shafter's elaborate plan. Nothing was to be risked against San Juan until El Caney was taken.

The balloon had gone up to the west of Se-

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villa, and it was dragged up the track till it got to near the point where the San Juan road opened from the woods. There it was anchored about a hundred feet above the trees in easy range of the Spanish guns and rifles. A mile to the rear and at a greater height it might have done good service; here it only drew a heavy fire from the Spaniards, and everything that missed the balloon did deadly execution among the infantry packed beneath and behind it on the track. There was general rejoicing among the Americans when a Spanish shrapnel tore a great gap in the balloon and it came slowly down, the upper part of it gathering in the net on the top of it and forming a parachute. Colonel Derby of the Engineers, who was in the car of the balloon, escaped unhurt. He brought down one useful item of information. He had seen another trail through the wood a little to the left, which might be used for some of the troops.

One brigade was massed on this new road. The two others used the old trail. To their right the dismounted cavalry regiments worked to the front, the Rough Riders dragging with them a dynamite field gun, which, however, jammed almost at once, and proved useless. A battery of machine guns came into action near El Pozo, and did better work than the artillery.

The men were now crowded along the edge of

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the woods, suffering heavy loss, returning the Spanish fire, and waiting impatiently for the order to advance across the five hundred yards of open ground that separated them from the trenches around the San Juan blockhouse. No orders came. According to the plan, they had to wait for Lawton's division, but at last the officers at the front took the matter into their own hands. To remain longer inactive under the enemy's fire was to incur loss uselessly. It was better to risk a rush for the blockhouse, and so without any superior orders the rush came. On the right of the road the Tenth Cavalry pressed on, accompanied by the Rough Riders, led by Roosevelt, almost the only mounted officer in the advance. To the left of the road a white-haired general, Hawkins, led to the attack the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, all that was available of Kent's First Brigade. The other regiment, the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, after losing several officers and men, had been withdrawn from the fighting line because it was found that the smoke of their old-fashioned Springfield rifles drew a heavy fire from the Spanish lines, and caused unnecessary loss to the battalion, and all who were near it.

The men pressed on, firing at first, then breaking into a run for the slope in front. All regular order had been abandoned, and it was in de-

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tached groups and knots of men that the infantry and cavalry charged the enemy's lines. The slope was so steep in places that the men had to climb more slowly. To the onlookers it seemed that they were too few, and that they must fail. Till they topped the crest the Spaniards fired among them, and dead and wounded dotted the hillside. But at last the Americans went in over the trench with a cheer, and what were left of the Spaniards fled. The garrison of the block-house, which had been a good deal damaged by the artillery, made no attempt to defend it, and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on its broken roof.

XV

The Battle of Magersfontein

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

FROM the very outbreak of the war between the British and the Boers in 1899, the closing war of the century — and the most disastrous for Britain of any in which she had engaged for a hundred years, in spite of her final victory — the strength of the Boers was not known to the British, and the skill in warfare of their rank and file was not reckoned with by them. Furthermore, there was almost entire ignorance of the nature of the country through which the British would have to fight their way, and this in spite of the experiences of less than twenty years before and of the knowledge of the importance of a proper Intelligence Staff as revealed to moderns in every war since the Germans invaded France in 1870.

Lord Methuen was on his way to the relief of beleaguered Kimberly. He had crossed the Modder river, and after some difficulties and delays decided to press on. The night march was to begin half an hour after midnight.

In the afternoon the sky had been overclouded. About nine in the evening rain began

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to fall, and after midnight it increased to a heavy downpour. This made the night the darkest and most inclement that had been so far experienced during the campaign. The troops destined for the attack were lying down in the open to the east of the camp, and officers and men were drenched to the skin. When at last the advance began, it was found impossible to keep touch and direction unless by marching the troops in the close solid formation of mass of quarter columns; that is, the companies, each formed on its full front, followed each other at a distance of six paces, and in each brigade battalion followed battalion.

The Highland Brigade, under General Wauchope, was in the center. It was to move against the big Magersfontein kopje. To its right rear, and nearer the river, the Guards Brigade advanced in support. The Ninth Brigade, on the left, held the camp and the railway line, and on the other side of the railway the mounted troops were to make a demonstration against the enemy's right.

Before starting on the night march, General Wauchope had seen Lord Methuen, and the two generals had gone carefully over the plan for the attack. There seems not to be any foundation whatever for the story, that found general acceptance for awhile, that Wauchope

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protested against the orders given to him as likely to lead to disaster. The plan of attack assigned to the Highland Brigade is thus explained by Lord Methuen:

“The brigade was to march in mass of quarter columns, the four battalions keeping touch, and, if necessary, ropes were to be used for the left guides” (that is, a rope would be held by the sergeants acting as guides on the left flank of the companies, so as to prevent them losing touch and distance). “These ropes were taken, but, I believe, used by only two battalions. The three battalions were to extend just before day-break, two companies in firing line, two companies in support, and four companies in reserve, all at five paces’ interval.” Wauchope intended to swing round two of his companies against the left rear of the main kopje and attack it on two sides.

It will thus be seen that the plan was not, as was at first supposed in England, copied from Wolseley’s at Tel-el-Kebir. On that occasion the troops were brought close up to the Arab lines in the dark and rushed them shoulder to shoulder at dawn. Here Lord Methuen tried to get his attacking force over most of the open ground in front of Cronje’s lines under cover of darkness. But there was to be no sudden rush of a mass with fixed bayonets. The men were to deploy

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in the darkness into three extended lines, and then advance firing as day broke. The plan was much too elaborate for a night attack. In the pitch darkness and driving rain of the night between December 10 and 11 it was hopeless. It should have been put off when it was found that the conditions of weather were so unfavorable for a prolonged movement of large bodies of men.

So much for the plans. Let us now see what happened. Dawn was at 3.25. At that hour the Highland Brigade was advancing. Wauchope was just about to give orders to deploy. Apparently neither he nor any other of the leaders knew how close they were to the Boer trenches. Just at this time a couple of rifles were accidentally discharged. One wonders why even a single rifle had been loaded! It is said that there had also been some dangerous flashes of light from a badly shaded lantern, and, according to at least one account, at this critical moment the great searchlight of Kimberly sent its white ray of electric light sweeping over the veldt, and it shone for a moment through a gap in the kopjes and revealed, like a ghostly army, the leading battalions of the Highland Brigade.

But whatever it was that warned the Boers that the column was so near, there is no doubt as to what next happened. The Boers were on

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the alert. They had manned their trenches, so as to be ready to meet an attack at dawn. The dense mass of Highlanders was within two hundred yards of the most advanced trench. Suddenly along half a mile of front the enemy's Mausers blazed and roared in rapid, independent fire, and showers of bullets tore through the dense ranks of Wauchope's brigade. Men and officers fell in scores. The general himself was hit in several places. He called out "Extend, men — extend!" and fell to the ground, dying almost immediately. It is just possible that even then a bold rush would have carried the brigade into the trenches and given the Highlanders a chance with the bayonet. But their leader was down. Some tried to extend into a firing line and answer the Mausers with their Lee-Metfords. A few dashed forward, only to be caught by the barbed wires of a high entanglement that extended along the front of the trench about a hundred yards from it. But most of the brigade were falling back. In a few minutes it was clear that the attack had failed.

But a long, determined effort was made to redeem the day. The Highlanders rallied, and deployed along the veldt a few hundred yards in the rear of the point where they had been caught by the Boer fire. On their right the Guards had formed the battle, and for artillery

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had opened fire upon the Boer defences. From various points on the kopjes the Boer guns were replying. The sun, rising over the ridges, lit up a fiercely contested battlefield.

The Seaforths were extended along the front of the ground over which the Highlanders had advanced. The rest of the brigade had been rallied further back, and were lying down along the veldt. To the right the Guards had come into action. For some hours it was a repetition of the Modder River fight. The long firing line of the British poured bullets almost at random into the position held, as it was, by an unseen enemy, so that aiming was out of the question. Over the heads of the infantry the artillery sent its shells into the kopjes. The big naval gun had been dragged nearer the hills, and its heavy lyddite shells seemed to be bursting well. Towards noon Lord Methuen brought up the Gordons from the camp, and sent them to the support of the Highlanders. The balloon had been sent up from a knoll near the camp, and the officer in the car reported that the enemy was also receiving reinforcements, some from the direction of Spytfontein, others from Jacobsdal.

But the Boer guns had ceased firing. Even their riflemen seemed to be tiring of the prolonged struggle to hold the trenches under the ceaseless shower of bullets and shells. From

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the kopjes and the works on the level in front of them there came only a desultory sniping fire, with now and then a heavier crackle of musketry from one point or another. It looked as if with an effort the position might be carried, and orders were sent to the Highland Brigade, now strengthened by the Gordons, to advance.

The long kilted lines rose and pushed forward, the Seaforths and Gordons leading. But this new attempt failed even more disastrously than the attack in the early morning. There are times when, exhausted by the fatigue and exposure, crushed by heavy and sudden loss, and deprived of that confidence in their leaders which is a pledge of victory, even the bravest men will break down and give way to sudden panic. It has happened to the pick of every army in the world. It was the fate of the Highlanders at Magersfontein. As they moved forward they were met with a sudden blast of Mauser fire in front and flank; the bullets swept along like a storm of hailstones. The advance was checked, and then men began to turn, and nearly the whole brigade rushed back. Only the Gordons made a stand, and they had lately come into action. They had not been caught in the death-trap in the early morning, and they were not exhausted by lying out for eight hours under fire on the sun-scorched veldt.

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For some time the story of this reverse was kept back by the military censorship. The telegrams told only of the slaughter of the Highlanders at dawn. They said nothing of this incident of the midday battle. Even the letters of the correspondents were in some cases opened, and the story of the second attack cut out of them. But some narratives of the battle were allowed to pass through telling the plain truth. The correspondent of the *Morning Post* watched the advance from a knoll where a battery of horse artillery had taken up a position to support the Guards Brigade. Here is his impression of the scene:

“The sad feature of the day was yet to come. Between half-past one and two the rifle fire, which for some time had been rather desultory, became suddenly louder all along the line. Simultaneously the level ground on our left took a new aspect. A Grenadier on the right looked across and saw the dust rising on the plain, and thought the Boers were coming out of their trenches. An officer beside him, using his field-glasses, assured him that it was only our cavalry galloping across to cut off the enemy in the rear. What both saw was the Highland Brigade in full retreat. Who gave the order I cannot tell, and in any case it is a matter of no importance. Back they came in a wave that no officer could

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stop. From a point of vantage on the Horse Artillery hill one could see them swarming like bees over the veldt, until they were almost out of range, and the guns were left out in the open with no one to support them. It was, perhaps, the most unpleasant sight that a British soldier of to-day has ever beheld — it was certainly a sight never to be forgotten. The guns, though they were left unprotected within short rifle range of the enemy's trenches, came to the rescue in magnificent fashion, pouring their shells over the trenches until the Boer fire became less destructive.

Sitting there on the hill by the Horse Artillery, one thanked Providence that a few Gordons remained in front with a solid line of Coldstream Guards, who never budged an inch in the general retreat; one thanked Providence, too, that the Boers had no artillery in action to scatter shrapnel over the Highlanders' retreat. It was difficult to say what would happen next, until Major Ewart, the brigade major of the Highlanders, rode up with an order from the commanding officer, which was almost an entreaty, to the effect that all he asked of the Highland Brigade was to hold the position until dark. So riddled and shattered was the brigade that Ewart had actually no other officer with him to help him give the orders to the scattered men, and

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he was glad to have the assistance of Colonel Dawnay, who was there not as a soldier, but as a civilian, surveying the battle from the Horse Artillery hill.

It was only two o'clock now, so that it was no small thing to ask of the Highlanders that they should again face the galling fire from the trenches for five mortal hours. Still, a very fair rally was effected; the pipers played somewhat dolefully, the bugles blew the assembly, and the brigade, stiffened by the support of the Scots Guards, at least got back to the guns, where they had a certain amount of cover, and were not subject to the dropping fire from the top of the kopjes, where a few Boers were still lying in shelter."

Lord Methuen, in his report, says that the heaviest losses of the day occurred during this retreat. His idea now was to hold on until dark and then try to rush the Boer position. So through the afternoon the firing continued. But as the day went on it became more and more clear that the men were not capable of further effort. The Boers, on the other hand, encouraged by having twice repulsed an attack and held the force opposed to them at bay during a long day, seemed to be becoming aggressive. Once or twice there were reports that they were abandoning the kopjes, but these were only the

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movements of bodies of men being transferred from point to point of Cronje's line of battle. On the left of the Magersfontein hills he tried to push forward a counter attack along the river bank, but this was repulsed by the Guards and part of the Ninth Brigade. At half-past five the Boer guns, till then silent for hours, began to heavily bombard the left and center of the British line. As the first shells burst over the Highlanders the brigade again gave way and fell back as far as the field hospital. With troops thus beaten a night attack was out of the question.

The firing gradually died away as darkness came on. The tired troops bivouacked where they stood, and the doctors and ambulance parties set to work to bring in the wounded. The Boers had taken a few prisoners. In the early morning, some of the Black Watch, the leading regiment of Wauchope's brigade, had dashed at the trenches, and those of them who were not shot down were cut off from their comrades when the general retreat began, and were taken prisoners. When the second advance was made, an officer and about thirty Highlanders who had pressed well to the front found themselves alone within close range of the Boer trenches. They lay down and found some shelter in a hollow of the ground, from which they

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kept up a fire at the enemy. Towards evening, as the general conflict lulled for a while, a Boer rose from the trench close in front, held up a hand, and asked them to cease fire. He then told them that an ambulance was being brought up to get away some wounded men, and requested that there should be no firing for a few minutes. The Highlanders agreed to this. When the ambulance moved off, a further suggestion was made. The Boer, apparently an officer, pointed out to the little party that they were quite isolated, and if they left their cover to retire they would be the mark for hundreds of rifles. "But," he continued, "we don't want to take any more prisoners. If you retire leaving your rifles on the ground, no one will fire at you till you have reached your own lines." This proposal was agreed to, and the handful of men got safely back to the brigade.

There is no reason to believe that the Boer loss was at all heavy. So long as they lay on the veldt or behind the slightest cover, the British suffered only trifling loss. All, or nearly all, the casualties occurred when the men rose to advance or retire. Now the Boers throughout the day were under cover, with the exception of one small body of men, the Scandinavian volunteers, who, when they saw the British retirement in the middle of the day, dashed out of their trench

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to attempt a counter attack. They paid dearly for their temerity. Out of some sixty men thirty were killed and wounded. This was the heaviest loss suffered at any one point by the Boers during the day.

Lord Methuen had some hopes of renewing the attack next day, and the troops slept on the battlefield, most of them supperless, many without even a drink of water. As soon as the firing ceased, the ambulance parties set to work to collect the wounded, and, although the men were so exhausted, the burial of the dead was also begun. There was a vague hope that, as had been the case at the Modder River, the Boers might abandon the position during the hours of darkness. As the day broke, however, it was found that the trenches were still manned. The troops were so exhausted and had lost so heavily, that Lord Methuen gave up the idea of renewing the attack. At 10 A.M. orders were issued to return to camp at Modder Bridge. By two o'clock all the troops had withdrawn. There was a little desultory firing during the retirement. But before it was completed a truce had been arranged for the purpose of clearing the field of the dead and wounded.

There is no doubt the long exposure on the battlefield, under a burning sun, the shock of the first surprise, the sense of failure, and the

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heavy loss incurred had all broken down to a dangerous extent the nerve and morale of the troops. What this strain and exhaustion can do may be gathered from the letter of a Royal Engineer who was employed with the burial parties on the night of the battle. He and his comrades had settled down in the camp for the night after a hard two days' work, when they were suddenly called upon for help.

"About eight o'clock," he writes, "some officers of the Army Medical Corps came along, and to my surprise asked for volunteers to bury the dead. About twenty of us turned out and went. We had to walk about a mile to the place. At last the officers took off their caps as a sentry challenged us to halt. Well, we passed all right, and then a sight which I cannot describe or ever forget met my gaze — rows upon rows of dead. The commanding officer then came up and spoke to us. He said he would not have asked the R.E.'s for help, knowing how they all had worked, only all the troops were thoroughly done up, as they had been lying in the trenches all day, all the night before, and nearly all the day before that, with nothing to eat but hard biscuits, as, of course, no provisions could be got near them. The dew is enough to wet any one through, and it must have been horrible. Well, the first grave we dug was about

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thirty feet long and three feet deep, and — would you believe it? — we put fifty-three Scotsmen into it — thirty-four of the Black Watch alone. It was something horrible, and every man of us was crying all the time we worked; and when, after we had placed them all in, the burial service was going on before we covered them over, three or four fainted, whilst the others cried so loudly that you could hardly hear the minister. After the bagpipes had played the Dead March we covered them over, and started on another grave, when some of our gallant sailors came and relieved us, and we all went back to our train crying.”

General Wauchope's body was found close up to the Boer trench. It bore several bullet wounds. It was placed in a coffin, and after a solemn funeral service, in which all the Highland Brigade took part, it was removed by train to Matjesfontein, on the Karroo, about half way to Cape Town, where it was entombed in the English cemetery. His loss was felt as a heavy blow to the brigade. But in a few days the men were delighted at the news that he was to be replaced by Hector MacDonald, a typical Highland soldier, who had fought his way to a Major-General's commission, beginning as a private in the Black Watch.

During the two days after the battle there

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was peace along the veldt by the Modder River. The truce was perilously near being interrupted when, on the first day, the naval brigade by mistake opened fire. Some of our doctors were talking with Cronje just outside his entrenchments. The Boer general took out his watch and said that he would give them five minutes to get to a place of safety in their own lines before he opened fire. "We made a record run," wrote one of the party, "but before we were half way we met one of Lord Methuen's staff officers riding across to explain to Commandant Cronje that the guns had been fired by a mistake of the officer in command." The Commandant accepted the explanation with the remark that he hoped it would be remembered that mistakes might happen on both sides.

XVI

The Capture of Cronje

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

CRONJE'S small force, of a little more than four thousand men with four guns, held about a mile of the river-bed on a bend of the Modder and the broken ground for some distance from the river margin on both sides of the drift, which was near the middle of the bend. The river was so low that it was really fordable anywhere, but it could only be crossed by horses, wagons, and guns at the drifts, for the river-bed formed a long ravine with steep banks forty or fifty feet high, and only at the drifts was it at all easy to go down and come up out of it.

The Boers had been at work digging and entrenching since they first halted there. They had dug trenches on the veldt near the banks, and, considering how rapidly they had been constructed, these entrenchments were very strong, and they were splendidly designed to afford cover from shell fire. They were four, sometimes five, feet deep. They had been traced out, not in straight lines, but broken into zig-

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zags, which made it impossible to really enfilade them. As a further protection against enfilade fire, ground was left unbroken every five or six feet for a distance of a foot or two, and this unbroken ground formed traverses, or solid walls, across the trench, dividing it into short sections, and if a shell dropped or burst in one of these, it would only injure the two or three men in the section, without hurting those on the right or left.

The trenches were dug in a stiff, stony soil, and the excavation was a little wider at the bottom than at the top, so that men crouching in the trench close to its side were very completely sheltered. Besides these trenches, the Boers dug little caves and holes in both sides of the river bank. A few of these were large enough to stable horses in them. They had two British officers prisoners with them, and they dug a cave for them, where they could crouch during the bombardment, and so be sheltered from the fire of their own countrymen. After the battle on the Sunday, Cronje buried his dead in the dry bed of the river, but he could not thus dispose of the large number of horses, draught oxen, and mules that had been killed by the bombardment. Some of these he succeeded in floating down the river; some of the oxen were cut up and cooked for food; but do what he would, there were hun-

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dreds of carcasses rotting in the hot sun, fouling the air and the water, and making the entrenched laager almost uninhabitable. The marvel is that under such conditions the Boers held out so long.

About four miles to the southeast De Wet's small force held a group of kopjes, and his presence there prevented Cronje from being completely surrounded during the first four days of the attack upon him. De Wet was not strong enough to bring him effectual succor, but was in hopes of being reinforced — for the news had spread through all the Boer armies that Cronje, the besieger of Mafeking and Kimberley, and the victor of Krugersdorp and Magersfontein, was himself besieged, and in desperate straits, at Paardeberg. From Colesberg, from Stormberg, and from the camp before Ladysmith, the Free Staters were trooping back into their own country to co-operate with De Wet in an attempt to relieve him. The Boers who had besieged Kimberley and escaped to the northward had been skirmishing with Methuen's outposts on the railway between Kimberley and Fourteen Streams. But a portion even of this force was making its way into the Free State, part of it across the veldt by Boshof, and part of it through the Transvaal. This latter force marched up the north bank of the Vaal to Klarksdorp, and

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was then sent on by railway to Johannesburg and Kroonstad.

If the Boer leaders had anticipated that Cronje would be able to hold the river-bed for ten days, they might have arranged a combined movement of a large force for his rescue; but they thought, not unnaturally, that he might be forced to surrender at any moment, and in their eagerness to assist him they came up in an ill-organized, fragmentary way, and these small parties, coming into action in succession, were driven off or held at bay by the British cavalry and mounted infantry. Meanwhile the movement had for its chief result the weakening of the resistance they could oppose to Clements at Arundel, to Gatacre near Stormberg, and to Buller on the Tugela. They might have hoped for better results if they had kept their army intact in Natal, and used the forces that were actually moved northwards to the Orange River for a march westward against the railway and the convoy route on which Lord Roberts depended for his supplies.

Beginning as soon as he reached the scene of action, Lord Roberts proceeded to entrench the positions held by his own troops, and to bring up every gun and howitzer he could dispose of to bombard Cronje's laager, until at last he had one hundred and twenty guns in position. Day after day these poured a storm of shells into the

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laager, so that those who watched the bombardment wondered how anyone could survive in the Boer lines. But the loss of life was remarkably small, so well had the Boers entrenched themselves. In other ways, however, the bombardment did great damage, killing horses and oxen, burning supply wagons, and occasionally blowing up ammunition. Towards the end of the week the British engineers began to sap their way towards the western end of the Boer lines, digging trenches and zigzag connecting saps on both banks of the river and in the bed of it, so as to gradually get sufficiently near to the enemy's position for an attempt to be made to rush it.

On Tuesday, February 20, 1900, French carried out a successful attack on the outlying kopjes held by De Wet. A mixed force of cavalry and mounted infantry, with some of the field and horse batteries, simultaneously threatened De Wet in front and made a flanking movement against his line of retreat. The attack was made at dawn, and the Boers did not make a long stand. As soon as the movement against their line of retreat began to develop, they abandoned the kopjes, taking their guns and wagons with them. An attempt to pursue them and capture the guns ended in failure, and one of the British batteries itself had a very narrow escape. The mixed Household Cavalry regiment, with the

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battery, started after the Boers at a gallop, but the horses soon tired, and then the guns unlimbered and shelled the Boer column.

The only result of this fire was to disable a wagon which the enemy abandoned. It was found to be a captured British Royal Engineer wagon full of miscellaneous stores. After securing the disabled wagon the cavalry and guns again moved forward, and five or six hundred mounted men were seen to the right front. They were thought at first to be Broadwood's brigade, which was on that side, but suddenly a number of them dismounted and began to advance, firing rapidly with their rifles. The guns were ordered to come into action against them, but the ground was encumbered with wire fences, and some of the teams got mixed up with them, so that there was an anxious moment of confusion. But as soon as the battery opened fire the enemy again retreated. Gordon's brigade now came up and pursued for a while, capturing about thirty prisoners and some wagons, but his horses were so tired that it was impossible to go far. So De Wet got away with his guns. Nevertheless, the morning's work had a substantial result, for the kopjes which they had held for two days were now clear of the Boers, and Cronje was completely surrounded. French established his headquarters at Koodoosrand Drift, east of

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Paardeberg, and during the remaining days of the siege his special work was to watch with patrols the country to the east and south, while two cavalry brigades and some batteries were kept ready to turn out on the briefest notice, to deal with any party of the enemy that might be coming up to the rescue.

On the Wednesday morning there was a brief truce, as Lord Roberts sent in a messenger with a white flag to inform Cronje that he was willing to allow the Boer women to come out of the laager. He also offered to send him doctors and a supply of medicine for the sick and wounded. Cronje replied that he did not want any medical assistance, and that the women would remain in the laager. The bombardment then began again. There was some skirmishing to the eastward between French and the Boer parties that were in movement on the veldt, and about seventy prisoners were taken. Altogether during the investment the cavalry captured more than four hundred of the enemy. A few more prisoners were made every night by the infantry, as in the dark some of the burghers would steal out from Cronje's lines and surrender individually. A few others left the laager in the same way under cover of darkness, but not to surrender. They were more determined men, who recognized that the Boer resistance in the river-

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bed must end before long, and who had resolved to escape the surrender and continue the fight under the Transvaal flag. They eluded the sentries, stole in the darkness along some water-course or ravine between the camps, and succeeded at last in joining one of the many parties of Boers that were hovering round the lines. Among those who thus escaped was the French colonel, Villebois de Mareuil.

On the Thursday afternoon there was a heavy thunderstorm, and the rain filled for a short time a great part of the river-bed and flooded some of the Boer trenches. At dawn on the Friday morning De Wet made another attempt to succor the besieged. He had about fifteen hundred men with him. He nearly succeeded in surprising the outposts on the south bank, and when his first attack failed he held his own for some hours on some low ridges near the Petrusburg road. During the fighting Cronje tried to bring his guns into action, but they were soon silenced by the converging fire of Roberts's artillery. It was not till the afternoon that De Wet retreated, and about eighty of his men, who delayed their retirement too long, were made prisoners by the East Kent Regiment ("The Buffs"). Some of the prisoners said they had come from Colesberg, others that they had just arrived from the Boer laagers before Ladysmith.

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When the second week of the siege began, the engineers were put to work to the east as well as to the west of the laager, their approaches having the double purpose of preparing for the storming of the Boer position and preventing the enemy from escaping eastward along the great ravine of the river-bed. The situation of the Boers was becoming every day more difficult to maintain. So much of their provisions had been destroyed that supplies were running short. Enormous quantities of ammunition had been blown up by the bombardment; the water, and even the air, in the ravine, were becoming pestilential, and it was evident that De Wet's efforts to open a way for relief had ended in failure. Even before the end of the first week, several of the commandants were anxious to surrender, but day after day Cronje refused to listen to any talk of negotiations, and his iron determination forced the rest to continue the resistance.

On Monday, the 26th, there was a council of war. The two commandants who stood next to Cronje in rank — Wolmarans, who acted as his chief of the staff, and De Roos, one of the Free State leaders — both strongly urged that further resistance had become impossible, and could only end in useless death and suffering. De Roos was too ill to leave the hole dug in the river bank, in which he had been lying down for some days;

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but he set forth his views in a letter to the council of war. Cronje at first maintained his "no surrender" attitude, and protested that for his part he preferred to die in the entrenchments rather than become a prisoner. But he soon saw that most of his officers would not support him, and at last a compromise was reached. The council decided that resistance should continue till next day. If the relief that had been so long expected did not then arrive, the white flag would be hoisted.

By a strange coincidence, the next day (Tuesday, February 27) was the anniversary of Majuba, and Lord Roberts had decided that an attempt should be made that morning to storm the Boer laager. The attack was to be made, in the darkness before the dawn, along the river-bed on the western side of the laager. On that side, the trench in the bed of the river was now only five hundred yards from the Boer defences. The Canadian infantry of Smith-Dorrien's brigade were to steal forward from the trench, and if possible surprise the Boer defences and carry them with the bayonet. The rest of the brigade was placed in position partly on the banks on each side, to protect the Canadians if they were forced to retire, partly in the river-bed to follow them up and support them if the first rush succeeded. The orders to the Canadians were

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that if the surprise failed and the Boers opened fire, they were at once to throw themselves on their faces and then slip back into the trench.

It was a bright starlit night. The secret of the coming attempt had been so well kept that there was general surprise, even in the British lines, when, an hour before dawn, a heavy rifle fire burst out along the river on the west side of the laager, and the rumor spread that the Boers were making a desperate sortie and trying to cut their way out in the darkness. What had really happened was this: the Canadians, the First French Company again leading, had stolen silently forward until they were about fifty yards from the nearest Boer trench. Then the enemy became aware of their danger, and suddenly the trench in front of the Canadians blazed with Mauser flashes, and the flying bullets swept the ravine, at this point only one hundred and fifty yards wide.

Some officers and several men of the Canadians fell, but the rest were perfectly steady and obeyed their orders. It was no longer possible to rush the trench, so they lay down, and without firing a shot began to work their way backward along the ravine. The Shropshire Regiment, which had moved forward along the high bank of the river on their flank, protected their retreat by firing into the Boer trench, and it had

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also exchanged fire with some Boers in its own front. After a few minutes the heavy firing ceased, but for some time after occasional shots were fired from various parts of the Boer lines, as the enemy, now thoroughly on the alert, imagined they saw signs of an attack upon them in the dark. As the twilight began this irregular firing ceased, and as the sun rose all was quiet along the lines. For the first time for many days the British guns remained silent, while it was seen that a white flag had just been hoisted on a small kopje near the drift and within the Boer lines.

Cheer after cheer was raised by the British at this sign of surrender, and men reminded each other that it was Majuba Day. But it was a few hours yet ere the surrender was completed. Cronje was making a last despairing attempt to obtain terms. Commandant Wolmarans and another Boer officer rode out with a white flag to Lord Roberts's headquarters. It was noticed that both of their horses were slightly wounded, probably by shrapnel bullets during the investment. The riders looked haggard and worn, as they well might be. They suggested that Cronje's army had by its honorable resistance deserved to be given lenient terms, and they asked that the burghers should be allowed to depart to their homes. Lord Roberts, while

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expressing his admiration for the way in which the Boers had kept their flag flying for so many days, told Wolmarans that the surrender must be unconditional, and that Cronje and his army must become prisoners of war. The officers rode back to the laager with this message, and at seven o'clock Cronje himself rode out with Wolmarans. Lord Roberts received him with chivalrous courtsey. An officer rode into the headquarters' camp with the news that the Boer general was coming, and Roberts at once ordered that on his arrival the headquarters' guard should turn out and present arms to the defeated Boer leader. As he dismounted, Roberts walked forward to meet him, shook hands with him, and warmly congratulated him on the splendid defence that he had made. Cronje asked that he should be allowed to take with him, wherever he was sent, his wife, who was just then coming from the laager in a small cart, his grandson, his secretary, and one of his staff officers. Lord Roberts told him that his request would be granted, and that he would be sent to Cape Town escorted by a British general officer to insure that he should be treated with due respect upon the way.

The Boers had already begun streaming out of the laager in crowds and laying down their arms. It was with surprise that the British dis-

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covered that the force which had so long held its own against them was a little over four thousand strong. Two thousand seven hundred were Transvaalers; the rest men of the Free State. Their losses had been less than three hundred, and they had nearly one hundred severely wounded among them, and many sick. The men were of all ages, from gray-bearded veterans who had fought against the Zulus in the early days of the republics, to young boys who seemed hardly big enough to handle a rifle. All looked haggard and worn, and very many were evidently ill. They had thrown away their bandoliers with their rifles, and as they wore no uniform, and moved in no military formation, they looked more like a crowd of ragged men out of work than soldiers who had fought through a campaign.

It must be said, to the honor of the British, that as soon as the Boers came out among them, they thought less of their success and of "Majuba Day" than of succoring the prisoners. The British were themselves on half-rations, but on all sides they were seen sharing their biscuits with the prisoners, giving them water from their bottles, and offering them tobacco from their pouches.

Cronje and his companions were sent off during the morning *en route* for the railway to Cape

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Town, under the escort of the Mounted Infantry of the C.I.V., and accompanied by Lord Roberts's old comrade of the Afghan war, General Pretymann. There were very few of the foreign officers among the prisoners, and the only one of importance was Colonel Albrecht, the German commander of the Free State Artillery. Four of his Krupp guns were found in the laager, but their sights, breech-blocks, and elevating screws had been taken out and buried somewhere before the surrender.

The Boer prisoners were sent down in parties to Cape Town, where a number of them were soon ill with enteric fever, the result of drinking the infected water at Paardeberg. As the British troops had had to use the water of the Modder during the siege, the same disease soon showed itself in many of their regiments. About fifteen hundred British had been killed and wounded during the operations, mostly in Kitchener's battle, and the subsequent loss, by disease contracted during the same period, was even greater. On the day of the surrender, the victorious army was almost as short of supplies as Cronje's force, and after the victory Lord Roberts halted his army for some days to give the men a rest, obtain some more horses for the cavalry, and accumulate a much-needed reserve of forage, provisions, and ammunition.

NOTES

The following brief résumé of the Wars from 1875 to 1900, their causes and results, will give an idea of the historic setting, so to speak, of the famous battles described in this volume. A number of small expeditions in Africa and India, and much revolutionary fighting in South America, are not included in the list.

1875—ASIA.—September 4 and 21: Russians invade Khokand and defeat the Khan's troops. War begun between Dutch in Sumatra and Sultan of Achim — continues till 1879.

AFRICA, ABYSSINIA.—October: Egyptian expedition defeated.

1876—SERVIAN WAR.—Servia and Montenegro, assisted by Russia, make war on Turkey. July 1: War begins. July 2 and 3: Indecisive actions at Zaitschar. July 6: Turkish victory at Novi-bazaar. July 28: Montenegrins defeat Turks at Urbitza. August 5 and 7: Turkish victories at Gurgusovatz. August–October: Servians holding entrenched camp at Alexinatz, receiving reinforcements and supplies from abroad, and trying to hold on till they are strong enough to assume offensive, or till Russia moves; continual fighting round Alexinatz, much of it mere skirmishing, ending with (October 31) Battle of Alexinatz; Russo-Servian army defeated; armistice follows.

CENTRAL ASIA.—Battle of Assake; decisive Russian victory in Khokand.

AMERICA.—June: Battle of the Little Big Horn; destruction of Custer's force by Indians.

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1877—RUSSO-TURKISH WAR (Intervention of Russia on behalf of Bulgarians).—April 24: War declared. Russia enters Roumania. June 26: Passage of the Danube at Simnitsa. July 7–18: Gourko's raid across the Balkans; he captures the Shipka Pass. July 16: Russians take Nicopolis. July 20: first battle of Plevna. Defeat of Russians. July 30: second battle of Plevna. Russians defeated by Osman Pasha. August 17–23: Suleiman's attacks on Shipka Pass repelled by Russians. September 6–12: Joint Roumanian and Russian attack on Osman Pasha; third battle of Plevna; Turkish victory; regular siege of Plevna begun. December 4: Russian defeat at Elena. December 10: Fourth battle of Plevna; Osman surrenders. Winter march of Russians across Balkans.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—October 14–15: Mukhtar Pasha, after having driven Russians back to the frontier, is defeated at the Aladja Dagh. November 17–18: Kars stormed by the Russians.

1878—WAR IN EUROPE (*continued*).—January 2: Gourko occupies Sofia. January 3: Battle of Itchimian; Turks defeated. January 9: Turkish army surrenders at the Shipka. January 16–17: Fighting near Philippopolis. January 18: Russians enter Adrianople. January 30: They reach the shore of the Sea of Marmora, near Constantinople.

[Treaty of San Stefano (revised by Treaty of Berlin) ends war; Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro secure independence; Principality of Bulgaria and tributary State of Eastern Roumelia created; territory ceded to Russia in Europe and Asia; Austria occupies Bosnia and Herzegovina, meeting with some armed resistance (1878–79). England occupies Cyprus.]

AMERICA.—Cuban rebellion (begun in 1868) suppressed.

ASIA.—AFGHAN WAR.—November 22: Ali Musjid (entrance to Khyber Pass) taken. December 2: Battle of Peimar Kotal.

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1879—April 2: Battle of Futtehabad. October 6: Battle of Charasiab. December : Fighting about Cabul.

ZULU WAR.—January 22: British force destroyed at Insandhlwana; defence of Rorke's Drift. July 4: Decisive defeat of Zulus at Ulundi.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Chili declares war against Peru and Bolivia. October 8: Capture of Peruvian ram *Huascar* by the Chilians. November 21: Battle of Dolores.

1880—AFGHAN WAR (*continued*).—April 19: Stewart's victory at Ahmed Khel. July 27: Ayub Khan defeats Burrows at Maiwand. September 1: Roberts completely defeats Ayub near Cabul.

1881—TRANSVAAL WAR.—January 28: Battle of Laing's Nek; February 8: Ingogo River; February 26: Majuba Hill; British defeated by Boers.

CENTRAL ASIA.—January 24: Turkoman stronghold of Geok Tepe taken by Russians under Skobelev.

SOUTH AMERICA.—War between Chili and Peru continued. January 17: Battle of Miraflores; Peruvians defeated. June 21: Lima taken by Chilians; end of war.

NORTH AFRICA.—French occupy Tunis; fighting at Sfax.

1882—EGYPTIAN WAR.—July 11: Bombardment of Alexandria. August 24–25: Fighting at Tel-el-Mahuta and Masameh. August 28 and September 9: Kassassin. September 13: Battle of Tel-el-Kebir; defeat of Arabi by Wolseley.

1883—CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE MAHDISTS.—November 3–5: Battle of Kashgal; Egyptian Army under Hicks destroyed.

ASIA.—French expedition to Tonkin; Admiral Courbet blockades the coast and forces Court of Hué to accept French protectorate. December 11–16: Capture of Son-tai.

1884—AFRICA.—Mahdist War.—February 4: First Battle of Teb; Baker's Egyptian army destroyed. February 29: Second Battle of Teb; and March 13: Battle of Tamai; Sudanese under Osman Digna defeated by British under

Notes

Graham; Gordon goes up to Khartoum, where he is besieged by Mahdists during latter part of year; rescue expedition under Wolseley is sent up the Nile. September: Advance begins. November: Second Cataract passed. December: Desert Column under Stewart organized to march across desert to Metemneh.

FRENCH WAR WITH CHINA.—August 24: French fleet destroys Chinese flotilla, and bombards arsenal at Foochow. 1884–5: French occupy Formosa.

1885—AFRICA.—MAHDIST WAR (Nile Expedition continued).—January 17: Battle of Abu-Klea; Desert Column defeats Mahdists. January 19: Battle of Gubat; Mahdist defeat. January 26: Mahdists take Khartoum; Gordon killed. January 28: Wilson with steamers arrives in sight of Khartoum; too late. February 10: Battle of Kerbeka; River Column defeats Mahdists; Earle killed. Second Expedition to Suakim. March 20: Battle of Hasheen. March 22: Battle of Tofrek; Mahdist defeats.

CENTRAL ASIA.—March 30: Russians attack and defeat Afghan force at Ak Tapa.

AMERICA.—CANADA.—SECOND REVOLT OF RIEL.—Canadians defeat rebels at Fish Creek (April 24), Battleford (May 3), and Batoche (May 9).

ASIA.—THIRD BURMESE WAR.—October: Ultimatum to King Theebaw. November 15: British force under Prendergast crosses Burmese frontier and ascends the Irrawaddy. November 28: Mandalay taken; Burmah annexed. (Country not completely pacified for two years, during which there is desultory fighting with the Dacoits.)

SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR—November 14: Servian troops cross Bulgarian frontier. November 17, 18, 19: Bulgarians defeat Servians in three-days' battle at Slivnitza. November 22: Bulgarians storm Dragoman Pass. November 24: They defeat Servians at Zaribrod, and (November 26)

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- enter Servia. November 27: they take Pirot. November 28: Armistice.
- 1887—AFRICA.—Battle of Dogali; Italian force destroyed by Abyssinians.
- 1888—AFRICA.—December 20: Mahdists defeated near Suakim by Anglo-Egyptian force under Grenfell.
- 1889—AFRICA.—SOUDAN.—July 2: Battle of Arguin; Wodehouse defeats Mahdists. August 3: Battle of Toski; Grenfell defeats Mahdists.
- AFRICA (EAST).—October 27: Storming of Witu, near Zanzibar.
- 1891—AFRICA.—February 19: Battle of Tokar; Mahdists under Osman Digna defeated.
- SOUTH AMERICA.—CIVIL WAR IN CHILI.—August 28: Battle of Placilla; the dictator Balmaceda defeated.
- INDIA.—December: Hunza-Nagar expedition; storming of the Nilt Forts.
- 1892—AFRICA.—January: Italians defeat Mahdists at Agordat in the Soudan.
- FRENCH EXPEDITION TO DAHOMEY.—November.
- 1893—AFRICA.—French occupy Timbuctoo.
- BRITISH INVASION OF MATABELELAND.
- ASIA.—FRENCH DISPUTE WITH SIAM.—July 13: French gunboats force entrance of the Menam River.
- 1894-5—WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.—August: War declared. September 16: Battle of Ping-yang (Corea); Chinese defeat. September 18: Naval Battle of the Yalu River. November 21: Japanese take Port Arthur.
- 1895—February 14: Japanese take Wei-hai-wei.
- BRITISH EXPEDITION TO CHITRAL.—April 3: Storming of the Malakhand Pass.
- INSURRECTION IN CUBA begins on February 24.
- FRENCH INVASION OF MADAGASCAR.—September.
- ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN ABYSSINIA.
- 1896—THE TRANSVAAL.—Jameson's raid. January 1 and 2.

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ABYSSINIA.—March 1: Adowa; Italians defeated.

SOUDAN.—Advance on the Nile. June 7: Battle of Firket.

September 19: Hafir. September 23: Dongola taken.

SOUTH AFRICA.—March: Matabele rising begins.

1897—NIGER CAMPAIGN.—January 27: Bida. February 16: Ilorin.

BENIN EXPEDITION.—February 18: Capture of Benin.

GRECO-TURKISH WAR.—April 19: Maluna Pass. April 23:

Larissa taken. May 5: Pharsala. May 16: Domoko.

SOUDAN.—August 7: Battle of Abu Hamed.

INDIA.—July: Rising on the N.W. Frontier. August: Fighting on the Malakand and near Peshawur. October 21: Dargai.

November: March into Tirah valley

1898—SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.—April 22: Blockade of Havana.

May 1: Battle of Manila Bay. May 12: Bombardment of

San Juan. June 6: Bombardment of Santiago Forts. July

1-2: Land battles before Santiago. July 3: Destruction of

Cervera's fleet. July 16: Santiago surrenders. July-

August: Miles's campaign in Puerto Rico. August 13:

Manila taken.

SOUDAN.—August: Advance on Khartoum. September 1:

Battle of Omdurman, Khalifa defeated by Kitchener.

1899—BEGINNING OF THE GREAT BOER WAR (1899-1902).—

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